THE

MONTHLY REGISTER, MAGAZINE, AND REVIEW, OF THE UNITED STATES.

FIRST SECTION.

THE WANDERER. NO. VII.

A CURE FOR LITERARY VANITY.

"Nemo me *impuné* lacessit."
"Ο παυυ αγρυπνεων."

NOW that the second volume of the Register is published, said I, the other day, to myself,—(for I am sometimes in the habit of talking to myself, for want of better company,) —I will go out, and gather the opinion of some judicious persons on its merits and defects. This purpose I could the more easily accomplish, because, from my uniform silence in company, and a certain inveterate timidity of bashfulness, which makes me blush and tremble at the approach even of a common acquaintance; and, from the calm, unruffled meekness of my countenance, it is absolutely impossible for any one to look into my face, and suspect me of writing the *Wanderer;*—or, of daring to put pen to paper under any circumstances whatever,—or, indeed, of opening my mouth, and saying *boh to a goose;*—though, the truth is, that I am in the frequent habit of saying boh to *a great many geese.*

Being thus secured from all possibility of detection or of suspicion, I sallied forth,and called upon my friend and patron, little Peter Prim,who is a *very small* creature, and, moreover, abundantly precise, formal, and stiff;—he having never been discovered with a single wrinkle in his stockings, breeches, or face, since the hour of his birth. Peter is a *voluminous* author; for he has written a book upon the study of *astrology*, consisting of scraps, and shreds,and patches, all heaped together in the dullest manner possible, and, in the whole, amounting to more than *one* volume. Peter is, likewise, a very cautious little animal; and takes especial care not to commit himself, by generally giving his opinion, on every subject, from the most important truths, down to the shiftings of the wind over the Hudson river, in a manner so satisfactorily dubious, equivocal, and unintelligible, that it is impossible for any one to quote Mr. Prim as his authority for any report or sentiment whatever. Not to mention, that if by any chance he happens to deviate into some degree of certainty in his assertions, and to declare, positively, that the weather-cock pointed to the North yesterday, or that he intended to write half a page of absurdity in the work wherewith he is now *enceint*, namely, a huge folio on *algebraic equations*, on the morrow, and he should afterwards be questioned thereupon, his conscience, full of the most convenient ingenuity, would find some mode of indirectly denying what he had asserted, and leading you to believe that he had said—(what in *one* respect is undoubtedly true)—*nothing*.

To Peter Prim, so endowed, and so accomplished, I went, and, with my accustomed trembling diffidence, asked *his* opinion of the Monthly Register.—At this he drew up his head, and screwing his mouth into the similitude of a cork-screw, was thus delivered of his sagacity.

Prim.—I presume that you never saw, and that you know nothing of the writer. I bowed;—and he proceeded,—for my own part, I am intimately acquainted with him, and am his chief patron, who brought him forward to the notice of the public;—but he is not *profound* enough for me; he has nothing in him but *mere memory;* he was brought up in Lon-

don, and *remembers* what he *heard* there, and retails it in the Wanderer, *all* the numbers of which are *mere memory*, without learning or genius. Wanderer.—Pray, sir, is the *sixth* essay of the Wanderer,—"On the utility of *block-heads*,"—the mere *remembrance* of what the author heard in London? —At this question Peter looked very much confused, and said,—why, to be sure, *some part* of it must have been furnished with its materials from the city of New-York:—but, if you please, not to interrupt me with any more questions, I will give you my full and *candid* criticism upon the merits of this publication. In the first place, both I and my sister, who keeps my house for me, for I am a bachelor, and mean to continue so, and my sister is as great a judge as myself, in all literary matters, were very much deceived in the title of the *Wanderer*, which led us to expect something light, and airy, and easy of digestion, something that would take no trouble to understand, and which might be soon passed over and forgotten;—but, to our great disappointment, we found it stuffed with information, and reasoning, and references to history; so that we never mean to give credit to any other wanderer again as long as we live. And as for the Moral Tale, we do not like it at all; because there is nothing *unnatural*, nor *marvellous*, nor *improbable*, nor *frightful*, in it; but it is all, merely, what one might expect to find in real life, and therefore of course very uninteresting and insipid.

Wanderer.—I beg your pardon for interrupting you, Mr. Prim;—but surely you remember that in the preface to the second volume of the Register, we are told, that the tale relates incidents which *have actually* occurred, and that it must be judged of as *a whole;* and that those sagacious critics, who take upon themselves to decide upon its merits, from the very small portion which is now before the public, are no wiser then the pedant in Hierocles, who, in order to convey an adequate notion of the sublimity, grandeur, and utility of a magnificent mansion, and all its offices, and appendant buildings, pulled *a single brick* out of his pocket, as a sufficient specimen.

Prim.—Exactly;—and so,—said I to my sister,—there is

an end of the two first sections of this Register; for in this free country, the people, at least the Jacobins,—and I am, myself, a little that way inclined, though my sister is a *federalist*,—will not bear *too much information;* neither will they be easily induced to endure simplicity and nature.—Well, then,—my sister replied,—and so this Register will fall to the ground, as all the other attempts of the kind, in America, have fallen through!—No doubt, said I,—at least the two first sections must perish, unless the Editors will make the essays more *light* and *frothy*, and the tale more *monstrous*.

Being thoroughly satisfied with the *candour* and the judgment of my friend Prim, I took my leave of him, and repaired to those three greatest and most prodigious of all possible critics and scholars, whom *nothing can please;* I mean the worthy triumvirate, Messrs. Blunderbuss, Flimflam, and Turnspit, whom I found encompassed round about with a great crowd of auditors and admirers. When I went in, I saw that the triumvirate were looking grave, saying *nothing*, and shaking their tails. Upon which all the *literati* present said *nothing*, and shook their tails also. At length, this delectable dialogue concerning the Register took place.

Blunderbuss.—For my part, I never mind tales; and have, long since, given up reading original essays; and I object to the *Review* of *American Literature*, because it displays too much learning, and unfolds too much knowledge of the state of Europe;—besides, I do not understand some of the reasoning, and I have long since come to a conclusion in my own mind, that whatsoever I do not understand, *must be* nonsense.

Having said this, the great Blunderbuss shook his tail again, and all the people present—(myself excepted)—shook their tails, and filled the room with a confused noise, and a grievous gabbling, in applauding the wisdom and liberality of the renowned critic, who was graciously pleased to grin with a ghastly satisfaction upon the company, and to say;—if this Register lasts twelve months, I have neither learning, genius, wit, sense, taste nor decency in my *body*.

Whereupon, the good Flimflam, with his foolish, round, unthinking face, pulled up his shirt-collar, and, burying his

chin in a very dirty cravat, said;—and then only to think of having attacked the *Nature Displayed*, of Dufief, who is my personal friend, and with whom I have, in my time, drank several pots of porter, and who, moreover, is praised by *all the other* American Reviewers, and in whose favour I myself put several puffs into the news-papers. And, besides, the poetical selection is very dull, and very moral, containing nothing pungent, *no ribaldry*, not even a single *double entendre*.

Wanderer.—Pray, sir, is there nothing *pungent* in the two *hudibrastic* poems, in the fourth and the sixth numbers of the Register?

Flimflam.—No, sir, nothing; they are merely abusive, calling me and my two worthy friends, Blunderbuss and Turnspit, *great block-heads*; which we are determined never to believe, let who will *prove* it.—Besides, poetry is always intended to be *light*, fit only for *ladies* to read; and as women do not possess half so much understanding as *we*, *men*, of course they never look into a work which contains a review of literary productions. The Communications, and the Retrospective History I have not read; but I have *no doubt* that they are very stupid, and so shall never trouble myself to look at them. And the History of the Passing Times is good for nothing, because it gives no account of the *marriages*, and *births*, and *christenings*, and *deaths* of the people in New-York; makes no mention of *private family matters*, such as,—what ladies want husbands; and what gentlemen wish to get rid of their wives; and all manner of entertaining news of this kind. —And so I find nothing but *faults* in the whole work.

Wanderer.—A word in your ear, Mr. Flimflam. A *very great critic* once picked out all the faults which he could find, or fancied that he could find, in Homer, and made an offering of all these blemishes to Apollo, who forthwith bade him carefully pick out every grain of chaff from a sack of wheat. The critic instantly set about the performance of his task, and when after much minute labour he had accomplished his purpose, he again repaired to Phœbus, who commended him for his diligence, and said,—your toil has been severe, and doubtless

deserves its reward ;—here, take *the chaff for your pains.*—Pray, Mr. Flimflam, how old are you ?

Flimflam.—I was *forty-two* the *first* of April last.

Wanderer.—A very convenient day on which to be born, as it is always productive of *wise* men. Merely for *your* edification, I will relate to you a little anecdote. An English nobleman applied to S. Johnson for his advice as to the speediest method by which his lordship could acquire a knowledge of natural history. Johnson.—How old are you, my lord ? Nobleman.—Forty, doctor. Johnson.—Animals are divided into two classes, *oviparous* and *viviparous ;*—now, that cat yonder, on the hearth, my lord, she is of the—*oviparous* class, interrupted the British peer.—Nay, nay, my lord,—cried Johnson hastily,—I cannot talk to a man who has lived to the age of forty years without knowing whether or not a cat *lays eggs.*

Flimflam felt himself vastly pleased with my compliment about the cat, and shaking his head, though there was *nothing* in it, sate silent, while little Timothy Turnspit took up the discourse.

Turnspit.—I mortally hate and detest that Register ;—I sent a communication of my own composition to it about three months since, and the Editors returned it, saying that it was too *personal* and too *contemptibly scurrilous* for insertion in their publication ;—upon which I went, myself, round to all my acquaintance, and to every book-store in New-York, and abused the Register, as a very foolish, ignorant, stupid work ; professing to support the cause of sound literature and sound morals, which of itself is enough to prevent its success ; because the Americans, being a *free* people, will never suffer themselves to be restrained in their conduct, nor will submit to the drudgery of acquiring learning, when they find ignorance so much more easy to them ; and that *want of knowledge* is no bar to their being received into the best company, nor to their obtaining the highest offices of the state under our *present* Jacobin-administration. Moreover, there is a great quantity of Greek quoted in the Register ;—now I *do not understand* Greek, and, *therefore*, it is very absurd for any man, who does understand it, to quote it. But the greatest fault

of the Register is, that *all* its contents are stolen from other books.

Wanderer.—How! *all* stolen, say you?

Turnspit.—Yes;—*all stolen.* Why, I myself, with the help of a little garbling, and mangling, and misquoting passages, proved that in at least *two* instances out of five hundred, the Editor of the Register had quoted nearly the same Greek periods, as a very celebrated modern author had done before him.—

Wanderer.—Indeed!—what you say is very shocking;—consequently, this poor creature does not understand the Greek language; for, if two men quote the *same* text from the Bible, it is impossible that *both* of them should have read the Bible, and *therefore* one of them must have copied, or—to use your own word,—stolen, his quotation from the other; just in the same manner as when two men ride on the same horse, one of them must ride behind the other.

Turnspit.—Exactly; that is just what I mean:—and do you think, that my very clever, and very *severe* piece against the Register, which was published in the non-descript journal of my best friend and admirer, will be answered?

Wanderer.—No; I think not; because nonsense is like a shuttle-cock, which, if not struck at *both ends*, will immediately fall of itself;—therefore you may be assured, that your production will only be struck at *one* end, that is, your own pate; and, in order to console you, as I have done your worthy colleague Francis Flimflam, I will tell you a small anecdote. Two fair and easy damsels of Covent Garden, in London, entertained a very devout and cordial hatred against each other. One of them, who was a little pert, foolish, vain, ignorant, peevish, stupid, malignant wretch, poured forth a torrent of the foulest, and most despicable, and most vulgar abuse, upon her antagonist, who looked on with the most cool and mortifying indifference, occasionally smiling contemptuously, and now and then dropping a low curtsey. The little, noisy vixen, stung to the quick to find that she was not of *sufficient importance* to be answered, wriggled about most woefully, and, bursting with wrath and malice, went up to her an-

tagonist, and with a rueful aspect said,—"*Speak, you jade, or I shall burst.*"

Saying which, I bowed, and left the room, and, forthwith, all pale and terrified, returned home, muttering to myself—surely, if ever an author fall into the company of Messrs. Prim, Turnspit, Blunderbuss, and Flimflam, and hear their sage criticisms upon his productions, he will find it *an effectual cure for literary vanity.*

SECOND SECTION.

MEN AND WOMEN,

A MORAL TALE: BY THE WANDERER.

(Continued from Vol. ii. *No.* 6. *page* 361.*)*

HERE his sobs were so frequent, and his heart so full, as to deny him all farther utterance for a while; he turned away his head from Edward, and sought, in a burst of tears, that relief, which tears only could bestow. Surely the recording angel, with a blush of joy, celestial, rosy red, inserted in the book of life these words, which did the highland peasant honour as a man and as a christian. As soon as time had been allowed to permit the precious feelings of affection and of nature in some measure to subside, and the sorrowing husband's swelling grief had softened into that calm and settled melancholy, which had long shaded his features, and given them a more pensive and a more interesting cast, they rose from their seats and traversed the remainder of laird Robertson's grounds. Thence the host led Edward to look at that spot on the Athol domains, where Burns had laid himself down to muse, by the side of a water-fall, on a verdant bank, utterly forgetful of the mighty lords and stately dames, who were waiting his coming in to partake with them of their evening repast.

Nothing that Edward saw about the Duke of Athol's premises, appeared to him to equal the beauties of Robertson's garden of Eden; they were indeed of much more ample extent, evincing the great opulence of the owner, consisting mostly of walks and of woods, bearing evident marks of the hand of art having been recently employed in their creation.

Edward happening to cast his eyes upward, asked the host,

whose arms were those which were painted on his sign-post, as there was a ducal coronet on them?—The host replied, with a look of surprize and half resentment at Edward's ignorance,—they are the arms of *my family*, of the clan of the Macnaughtens. Edward bowed lowly towards the earth, and apologized for his want of knowledge on this important subject, by observing, that philosophers in general deemed heraldic claims to be but of little consequence; for they valued every man according to the virtues of his heart and the powers of his understanding. The host accepted the apology, and said—It is very right so to value men; but it is a noble and an elevating sensation to be conscious that our blood has run pure and uncontaminated for many generations through the veins of the upright and the honourable. It is a great incitement to do well, when we know that the spirits of our fathers are looking upon our actions from their habitations of bliss. I bless God, that I was born a highlander, and if I could earn the means of existence for myself and for my babes, I would end my days in the country where I first drew breath, and have my bones laid in the burying place of my fathers.

His heart was now full; it wrung his soul to think that he must soon be compelled to leave the spot of earth, which first hailed him on his entrance into life, and which was dearer to him than his own existence: he cast a look of anguish over his native hills, heaved a deep-drawn sigh, and closed his lips in silence. Edward and his host now parted with mutual reluctance. As Edward proceeded forward, he mused on the strains of the *voice of Coila*, and his heart-chords vibrated in unison with the sentiments of the bard of nature.

1

"When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of *Ayr*,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

2

" Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
Began the reverend sage;
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or, haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man.

3

" The sun, that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

4

" O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which ten-fold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

5

" Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man, then, is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right.
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn;
Then age and want, oh! ill-match'd pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

6

" A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;

Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, oh! what crowds in every land,
Are wretched and forlorn;
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

7

"Many and keen the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

8

"See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil:
And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

9

"If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law design'd;
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?

10

"Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This *partial* view of human-kind
Is surely not the *last!*

The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had not there been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn.

11

" O death! the mourner's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour, my wearied limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn:
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn.

CHAPTER IV.

Mode of washing in Scotland—Edward benighted—is in danger of being thrown into the river Garry—scenery of Coshievel vale—Loch Tay—verses on Loch Tay—Edward grievously alarmed during the night—Edward reaches Killin—scenery of the vale of Glendchart—poem to Mary—Edward's interview with his hostess—country very wild—a thunder-storm—face of nature after the storm—an affecting *encounter with a woman and two babes—scenery of Loch Lomond—verses on Loch Lomond—interview with a* volunteer *officer.*

EDWARD had not walked onward many paces, before he went to lean upon a low wall, in order to survey the meanderings of a rivulet, which held its course at a considerable depth below the road, on which he stood, and won its way, bubbling over its pebbly bed, along the windings of its banks, under the arched shelter of lofty and venerable trees. Here he saw a coarse, large-boned woman washing some sheets in the stream; she had tucked up her petticoats, and had fastened them round the middle of her body, and with her naked feet was treading and stamping mightily on the linen. This singular method of performing the operation of washing, as Edward afterwards found, prevails generally in Scotland, both in the high and the low lands; he afterwards saw them practise this elegant mode of exhibiting certain portions of the body, which in general it is deemed necessary to conceal from public view, at the Leith water in the neighbourhood of Edin-

burgh, and in many other places. Indeed, he did not travel four hundred yards farther from Blair-Athol, before he saw three women in one tub, all rivalling their mother Eve in simplicity of nakedness from the waist downwards, and washing linen with their feet in all glee and merriment; they jumped out, however, on Edward's appearance, and entertained him with a loud laugh.

He now passed the ferry at the river Garry, and took his way directly over the hills, having no longer any main or beaten road to direct him. Before he sunk entirely into the desolation that awaited him, he took a last and parting view of Blair-Althol, as he laid himself down upon the heath. The beams of the setting sun were playing upon the battlements of the ducal mansion, and gilding all the front of that noble and spacious edifice; the scenery all around was extensive, and, excepting some large plantations of fir, bare, wild, and barren, bounded in, on all sides, by a huge chain of mountains. Edward indulged in the pure and unmingled emotions of his soul, occasioned by this prospect, for a while, and then proceeded onward.

He strode along in silence till, faint and weary, he threw himself on the heath, and surveyed, far as the eye could range, one dreary, aching blank of desolation; no vestige of a human being was to be seen, no track of a living creature to be espied, no appearance of a dwelling-place, where rest and shelter might be found, served to prevent Edward from feeling as if he was deserted of God and man. He seemed to be treading upon the borders of another world; alone, and without guide, half lost, he sought which readiest path might lead where those gloomy bounds confine with man. The barren bosoms of the mountains were enveloped in clouds, which hung shadowing and darkening the whole mass nearly to the base. But now the shades of night began to deepen, and to cast a broader horror upon all the surrounding objects, and compelled him to move forward in quest of a nocturnal habitation.—

" Now black and deep the night begins to fall,
A shade immense, sunk in the quenching gloom—

Magnificent and vast are heaven and earth;
Order confounded lies, all beauty void,
Distinction lost, and gay variety
One universal blot; such the fair power
Of light to kindle and create the whole.
Dreary is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,
Full of pale fancies and chimeras huge,
Nor visited by one directive ray,
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall."

Edward crawled slowly forward, occasionally lying down to rest himself; sometimes, scrambling over precipices, and at other times finding his way along the vallies, till he discerned, on his left hand, at some distance, a feeble glimmering of light. Thitherward he bent his way, and, after midnight, half dead with pain and fatigue, he crossed Tunnel bridge, and entered a large house, which presented him a new picture of domestic life. Three women, one old and two young, with unwashed faces, peeping from out their long, dishevelled, unkempt locks of yellow, were walking leisurely to and fro, in a large apartment, whose bare walls were adorned with divers kinds of food suspended in rows; the furniture consisted of a few broken stools, and a long table, under which reposed no less than nine dogs of different *genera*. Some other pedestrian travellers were there clad in the highland *kilt*, (that is a short plaid petticoat, reaching half way down to the knees, as a substitute for small-clothes) and a bed stood in one corner of the room near the fire-place.

The hostess, on whose maternal bosom rested a little babe, was a very neat, pretty woman, very decently arrayed, with a strong expression of fire in her dark, black eyes. In a few minutes this youthful, blooming woman, without any ceremony, undressed herself close by Edward, within a few inches of his seat, and deposited herself in the bed that stood by his side; an exercise which she must have been in the habit of performing before spectators, as Edward judged, from the cool composure with which she laid aside her garments in his presence. All this was done out of pure simplicity; for it was evident, from the countenance and the whole demeanour of

the woman, that she would on no account have done any thing which she had been *taught* to think was indelicate or immodest.

Edward was at length shewn into a large upper room, in furniture resembling a barn, at whose window-bench were standing, more than half drunk, three stout highlanders, with very short kilts, and a man of smaller stature, spruce, pig-tailed, and pantalooned, who was sober, and appeared to be a gauger of beer. They all crowded round Edward, and eagerly questioned him concerning America, and particularly whether or not the Americans had any excise laws. Edward replied, that they had not. Upon which the little hero of the ink-horn and button-hole grew angry and waxed wrathful, saying, that he had the honour of serving his majesty in the office of excise, and would suffer no person to disparage his profession ; and concluded a vigorous speech by roundly asserting, that Edward knew nothing about America.

This bold assertion staggered his companions, and caused them to look with eyes of dark suspicion upon Edward, who felt himself very awkwardly situated, and still more so, when one of the highlanders unfortunately observed, that if he was acquainted with New-York, he must know the post-office at Nova Scotia, and also one Fraser Macpherson, who was settled in Boston, as a carpenter. Edward was under the disagreeable necessity of declaring, that he had not the honour of knowing Mr. Macpherson, neither was he acquainted with the precise situation of the post-office in question.

Edward's case now wore a very serious aspect, for the highlanders, any one individual of whom could with his finger and thumb have squeesed him out of existence, grew so furious at this supposed palpable detection of his being an impostor, that they all stoutly swore they would throw him out of the window for being a *tief*, as he was. An operation, in which the gauger, grinning and rubbing his hands, with great glee, prepared to assist.

No time was to be lost; Edward was entirely hemmed in by these drunken barbarians, who were proceeding to precipitate him to inevitable destruction, as he must have been dashed to pieces on the rock immediately beneath the window, ere he could reach the river, which rolled below. He there-

fore assumed a steady and composed aspect, and said—Gentlemen, hear me for a moment;—at this the highlanders put down their hands from his throat, which they had firmly grasped, while the gauger looked perplexed, and doubtful of the event.

Having thus secured the privilege of being heard, Edward harangued them with great vehemence, in an exalted key, for he well knew, that the least symptom of faltering, the least appearance of fear, would instantly seal his doom. He appealed to their national honour, as highlanders; he played upon their passions, as men who might one day be, themselves, strangers in a foreign land, and stand in need of kindness and of hospitality, which the Americans would always be ready to shew them; he then turned round quickly upon the unhappy exciseman, and declared that his ignorance was unpardonable, and equalled only by his inhumanity. In a word, he so completely bewildered his auditors, that they called him *bonny lad*, and *brave lad*, and nearly hugged him to death by their embraces, and stunned him by their noisy vociferations.

(To be continued.)

THIRD SECTION.

AMERICAN LITERATURE REVIEWED.

NATURE DISPLAYED, &c.

BY N. G. DUFIEF.

(Continued from vol. ii. *No.* 6. *page* 368.*)*

UPON the whole, then, these most important discoveries are given to the world by M. Dufief;——namely,—that Nature teaches all languages by *phrases*, and not by *single words*;—although phrases are composed of single words:—that he, N. G. Dufief, therefore, following Nature's method, teaches the French language by phrases, and not by single words;—that *grammar* is an absurd, useless incumbrance of the *old school*,—(by the old school is meant all those who do not adopt M. Dufief's mode of instruction)—and that, without its aid, all people learn languages infinitely faster and better than with it; and yet that grammar enables them to gain a more critical knowledge of language, and to write in that language for the instruction and entertainment of the public;—that *grammar-rules* are difficult and tedious to be learned, and, therefore, that N. G. Dufief's *two huge volumes*, containing nearly *one thousand* pages, closely printed, and the *whole* French dictionary—(Boyer in *quarto!*)—must be *gotten by heart*,—and, lastly, that all mankind are block-heads, who dare to differ in opinion from N. G. Dufief, because he has followed *Nature's* method;—which he has *not* followed;—and, which, even if he had followed it, is not a proper mode of teaching a language;—for each *general rule* of grammar, by its application to a multitude of particulars, is, surely a readier, and a more rapid method of teaching a language, than that of teaching each particular, single individual, word,

or,—(we beg M. Dufief's pardon)—detached, isolated, unconnected phrases, without giving any general rules, by which light can be thrown upon the different parts of the language, and by which these different parts can be conjoined, so as to constitute *a whole*, correct in its symmetry, and fair in its proportions.

Indeed, all *new* acquisitions in the boundless regions of knowledge, are obtained by the *induction* of *particulars*,—by climbing up to a great, *general* truth, or rule, from a careful investigation into, and a combination of a multitude of single, detached, and unconnected facts ;—this is *Nature's method* ;—but it is not *science ;* for science steps in where nature stops, and supplies the deficiency of her preceding guide. Science takes the *general* truth or rule, as a *datum*,—as a thing *given*,—and upon this *datum*, or thing granted, *future* reasoners must build the superstructure of their farther researches ;—thus Newton arrived at the great and sublime general truths, which he has delivered to us in his *Principia*, from an attentive, and a laborious inquiry into, and a combination of particular facts ;—and thus Malthus reached the inestimable moral and œconomical truths, with which he has illumined the world in his *Essay on Population ;*—but no man, *in his senses*, whether he pushes his inquiries into the natural, the moral or the political world, will ever, again, think of wading through all the particular facts, and all the detached circumstances, the accurate and the comprehensive induction of which enabled Malthus and Newton to lay down their great, general, universal principles, and truths ;—but he will consider these truths and principles, as already *proved* ; and upon them,—as unerring in their premises, and in their consequences, as are the demonstrations of Euclid to the learner of the first rudiments of Mathematics,—will he rest as the basis of all his farther inquiries and all future calculations.

But why multiply words ?—Our unequivocal, and decided opinion of M. Dufief's *Nature Displayed*, is,—that it is a most flagrant specimen of *literary quackery*, which by the help of the author's unblushing, impudent, shameless abuse of preceding writers, and a fantastic foppery of affected contempt for other teachers, together with the aid of that easy, pliant

credulity, which is so common among the gaping crowd, who, with a foolish face of wonder, always praise that which they do *not* understand ;—that pliant, easy credulity, which is so admirably calculated to keep the *gull-market*, always, most abundantly stocked,—will fret and strut its hour upon the stage, and, then, be *seen no more.*

We have been given to understand, that M. Dufief has a pamphlet *ready-written*, to chastise all those, who shall be bold enough to discover, and to say, that his *Nature Displayed* is a very stupid performance ;—and that the pamphlet is to be published, immediately, on the close of this review ;—now, we give notice to the public, that *this* review is a full and a complete *answer* to N. G. Dufief's pamphlet, which is *to be* published, whatever nonsense that pamphlet might contain.

M. Dufief's endeavouring to deter any one from delivering *a true* opinion of his *Nature Displayed* by threatening to annoy him with a ready-made scurrilous pamphlet ;—resembles the ingenious device of a late London merchant, who fancied himself a consummate judge of paintings ; and, in order to shew his taste, actually expended large sums of money in purchasing a great number of vile daubings, and coarse *copies*, which were palmed off upon his ignorance, as the *originals* of the best artists, as the productions of the great masters, of Michael Buonarotti Agnolo, of Raffaello D'Urbino, of Titiân, of Reubens, of Hannibal Caracci, of Carlo Dolce, and a hundred others of the Italian and the Flemish schools. —Those of his Friends, who really possessed a taste for the fine arts, endeavoured to convince him of his egregious folly, in lumbering his house with such miserable furniture, which they advised him, forthwith to burn. The sapient trader in teas and tobacco, however, resolutely persisted in declaring, that they were *original* pictures, done by the best painters, and said to one of his most intimate acquaintance ;— I know you to be an excellent judge of paintings, come, and tell me what you think of my pictures ;—they have been much abused by some envious and ignorant people, and I am determined to *knock down* the first person, who shall presume to find fault with, and call them copies, so I beg, that you would come, and give me your *candid* judgment on their merits.

My readers will, doubtless, be astonished to find, that N. G. Dufief thinks so highly of so very dismal an effusion of dulness, as, his *Nature Displayed;*—but the following anecdote will satisfactorily explain this apparent inconsistency.

An honest Scotsman, who was much afflicted by *hypocondriasis*, contrived to persuade himself that he was *pregnant;*—the family-physician, in order to cure him, gave him a violent emetic, and, during the height of the patient's cascading, he had a young *cub-fox* thrown over the hypocondriac's shoulder into the receiving-tub;—as soon as the sick man saw the beast sprawling, and floundering in the tub, he cried out,—"to be sure, thou art *abominably ugly*, but as thou art *my ain chield*, *I must love thee!*"

But N. G. Dufief has not even the negative merit of being the *first* of those *contemptible quacks*, who undertake to instruct pupils by a *much shorter* process, than is rendered *possible* by the very constitution of human nature. So just is the observation of a late acute Scottish writer, who says,

"Every thing is *now* more *compendiously* taught and more *superficially* understood, than *formerly*, and, yet as well, and better, to all the purposes of life. There have been schemes published for teaching children to read by way of *diversion*. Every year gives us a *shorter* method of learning some branch of knowledge. In short in these last days, the quintessence of every thing has been extracted, and is presented to us, as it were, in little phials; so that we may come to *all learning*, by *one act of intuition*. Agreeably to all this, have we not seen, in fact, many *students of divinity*, brought up in hot-beds, who have become speakers in general assemblies, and strenuous supporters of a falling church, before their *beards were grown*, to the perfect astonishment of an observing world?"

As a confirmation of the truth of these positions, we will state two facts, in order to prove, that others have *preceded* M. Dufief in the laudable employment of a *pædagogical charlatan;*—In the year 1804, on the other side of the Atlantic, came forth a thin folio book with this singularly modest title;—"A guide to the Tongues, *ancient* and *modern*, being short,

and comprehensive grammars, of the English, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, with the Arabic, Chaldaic, and Syriac languages, each at *one view*, and *so contrived*, that a person of a *moderate capacity* may be made capable *in a few hours*, to make out sentences in any one of them."—by George Bagley,—Teacher of the Mathematics."

After this notable title-page, and a dedication to Dr. Crowe, public orator of the University of Oxford,—follows the author's preface in which we are told,

" As it has been a custom with the authors of Grammars, to find fault with those that have written before them, *I might have done the same;* though, I think, to no good purpose, since every grammar has some excellence: and I should never have thought of publishing these, had it not been for two reasons:—*first*, that, though children have a good memory, we find, that they, for two or three years, like parrots scarcely know what they are about; and, before they begin to apply their rules, they dislike the business. But the method, here proposed, is intended to remedy that inconvenience, by taking away, in a great measure, the usual preparations, and turning a *drudgery* into an *amusement*.—Secondly,—I thought this method would be extremely useful to grown up persons, who have an inclination to learn languages, but have neither courage, nor time enough to go through the usual modes of acquiring them. In this I was the more confident, from a few trials I made on young men, who, (although very desirous of learning) could not confine themselves to the accidence, as children do. In confirmation of which, *I can assure the public*, that a young man, *totally unacquainted* with any of these languages, except the English, with a little instruction, became *expert* at the *Latin*, *Greek*, and *Hebrew*, in the space of *three months*. In order to account for this *seeming impossibility*, it may not be improper to acquaint the reader, that the method of finding the circumference of a circle by the continual bisection of an arch, was the work of many years; and the same is, now, performed, by the method of fluxions, and with equal accuracy, in a few hours. In *like manner*, a person may, by means of the key to *these* grammars, in a *short time*, make himself, skilful in them, *without* the help of a master."—&c. &c.

But, as the French, always, surpass other people in every species of quackery and fraud; we will present the reader, with an extract from that admirable and classical performance—" *The Echo*,"—page 40—which sets forth the claims to merit of a *brother-preceptor*, to the full, as dexterously, and as diffidently, as does the *Nature Displayed* of N. G. Dufief.

" To the principal gentlemen and ladies of the city and country."

" Having, before the late revolution, had the honour, when every body and every thing, in America and Old England, understood one another; and in 1763, that period, also, being calm and serene; I had, likewise, the honour to hold or sustain two *important offices* in this state, viz. the Post-office, and the Commissariat; and, during that period, I had, also, the honour to correspond with the first gentlemen, at that time, in the country. I will mention the first gentlemen at that time in the country. The honourable Sir William Johnson, Baronet; the honourable Hugh Finlay, at Quebec; Sir John Johnson, Baronet; Hugh and Alexander Wallace, Esquires; and all the *gentlemen printers*, on this vast continent. From my correspondence with men, and a good library of books, *I think*, I have *sufficient* knowledge to take upon me the education of a few country-gentlemen's children; say six boys, from twelve to fifteen years of age; my situation will be near the city, in a very *healthy desirable stand*, near, perhaps to the *Israelitish burying ground;* I will study or teach none but English Syntax, and *refined sentiment*. I know nothing of the business of a country school-master, who would, positively, take *one whole sheet of paper* to communicate *his* ideas, when any of *my* scholars possessed with the least share of sense, shall do it, with propriety and elegance, in *six lines*. My plan, therefore, will be to take only six gentlemen's children for *six months*, when they shall be *fitted for business*. The elegance of double entry, or the Italian method of book-keeping, shall be taught, (if they please) with propriety. The young gentlemen may then, if they please, *leave* the Academy for six months, to re-enter, and so on a regular and uniform succession of them. Mr. Monier's plan will be to board them, wash them, and lodge them. Mrs. Monier is of a respect-

able *Dutch* family, and will not suffer *one dirty matter* about the house, nor about the gentlemen's children,—this, by way of further introduction to his plan. &c. &c. JOHN MONIER, late Deputy Post-master and Agent at Albany.

"New-York Oct. 16, 1792."

This notable advertisement of M. Monier is versified, with much wit and humour in the Echo pages 42 to 47 inclusive.

We are, most abundantly, thankful, that we are on the point of taking a lasting leave of N. G. Dufief, of whose *literary* career, it might, with justice, be said,

"Dufief was born it cannot be denied,
Ate, drank, and slept, begot this book,—and died.
Farewell! may the turf, where thy cold reliques rest,
Bear herbs, odoriferous herbs o'er thy breast,
Their heads *thyme*, and *sage*, and *pot-marjoram* wave,
And fat be the *gander* that feeds on thy grave!"

But hold!—we have chaunted our *requiem* o'er his grave, too soon;—for, alas! N. G. Dufief is not yet dead;—in an evil and inauspicious hour, hath he been delivered—(Boileau calls it *enfantè*, when speaking of a similar production of genius)—of a *second* volume, to the full, as bulky and as weighty as the first.—Will our labours never end?

"Shut, shut the door, good John, we're sick, we're dead,
O *dull* Dufief, spare, spare our aching head,"

We cannot neither will we so slander our time as to *review* this second volume; we are sorry to say, that we have read, by far too much of it;—we do not envy the feelings of any one, man or woman, who is able to peruse the *whole* of what M. Dufief calls—"*the Philosophy of language*."—In addition to the numerous blunders of many long exploded grammars, N. G. Dufief favours us with a very respectable and sufficient quantity of his own absurdities.

In the words of a certain Greek author, a little altered, from their original destination, and construction,—for they were, primarily applied to *Socrates*, the *wisest* man of all heathen antiquity;—we shall *shew* N. G. Dufief *out*.

" Τις ποτε Δυφηος μεγαλης οπος εστιν απευθης ;
Τις χθων, τις δε θαλαττα τοσεν ουκ εκλυε Φημην ;
Δημος ο Κιμμεριων, παυδερκεος αμμορος αιγλης,
Γραμματικης αρετης ονομ' εκλυεν, εκλυεν Ατλας
Ουρανον ευρυστερνον εχων επικειμενον ωμοις."

Which, being interpreted, is

Who has not heard of wonderful Dufief?
The *anti-grammar* swallower of beef?
New York, and Boston, Philadelphia, all
Columbia's towns, and sons, his praises bawl;
Nature Displayed!—is, now, the incessant cry,
And *learning*, *sense*, and *taste*, in one broad ruin lie.

Let us not be thought too severe; nor too much inclined towards the disposition of cynical criticism,—no:—far more grateful to us is the language of commendation than is the tone of censure;— we wish not to be found in company with the ignorant, the groveling, the tasteless, the pert, the self-sufficient, the vain, the impudent, and the base;—no,—we delight to range amidst the groves of Academus, and to tread the Lyceum, and the Portico, with the bards, and the orators, and the statesmen, and the philosophers, of acknowledged merit;—we rejoice in the regions of the morning, and in the light of the sun,

———" Οθι τ' Hους ηριγενειας
Οιχια, και χοροι εισι, και αντολαι Ηελιοιο."

where are the habitations and the dances, of Aurora, sprung from the morn; and where are the dawnings of the Sun, the day-spring from on high.

EPISTLES, ODES, AND OTHER POEMS, by Thos. Moore, Esq.

(Continued from Vol. 2, No. 6, page 379)

MR. MOORE, who justly considers variety to be charming, presents us with what he has, himself, the *honesty*, to call—" *a ridiculous medly of prose and doggrel*,"—in the—" Fragments of a Journal; to G. M. Esq. from Fredericksburg, Virginia."—That the author is very accurate in his

opinion as to this delectable fragment, the reader will be thoroughly convinced from a perusal of the first Stanza, which is indited in these barbarous and stupid phrases;—to wit,

I

" Dear George! though every bone is aching,
After the shaking
I've had, this week, over ruts and ridges,
And bridges,
Made of a few uneasy planks,
In open ranks,
Like old women's teeth,—all, loosely thrown
Over rivers of mud, whose names alone
Would make the knees of stoutest man knock
Rappahannock,
Occoquan,—the Heavens may harbour us!
Who ever heard of names so barbarous?
Worse than M——'s Latin,
Or the smooth codicil
To a witch's will, where she brings her cat in!
I treat my goddess ill,
(My Muse, I mean,)—to make her speak'em
Like the verbum græcum,
Spermagoraiolekitholakanopolides,
Words, that ought only to be said upon holidays,
When one has nothing else to do."

In a note subjoined to this—" *ridiculous medly of prose and doggrel*,"—we are favoured with this information by Mr. Moore, who says—" Having remained, about a week, at *New York*, where I saw Madame Jerome Bonaparte, and felt a light shock of an earth-quake,—(the *only things*, that, particularly, awakened my attention,)—I sailed again, &c."

And could you find nothing else, in *this* city, Sir, worthy to attract your gracious attention, but a small earth-quake, and Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte?—Nevertheless, Sir, there are, in *this* city, men of genius, and learning and wit,—gentlemen, and scholars, and philosophers, and statesmen, and soldiers,—whose intercourse would not disgrace even the loftiness of Mr. Moore's chraracter;—no,—nor the character of *any* of Mr. Moore's acquaintance, friends, patrons, or admirers.

But, peradventure, these were *not* the objects of Mr. Moore's search,—as plainly appears from the contents of the miserable volume, now, before us;—and therefore, doubtless,

he acted more prudently, in confining his attentions to Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte and the earth-quake, rather than in endeavouring to gain admittance into *that* part of the society of New-York, where *good morals* are respected, and sound literature cultivated;—where his *manners*, as a gentleman, might have been polished, and *refined*;—his knowledge as a scholar, enlarged, and strengthened;—and his *integrity*, as a man of honour, brightened, and augmented.

And is it from such flimsy materials, as these which—"*particularly* awakened your attention,"—that you have taken upon yourself to decide upon the *American national character*?—*That* character, of which you are, most despicably, ignorant—of which you, positively, know *nothing*;—and how should you?—with whom did you associate, during your stay, in this country?—men of *loose* and *profligate* principles, like yourself. It is a truth, which should never be forgotten, that men of *licentious* habits, and *abandoned* character;—men, who labour, both by their precept and example, to annihilate all order, and decency, to trample upon all virtue and honour, to destroy all *civilized* society, and to degrade the human race, in its every appetite, pursuit, and propensity, below the level of the brutes, that perish;—that *such beings*, Sir, *never* gain admittance into the company of *real* gentlemen,—of men of honour, and integrity, of wisdom, and of justice, of liberality and of courage;—and that *never*,—*no never*, are *such beings* permitted to disgrace the presence of *women* of *pure* and *unsullied* virtue;—of women who know the high, the inestimable value of the female character, when found in the way of *chastity*, of *simplicity*, of *modesty*, of *dignified delicacy of sentiment and of manner*;—in a word—of women who are fitted to discharge the high and the sacred duties of *wife* and *mother* with honour to themselves, with happiness to their families, and with extensive benefit to the community, in which they live.

Indeed, Sir, we are not anxious to have our *national character* applauded by you;—because we know, that you are utterly unqualified, by all the propensities of your heart, and by all the faculties of your understanding, from being able to form even the remotest probable conjecture upon that character.

It requires the comprehensive ken of *him*, who combines,

in himself, the qualifications, both of the *moral philosopher*, and of the *statesman*, in no limited degree, to scan, and to weigh, and accurately to delineate the *national character* of the people, who are spread over the surface of *this* extended continent.—And, surely, Sir, you are sufficiently acquainted with *yourself* to be well aware, that I should only *mock* and *jeer* you, in the most malignant manner, if I were to accuse you of possessing any one, *even the least*, of all the various requisites, which are necessary to constitute the exalted and the dignified character of a *statesman*, and a *moral philosopher*.

This position, Sir, can require no further proof, than your volume of poems, now before us,—in which you show yourself, to be utterly ignorant, even of this primary, *elemental* truth in political œconomy,—namely, that the *strength*, the *power*, the *happiness*, and the *permanent prosperity* of every nation, must always be *directly proportioned* to the quantity of *moral principle* and *moral conduct*, in that nation.

Accordingly, acting upon your utter ignorance of this important truth, you labour to inculcate the doctrine, that—in proportion, as women are *irregular*, and *licentious* in their conduct *here*, they shall be *sainted*, *hereafter*, in *heaven*. For an illustration of this precious morality you have written a little poem, called—"*The Vase*,"—in which your accustomed blending of *ribaldry* with *blasphemy*, appears in all its despicable deformity, and, in order to comfort your fair readers, in a song, called—"*The Wreath and the Chain*,"—You labour to convince them,—that *love* and *marriage* can *never* be *united*;—and you more than hint, that the *misery* of marriage can *only* be compensated by the consolations of *adultery*.—And not, yet, contented, you very gravely inform us, in another song, that—"*Heaven* can grant *no more* than *this*."—And, lest we should be at a loss to know what *this* is,—you tell us, with much minuteness of description, that this *heavenly happiness*, is,—with shameless and unabashed front, wooing the means of weakness and debility, in the embraces of a harlot.

The same wisdom and virtue you display in a vast variety of other poems; and you have the impudence to tell a *married*

lady, who asked you to address a poem to her,—that you could never write verses on any woman, unless she *first* suffered you to *love* her;—the terms, which you use, are, indeed, *shamefully significant.*

Thus far Mr. Moore, as a *moral philosopher*;—we have, now, to examine him, as one, who professes to delineate the *American national character.* We shall insert his accusation of us, and of our beloved Washington, at large; then, inquire into the justice of this accusation, and take our leave of him, for ever, with a summary balancing of his character, as to intellect and genius.

" No, no, believe me, 'tis not so,—ev'n now,
While yet upon *Columbia's* rising brow
The showy smile of young presumption plays,
Her *bloom* is *poisoned*, and her *heart decays!*
Even, now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires *near their death*,
And like the *nymphs* of her *own* withering clime,
She's *old* in *youth*, she's *blasted* in her *prime.*
" Already, has the child of Gallia's school,
The foul philosophy, that sins by rule,
With all her train of reasoning, damning arts,
Begot by brilliant heads on worthless hearts,
Like things, that quicken after Nilus' flood,
The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud!
Already has she pour'd her poison *here*,
O'er *every charm*, that makes existence dear,
Already blighted, with her blackening trace,
The opening bloom of *every social* grace,
And *all those courtesies*, that love to shoot
Round *virtue's* stem, the flow'rets of her fruit!
" Oh! were these errors but the wanton tide
Of young luxuriance, of unchastened pride;
The fervid follies and the faults of such
As wrongly feel, because they feel too much;
Then, might experience make the fever less,
Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess:
But no:—'tis *heartless speculative ill*,
All *youth's* transgression, with all *age's* chill,
The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,
A slow and cold *stagnation* into *vice!*
" Long has the *love* of *gold*, that meanest rage,
And latest folly of man's sinking age,

Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies, collecting lumber in the rear!
Long has it palsied every grasping hand
And greedy spirit, through *this bartering* land;
Turn'd *life* to *traffic*, set the demon gold
So loose abroad, that *virtue's self* is sold,
And *conscience*, *truth*, and *honesty*, are made
To rise and fall, like *other wares* of trade.
" Already, in this *free*, this *virtuous* state,
Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordain'd by fate,
To shew the world what high perfection springs
From *rabble senators*, and merchant *kings*,
Even here, already, *patriots* learn to *steal*
Their *private perquisites* from public weal,
And guardians of their country's sacred fire,
Like Afric's priests, they let the flame for hire!
Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly rose
From England's *debtors* to be England's *foes*,
Who could their monarch in their *purse* forget,
And break allegiance, but to *cancel debt*,
Have prov'd at length, the mineral's tempting hue,
Which *makes* a *patriot*, can *unmake* him too."

. . . . . .

" Who can, with patience, for a moment, see
The medley mass of pride and misery,
Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
Of slaving blacks and democratic whites,
And all the *pye-bald polity* that reigns
In free confusion, o'er *Columbia's* plains!
To think that man, Thou just and gentle God!
Should stand before Thee, with a *tyrant's* rod
O'er creatures, like himself, with souls from *Thee*,
Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty!
Away, away—I'd rather hold my neck
By doubtful tenure from a Sultan's beck,
In climes, where liberty has scarce been nam'd,
Nor any right, but that of ruling claim'd,
Than thus to live, where *bastard freedom* waves
Her fustian flag, in mockery over slaves;
Where—(motley laws, admitting no degree
Betwixt the vilely slav'd, and madly free)
Alike the bondage and the licence suit,
The *brute* made *ruler*, and the *man* made *brute*."

. . . . . .

" And look, how soft, in yonder radiant wave,
The dying sun prepares his golden grave!

Oh great Potowmac!—oh yon banks of shade!
Yon mighty scenes, in nature's morning made,
While, still, in rich magnificence of prime,
She pour'd her wonders, lavishly sublime,
Nor yet, had learned to stoop, with humbler care
From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair!
Say, were your towering hills, your boundless floods,
Your rich savannas and majestic woods,
Where bards should meditate, and heroes rove,
And woman charm, and man deserve her love!
Oh!—was a world so bright but born to grace
Its *own half-organized, half-minded* race
Of *weak barbarians*, swarming o'er its breast,
Like *vermin*, gendered on the *lion's* crest?
Were none but *brutes* to call that soil their home,
Where none but demi-gods should dare to roam?
Or *worse*—thou mighty world!—oh! *doubly worse*,
Did heaven design thy lordly land to nurse
The *motley dregs* of every distant clime,
Each *blast* of *anarchy*, and *taint* of *crime*,
Which Europe shakes from her perturbed sphere,
In full malignity, to rankle here?
But, hush!—observe that little mount of pines,
Where the breeze murmurs, and the fire fly shines,
There let thy fancy raise, in bold relief,
The sculptur'd image of that *veteran chief**
Who lost the *rebel's* in the *hero's* name,
And stept o'er prostrate loyalty to fame;
Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot train
Cast off their *monarch*, that their *mob* might reign."
" How shall we rank *thee* upon glory's page?
Thou more than Soldier, and *just less* than *sage!*
Too form'd for peace to act a *conqueror's* part,
Too train'd in camps to learn a *statesman's* art,
Nature design'd thee for a *hero's* mould,
But, ere she cast thee, let the *stuff* grow *cold!*
While *warmer* souls *command*, nay, *make* their fate,
Thy *fate made* thee, and *forc'd* thee to be *great.*
Yet Fortune, who, so oft, so blindly sheds
Her brightest halo round the *weakest* heads,
Found *thee* undazzled, tranquil as before;
Proud to be *useful*, scorning to be more;
Less prompt at *glory's* than at *duty's* claim,
Renown the meed, but self applause the aim;
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
Far less, than all thou hast forborn to be.

* General Washington.

It cannot be denied, that, in these *railing accusations* against the Americans, Mr. Moore has displayed much higher powers of poetry;—has disclosed more frequent flashes of imagination;—has given us greater bursts of strong and energetic expression;—than can be found, elsewhere, in the volume of poems now before us. Nor is this to be wondered at.—When Charles the second of England said to Waller, the poet, who had presented him with a copy of adulatory verses on the king's return to the throne;—"How is it, Waller, that the verses, which you made on the *Usurper*, *Cromwell*, so far surpass, in sublimity, strength, elegance, and all the graces and all the ornaments of poetry, those, which you have written upon me, the *rightful sovereign* of the king dom?"—"Sire,"—replied the songster—"*poetry*, *always*, *succeeds best in fiction.*"

This review, for the present month has, already, been too much extended to admit of our now examining into the justice of Mr. Moore's charges against the people of this country, and against General Washington,—we shall, therefore, in our next number, give Mr. Moore a full hearing on the different heads of calumny, which he has brought forward against a nation, of whose *general* character he is as *totally ignorant*, as he is of *all* the principles of *decency* and of *integrity*,—of *all* the great moving-springs, which regulate the conduct of man, both in his individual, and his collective capacity;—of *all*, that tends to widen the sources of national prosperity, physical, moral, and intellectual.

(To be continued.)

THE WEEKLY INSPECTOR.—1 vol. 8vo. p. 312. *Published for* Thomas Green Fessenden, *at E. Sargeant's, New-York.*

THE *Inspector*, in his *Prospectus*, professes to support the cause of *Federalism*, and to set himself, strongly, in battle-array against *Jacobinism*, in every shape and in every form.

A more laudable purpose than this, cannot be undertaken by any one, in this country, or indeed, in any country, under the canopy of heaven. For *Jacobinism* is *here*, in *America*, what it is in every other quarter of the globe,—" the *blast* of *anarchy*, and the *taint* of *crime*;"—the too faithful representative, in all its lineaments, and in all its actions, of its parent,—*the great father of lies*, and of rebellion against all just and legitimate authority;—the great leader and guide of all apostacy from virtue, and love to man, and duty towards God. *Every* human being, therefore, that breathes the atmosphere of integrity and of honour, must be a decided, and an irreconcilable enemy to *Jacobinism*, and its *inseparable co-mate, and attendant, Atheism*;—to *such* a being, *atheism and jacobinism* will ever be the objects towards whose destruction, and annihilation, his every effort will be incessantly directed.

But the support of *federalism*, as the *only* hope of saving America from a desolation, far worse than death, every man, *who really loves his country*, will devote all his labour, and all his life, and all the talents, and all the knowledge, which he hath received from the *giver of every good and of every perfect gift*;—because he well knows, that, under the banners of Federalism are ranged the honour, the integrity, the intellect, the courage, the virtue, and the dignity of America. While the pulses of his life, therefore, continue to throb, he will contend for all the best interests of *religion* and *morality* and *policy* and *literature*;—with them he will determine to live; and together with them will he resolve to perish.

But, *how—in what manner* is the cause of *Federalism* to be supported?—Even thus.—By all the efforts of *genius*, and *learning*, and *wit*, incessantly directed to uphold the honour and the dignity of *moral obligation*—to render all the social duties, and all the domestic charities, and all the civil relations of man, objects of our esteem, and love;—to avoid, as we would the approaches of a *fanged adder*, all tendency to *scurrility*, to *low*, *vulgar*, *personal abuse*, which never fails to *weaken* and to *destroy* the cause, that it, ignorantly and stupidly, presumes to support;—to laugh folly out of countenance, and to raise the cry of indignation against, and to stamp the burning brand of infamy upon *vice* and *crime*;—and to

make the *villain* tremble through all the ramifications of his iniquity, and to grow pale even in the inmost recesses of his guilt.

Has the *Inspector* done *all* this !—has he done *any part* of this ?—We shall not stay to note the various *communications*, which have been sent, and which are inserted in the work now under our review ; because we deem no man to be answerable, except for the productions of *his own* brain. It would be rather too uncharitable to lay the burden of *another's* sins upon the shoulders of one, who can, scarcely, reel and stagger under the load of his *own* infirmities. We can, only, express our astonishment, therefore, that *some* of the communications, inserted in the *Inspector*, are in themselves, *excellent*,—that they abound in comprehensive political wisdom, expressed in language bold and luminous.—Did it not occur to these correspondents, that the insertion of their lucubrations in the pages of the *Inspector*, was, in good truth, as wise, as would be the Jeweller, who should *set a diamond in wood ?*

In the common and the ordinary intercourse of life, *stupidity* and *ignorance* are *not* crimes ;—because the world is so constituted, and human nature is so organized, that very many of our employments, and very much of the machinery of our existence, can *only* be performed by the *ignorant* and the *stupid*. High intellect, and lofty talents would, indeed, be wasted upon those, who are destined to discharge the lowest, and the coarsest offices of civil society ;—for, either, that intellect and those talents would be wasted away, and utterly perish from want of use ;—or they would render their possessor wretched, unfit him for the execution of his necessary occupations, and throw him loose upon the community, as a wild beast, ravening for prey, to batten upon the plunder of his fellow-men.—Think you, that the man, whose enlarged, and mighty mind, could balance the fate of empires ;—could scan the inter-national relations of the different countries of the earth;—could apply the resources and direct the energies of a nation to save itself from foreign violence, and domestic dissention, in the day of calamity, and the hour of danger ;—think you, that *such* a man is altogether fitted to sustain the functions of a labourer in the barn, or a scavenger in the

street?—and, yet, without the aid of these labourers, and these scavengers, the wheels of civil society would be clogged, and all its machinery move heavily along.

But, in the *republic* of *letters*, *stupidity* and *ignorance* are *unpardonable crimes*;—because the *literary republic* rests, altogether, upon the basis of *intellect*, as the *only* foundation of its existence. Every one, therefore, who is arraigned at the bar of literature, and found guilty of being a *block-head*, must be instantly, driven, with all imaginable contempt and scorn, from the confines of that region of knowledge, into which he had by *false pretences*,—even by the assumption of intelligence,—endeavoured to smuggle himself *surreptitiously*.

By these general rules, which are, in themselves, of universal and of perpetual application, we now proceed to examine the claims and the pretensions of the *Weekly Inspector*.—That we might act with all possible mildness and tenderness towards one, who professes to support the cause of *Federalism*, we shall quote some of the *best* and the *most brilliant* passages from the *Inspector*, and offer a few comments thereupon.

As one of the most favourable specimens of the *Inspector*'s *genius*, take the following *poetical effusion*, which he calls,—"A soliloquy on the Miranda trial,"—p. 26.

1

"Well, now, if I had a son,
As roguish as M—d—s—n,
I'd give the young urchin
A terrible birching.

2

And had I another
As bad as his brother,
A child of no promise
Like Emperor Thomas;

3

Whate'er might the fuss-be
Like an old Doctor Busby,
I'd tickle his hide well,
To save him from Bridewell." &c. &c. &c.

Surely, such egregious nonsense as this, can need no comment!—we had, almost, forgottten to mention, that the *In-*

spector has subjoined to this precious *poetical* " *soliloquy*,"—some very long *notes*, which are, if possible, still more absurd and stupid, than the soliloquy itself.

So much, for the *Inspector's genius*, and we may add, *learning*, too;—for the " *Soliloquy* on *Miranda*"—together with the *notes*, thereon,—displays, to the full, *as much* learning, as do any other parts of the *Weekly Inspector*.

Next, let us examine how far the *Inspector* has aided the cause of *Federalism*, by abstaining from all scurrility,—all *low*, *vulgar*, *dirty personal* abuse.—In p. 36 we are edified by the following paragraphs:

" He"—(Fessenden," i. e. The *Inspector*)—has issued four weekly papers: that is to say, he has been actively and industriously employed as an editor *four weeks*, besides two or three months of preparation,—and what do we see?—what do we see?—Why, once a week, in eight pages octavo, we see *seven* of *selection*, and *one* of *stupidity*."

These words, gentle reader, are part of the observations of the Editor of the *American Citizen*, upon the merits, *intellectual* and *personal*, of the *Inspector*;—to which observations the Inspector replies, by positively asserting, that *he*, *himself*, is not stupid, and then goes on thus—" But to *Cheetham* again. " Fessenden, a sort of a *Caliban*, in form, was born in some nook in the east; I think, in Massachusetts."—A sort of Caliban in form,"—cries the Inspector, with horror; and adds—" Well cast, Mister Knight of the *horrible visage!*—whose *cut-throat countenance* is a most abominable caricature of—" a death's head, with a bone in its mouth,"—as Shakspeare would say."—" I think in Massachusetts."—" Please to " *think*" again, the place of Fessenden's nativity is no secret. He is a *native American*, of reputable parentage.—Not " *ditch-delivered by a drab*," cradled in a night cellar, educated over a *hatter's* tub in England, and qualified by *rib-breaking*, *nocturnal riots*, and hollow professions of patriotism, to soil white paper by the ream."

Much more of the *same* kind of *literary* and *political* manufacture, from the pen and brains of the *Inspector*, follows in the number, from which we have made these extracts.—No doubt, the cause of *Federalism* must be very ably sup-

ported by a paper, containing the *personal* squabbles, and the *personal* abuse of Messrs. Cheetham and Fessenden!—How abundantly edifying is it to be informed, that Mr. Cheetham calls Mr. Fessenden a *block-head* and a sort of a *Caliban* in form;—and that Mr. Fessenden, by way of the *retort* courteous, calls Mr. Cheetham a *liar*, and accuses him of having been a *hatter*, and of having been *ditch-delivered of a drab!*—what, between this mutual bandying of compliments,—what between the merits of Mr. Fessenden's *person* and *understanding*, and the pretensions of Mr. Cheetham's *birth*, *parentage*, and *former calling*, it is much to be feared, that *Federalism* will be situated as was the *latter end* of that man, who sate betwixt *two stools!*

But to be serious;—if to be serious in the midst of such broad ebullitions of absurdity, be possible,—this good man—the Inspector, seems to think, that *stupidity*, *ignorance*, *scurrility*, and *personal abuse*, are the four cardinal pillars, on which the Temple of Federalism can be supported;—but we must take leave to inform you, Sir, that these very heavy troops, are so far from aiding *Federalism*, that they, actually, do more to forward the cause of *Jacobinism*, than all the most strenuous efforts of the *open* and the *avowed* partisans of the *Jacobinical* faction can possibly effect.

One more citation from the *Inspector*, and we will release our readers and ourselves from, by far the most troublesome and disgusting department of our duty;—we mean the drudgery of commenting upon the productions of dulness and ignorance.

Who has not read, and who has not admired the admirable effusions of *wit*, and of *genius*, which adorn the pages of *Salmagundi?* We hope, that all our readers, will be able, with us to say, as *did* a noted *lady* of antiquity, on another occasion:—

——"Quis nesciat?
Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe."

And yet, upon this same *Salmagundi* whose lucubrations have delighted all readers, of every class, and of every age, and of either sex, the *Inspector*, amongst many other *profound*

and *elegant criticisms*, has poured forth the following torrent of *wit* and *humour*.—page 299.

" Having *dispatched* " *Salmagundi*,"—or *Silly-kickaby*, we come next to—" whim-whams and opinions."—This is sheer nonsense, sure enough.—" Salmagundi, *or* whim-whams and opinions" !—Why ! what a broken-back'd metaphor ! It is as bad as to have christened your nonsense,—*apple-dumplings ;* or,—*flights of fancy*.

Atque idem jungat vulpes, et mulgeat hircos,

That is, in English,

This sorry set of silly shoats,
Should be employed to milk *he-goats*,
Or sent to Carolina bogs,
To yoke " ox-teams" of prairie dogs.

" Whim-Whams," is taken by this junto of notables, from an English publication. " Launcelot Langstaff" is a vile daub of a caricature of " Isaac Bickerstaff." Will Honeycomb sate for " Anthony Evergreen ;"—Will Wizard's original may be found in the British classics ; and, in short, the prototype of every other character, with the exception of a few scurrilous personalities. The work ought to have been styled, *Silly-kickaby*, *alias*, *tag-locks of common English publications*, compiled by Dunderparte, Doughhead, Dumpling & Co. published by Peter Pettyman, sold at the sign of the *Ditch delving* driveller, Caughnawater-slip, dedicated, and to be devoted to *a certain goddess*."

Surely, this is a sufficient specimen of the Inspector's powers to promote the cause of *sound policy*, and *sound literature !*

To conclude, whoever will endure the labour of reading the *Weekly Inspector*, particularly, the 26th number, in which the *Salmagundi* is " *dispatched*,"—will find from the many flagrant *filchings* of abuse, from *Smollet*, and *Shebbeare*, and some other writers of that stamp,—that the *Inspector* possesses not even the *negative* merit of original dulness ;—but that, *as an author*, his effusions are, merely the *second hand* strainings of *journeyman* absurdity.

An Essay upon the learning of Devises, from their Inception by writing, to their consummation, by the death of the Devisor. By John Joseph Powell, Esq. *of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. First American Edition.—New York. Published by* Brisban and Brannan, No. 1, *City Hotel*, 1807.

POWELL on Devises is a book so well known, and deservedly of such high reputation among all the *real property* lawyers, in Britain, that it would be quite superfluous for us now to enlarge upon its merits. Our duty, therefore, in this instance, is, simply, to state, that the American edition is accurately and neatly printed, on a good type, and rather indifferent paper;—and that the publishers of this edition deserve well of their country for having presented to it, one of the best, and most approved works, on a very important, and a very intricate branch of the law of real property.

AMERICAN ANNALS; *or a chronological history of America, from its discovery in* 1492, *to* 1806, *in two volumes, by* Abiel Holmes D. D. A. A. S. S. H. S. *Minister of the first church in Cambridge. Cambridge, Printed and sold by* W. Hilliard—1805—8vo. 2 vols. pp. 1024.

THE design of this work is so fully and clearly explained by the author, in his own preface, that we cannot benefit the reader more, then by presenting him with an extract from that preface.

"If history, however, without chronology, is dark and confused; chronology, without history, is dry and insipid. In the projection, therefore, of this work, preference was given to that species of historical composition, which unites the essential advantages of both. It has been, uniformly, my aim to trace facts, as much as possible, to their source. Original authorities, therefore, when they could be obtained, have always had preference. Some authors, of this character, wrote in foreign languages; and this circumstance may be an apology for the occasional introduction of passages, that

will not be generally understood. While originals possess a spirit, which cannot be infused into a translation, they recite facts with peculiar clearness and force. Quotations, however, in foreign languages are, always, inserted in the marginal notes. There, also, are placed those passages, in English, which are obsolete, either in their orthography, or their style, To some persons they may, even there, be offensive: but they may gratify the historian and the antiquary. The one may be pleased with such marks of authentic documents; the other with such vestiges of antiquity. The numerous references may have the appearance of superfluity, perhaps, of ostentation. The reason for inserting so many authorities was, that the reader, when desirous of obtaining more particular information, than it was consistent with the plan of these Annals to give, might have the advantage of consulting the more copious histories for himself. Should these volumes serve as an Index to the principal sources of American history, they may render a useful though humble service to the student, who wishes to obtain a thorough knowledge of his country."

To attempt to analyze the work before us, would be to transcribe nearly the whole of the volumes. All that, as Reviewers, we can do, is to remark upon the plan and the execution.—The plan is judicious, and simple:—the Author presents us with a chronological account of the most important events, which have taken place, from the first discovery of this Continent, and of the West Indian Islands, down to the year 1806.

The chief merit of performances of this kind consists in the diligence, with which the historian investigates; and the accuracy, with which he refers to authentic documents and authorities; and the clear, concise, yet comprehensive manner, in which he arranges his materials, and states his positions, and his deductions.

That this merit stamps the present work, we have no doubt; because we see, with what correctness, and precision, with what force, and strength, the learned Author has combined and placed the contents of the volumes, before us:—and, because the well-known character of Doctor Holmes, whose industry and extensive research are manifested, throughout the whole of the publication, guarantees the accuracy of his references. For the correctness of the references it cannot be expected, that we should pledge ourselves, from our own, ac-

tual examination of the authorities to which the Author refers. The life of a reviewer would be worse than that of a mill-horse, if he were compelled to search every reference, which occurs in the books subjected to his critical examination ;—to do this is impossible ; and, if it were possible, would be foolish.

For the accuracy of the references, therefore, we must depend upon the care and the integrity of the Author, whose character, as a gentleman and a scholar, is a sufficient pledge to the public, that it might rely with confidence, upon the authorities adduced by Dr. Holmes.

The Author has been sparing of his own remarks ; but where he has favoured us with them, they are, in general, so judicious, and so pertinent, as to induce us to wish, that he had, more frequently, shed the illuminations of his own cultivated mind over the dry and barren soil of compilation. The style of Dr. Holmes is plain, neat, perspicuous and sufficiently forcible ; and his work cannot fail of being useful, both to the young student, who is, as yet, unacquainted with the History of America, and, also, as a book of reference to the riper scholar. A copious Index, likewise, enhances the value of this publication.—With the Author's concluding remarks, which alike confer honour on the heart and on the understanding of the writer, and to the justice of which we, most heartily, subscribe, we shall close our review of the *American Annals*.—Vol. 2. p. 508 :

"Of the three centuries which have elapsed since the discovery of America, nearly two have passed since the permanent settlement of Virginia. The events of these two centuries are, in the highest degree interesting to us ; and, for that reason, they have been the more fully recited. The means, by which five millions of people have, in so short a time, become planted in a wilderness ; have established free constitutions of government ; and risen to opulence, to independence, and to national distinction, merit serious inquiry. Much unquestionably is to be ascribed to the salubrity of the climate of North America ; to the fertility and variety of its soil ; to the extent of its sea-coast ; to its many navigable rivers ; to the excellent pasturage and fisheries of the north, and the valuable products of the south ; to the enterprise, industry, simplicity of manners, and unconquerable love of liberty, which have characterized the inhabitants ; to the early establishment of schools and

seminaries of learning, and the general diffusion of knowledge; to the early formation of churches, and the regular maintenance of public worship; and to the union and the co-operation of the colonies, in measures for the defence and interests of the whole. But whatever has been the influence of these causes, there is, still, the highest reason for acceding to the conclusions of Washington:—"No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the *invisible hand*, which conducts the affairs of men, *more* than *the people of the United States*. Every step, by which *they* have advanced to the character of an independent nation, seems to have been distinguished by some token of *Providential* agency."—By the *same* means, and under the *same divine patronage*, may the prosperity of the United States be protracted, until TIME SHALL BE NO LONGER." Amen! and so be it!

Means of preserving health, and preventing diseases: founded, principally, on an attention to air and climate, drink, food, sleep, exercise, clothing, passions of the mind, and retentions and excretions. With an appendix, containing observations on bathing, cleanliness, ventilation, and medical electricity; and on the abuse of medicine. Enriched with apposite extracts from the best authors. Designed, not merely, for physicians, but for the information of others. To which is annexed a Glossary of the Technical Terms contained in the work. By Shadrach Ricketson, *Physician in New York.—New York: Printed by* Collins, Perkins & Co. *Sold by them*, S. Stansbury, T. & J Swords, S. Wood, I. Riley, *New York*,—Kimber & Conrad, J. Crukshank, *Philadelphia*,—Craig & Engles, *Baltimore*,—D. West, *Boston*,—S. D. Cooke, *Hartford*,—A Sherman, *New Bedford*,—Websters and Skinner, Albany,—*and* O. Pennyman, Troy. 1806. 1 Vol. 12mo.—p. 298.

TO our great astonishment, this book is ushered, into public notice, by the *names* and the *recommendations* of several of the most respectable physicians in New-York, and its vicinity, testifying, that Dr. Shadrach Ricketson has composed a very valuable book, in a plain style, so as to be "readily comprehended by every person of ordinary information."

Against this species of *literary quackery;*—against this

mode of puffing a book, at its first appearance, we enter our most decided protest;—it is so very much like the miserable artifice, used by all the *quack-doctors*, and *nostrum mongers*, who endeavour to introduce their poison into the stomachs of the weak and credulous, by long *advertisements*, and *affidavits* of the wonderful cures performed by their medicinal secrets, that it degrades the dignity of literature to have recourse to so mean and pitiful an expedient. Surely, Dr. Shadrach Ricketson would not deem himself very highly honoured by having *his* book put upon the same level with, and ranged along the side of an *advertisement* which sets forth the marvellous virtues of *Hamilton's Elixir*, or of *Dr. Church's Cough-drops!*

Either a book is good, or it is bad:—if it be bad, it is a mere fraud upon the public to endeavour to support its credit, and to bolster up its reputation, by recommendatory advertisements;—if it be good, it should be allowed to find the level of its own excellence, and wait the decision of the public upon its deserts, and not seek to forestall the opinion of the reader, and, as it were, to *prejudge* his *judgment*, by the insertion of recommendations from men of weight and influence, both as to their character, and their knowledge; because, by such a proceeding, the reader is reduced to this dilemma, either to forego his own right of individual judgment, and acquiesce in the decision of these preliminary puffers, as a matter of *faith* in him, discarding, altogether, the exercise of his understanding; or, to incur the hazard of being reproved for presuming to differ in sentiment, from the critical sagacity of men, who have earned unto themselves the meed of reputation for acute discernment, and extensive acquirements.

To the generality of readers *neither* side of this dilemma is pleasing.

Dr. Ricketson's mode of recommending himself to the public, by these laudatory advertisements of his medical brethren, reminds us of the ingenious device of a certain tavern-keeper, who, on his first starting in the race of life, as a *tapster*, prevailed upon three or four of his friends to run up and down, from room to room, all over his house, making a great noise, ringing the bells, and bawling out—*coming* Sir, *coming* Sir!

—by which facetious artifice the neighbours were induced to believe that his inn was well frequented, and must, therefore, afford good entertainment for man and beast, and forthwith, they flocked thereto in great abundance.

There is, however, a still greater objection to Dr. Ricketson's book, than the mere quackery of the preliminary recommendations; that is, the utter impracticability of ever being able to render medicine a science *generally* understood. It requires a very accurate knowledge of anatomy, and a very extensive acquaintance with physiology, to enable any one to become competent to watch over, to cure, or to prevent, the various evils to which the human frame is liable. But a knowledge of physiology and of anatomy cannot be acquired without long and laborious study; whence it is better to trust to the skill and integrity of an acute and an experienced physician, than endeavour to make every private house a nest of superficial smatterers in the art of preserving health, and preventing diseases;—and to render every family a horde of perpetual bablers upon "air, and climate, drink, food, sleep, exercise, clothing, passions of the mind, retentions, and excretions, bathing, cleanliness, ventilation," &c. &c. &c.

There can be no doubt, that Buchan's *domestic medicine*;—Willich's book on *regimen and diet*;—Solomon's *guide to health*;—Brodum's medical effusions;—and ten thousand other quack productions, have done more towards thinning the human race, than have the combined powers, and the united efforts of *war*, *pestilence*, and *famine*.—It was the contemplation of the baneful effects produced by *such* writers and *such* practitioners, that induced Dr. Watson, the present Bishop of Landaff, to say,—that out of every *ten* people that perish in civilized society, *six die of the doctor*.—I must have had a very strong constitution—says Gil Blas—for I not only weathered the disease, but I *outlived* the efforts of the worthy Doctor Sangrado.

If it be said that Dr. Ricketson's book professes only to treat upon the *prevention* of diseases, and does not touch upon their *cure*; we answer, that, although the *title* of the work implies this, yet its author has favoured us with many sage remarks on the use of "medical electricity, opium, mercury,

cathartics, emetics, blood-letting," &c. &c. in the *cure* of disorders, by which proceeding he hath actually stepped out of the "class of physicians called *Hygienists*, who attend people *only in health*, in order to *preserve* it, and to *prevent* diseases,"—in which class Dr. R. professes to place himself, in his "*introduction*" to the work now under review, and has trespassed upon the duties of the *Therapeutic*, or *curative* physicians of the present day."

But if the Dr. had confined himself only to the *prevention* of diseases, still there could be no occasion to obtrude upon the public a book containing *two hundred and ninety-eight* pages, to tell what might be easily comprised in a single sheet of letter paper. Our readers, probably, will not, without difficulty, be induced to believe, that Dr. Ricketson has actually contrived to consume a whole book, of such a size, in telling his countrymen, and his country-women, that, in order to preserve their health, they must not eat and drink enough to make them ill;—that they must not catch cold; that they must not be very dirty; and that they must avoid the reception of disorder, if they mean to continue well. One single instance, however, of the Doctor's mode of handling a subject, will soon infuse belief into the most incredulous, and shew by what means a whole book might be manufactured out of materials, which a man of "*ordinary information*" would not think sufficient for the fabrication of a two-penny pamphlet.

In the chapter on *Drink*, page 25, Dr. Ricketson, very gravely informs us, that—"a *certain proportion* of *drink* is necessary to the solution and digestion of the food; but like the other *nonnaturals*, it *may* be used *too freely*, or *too sparingly:* the former is however, much the more common case; and the *best* rule is, to drink only when *thirsty*, and rarely at other times, except at meals"—&c. &c. but we cannot endure the drudgery of transcribing any more *of such medical* effusions. Neither, must it pass unnoticed, that the Dr. is not contented with dealing out these modicums of wisdom; these trite observations, which any old woman, or little child can make, and which, when made, are good for nothing; but, positively, bolsters up the reputation of these profound remarks, by *very long*, and *very frequent* extracts from Dr. Leake, the patent-pill

man;—Dr. Willich the regimen and diet-writer;—and Kendal and Hall,—and many other authors of *equal renown*, and of *equal authority*, in all matters of deep research, and comprehensive reasoning.

We cannot exercise the patience of the reader, any longer, nor slander our own time, by stooping to any farther observations on a book so very meagre and jejune, as is Dr. Ricketson's productions on the—"means of preserving health and preventing diseases;"—of which we can, with great justice, and in all Christian charity, declare, that *one half* of it is *nonsense*, and the *other half* is *repetition;* making in the *whole*, an effusion of—but, perhaps, the Dr. will be able to draw the *inference* for himself.

One word of friendly advice, at parting, do we, in the fulness of our tender friendship, bestow upon Dr. Ricketson as *an author*,—(in our office, as Reviewers, we have nothing to do with the *character*, public or private, of *any* man: our business is confined to his *literary* offspring *alone*)—namely, that before he composes or compiles, or engenders, or invents, another book, either on health or on disease, or, indeed, on any subject, whatsoever, he will take counsel of Sir Wilful Witwould, who thus, gravely, addresses a lady of his acquaintance:—Some people, Madam, do not like the city, and some cannot away with the country, mayhap, you *may* be *one of these?* Or, what think you, Sir, of consulting a very celebrated discourser on *astrology*, who says;—"Taurus! that's sides and heart!—No, Sir, it is legs and thighs;"—See the profound disquisition of Sir Toby Belch, on the signs of the Zodiac.

THE PICTURE OF NEW-YORK; *or the Traveller's guide, through the commercial metropolis of the United States. By a Gentleman residing in this city. New-York, published by* I. Riley & Co. *sold by* Brisban & Brannan, *City-Hotel, Broadway.* 1807.—1 Vol. 12mo. p. 223.

THE intention of this publication, to present to foreigners and to our own countrymen, a faithful and an accurate

account of the city of New-York, is deserving of much praise. The *execution*, however, of the work is not, altogether, so complete as it might, and as it ought to have been. The author, himself, seems to be, in some measure, aware of this, when he states in the preface, page 7, that " he knows there is nothing offered upon the religious and military institutions of New-York, and that maps and plates are wholly wanting." These defects, however, " he hopes will be supplied for the improvement of the next edition.

But by far the greatest deficiency of this work is, that it gives no account of the state of *manners*, and of *morals*, of the different classes of the people in New-York. It, surely, was incumbent on the author to be acquainted with this primary and elementary truth, in the very rudiments of a *statesman's* study—namely, that the combination of the knowledge of *moral philosophy*, with that of *political œconomy*, can *alone* qualify a man to give a *correct picture* of a great city, like ours, and of its important commercial and political bearings, and relations. It is of infinitely less consequence to us, to be informed,—that near the Battery—" page 154,"—music, ice-creams, and other delicacies, are provided in the evening, at *Mr. Corrie's* public garden, not far from the centre of this exquisite place of recreation,"—than to be told, in what state, and condition, retrograde, stationary, or progressive, are the morals and the manners, the knowledge, and the intellect, of the myriads of human beings, who compose the great mass of society, that is congregated together within the boundaries of New-York.

And, pray, is the Author altogether sure, that these *public* gardens are *quite proper* places of resort to *all* the ladies and gentlemen, who frequent the Battery?

The author's *characteristic vanity* peeps out in almost every page,;—he tells us, in his preface, that—" It is acknowledged, that *even* the chapters *he* has compiled, *might* have been executed in a *better* manner, by an *abler* hand."—Of which we do not entertain the least doubt. But *mere vanity* is harmless;—we consider it, as the necessary offspring of a *weak* mind, and an *uncultivated* understanding;—and, accordingly,

smile at its frivolous effusions, and its trifling, ridiculous attempts to extort applause, just as we do at the gambols of a kitten, or the grimaces of a monkey.

Now and then, indeed, the author tries his hand at a little sublime description; and, then, he exposes himself most woefully; for instance, when he tells us, in page 2, about the improvements round New-York, and bursts upon us in this magnificent explosion;—thunders upon us in this cataract of eloquence.—

"But many of these inequalities have disappeared before the levelling hand of improvement. Hills have been dug down, and swamps have been filled up. Knowls have been pared away, and gullies brought to a level. By vast labour and expence much of the original asperity has been taken off, and the surface smoothed as far as was desirable, A great deal of this regulating business is, still, going on in the newly settled parts of the city. The quantity of earth *carted away*, is, in many places—*really surprising!!!*"

And again, in page 166.

"The prospect of the unruffled ocean is superb. All the vessels going in and out of New-York harbour pass in sight. The light-house at Sandy-Hook, and the Never-sunk hills, are full in view. And the roaring and impetuosity of the waves, is, sometimes, truly sublime. In the adjoining bay, plenty of *king-fish*, *sheep's-head*, and *black-fish*, are to be taken, both in the seine, and with the hook. And the variety of snipes, ducks, and plover, afford high gratification to shooting marksmen. During the warm season, a stage is kept regularly running"—

But, without peradventure, the reader must be already very abundantly satisfied with these instances of the author's *descriptive* and *sublime* powers.

Upon the whole, this book contains much useful information, as to the commercial institutions, the streets, and buildings, and the police-regulations of this city, and the positions of some of the neighbouring towns and villages. We recommend the author, in the next edition, carefully to collect some facts, relating to the *moral* and *intellectual* condition of the people of New-York; to strike out every passage, in

which he has attempted to soar upon *Fancy's* wing of fire, or to draw any *general conclusion* from the induction of particular facts. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, is very good advice, and applicable at all times, and in every country. It is vain and ineffectual to struggle against the current of nature,

"*Naturam* expellas *furca* tamen useque *recurret.*"

Do you, therefore, Sir, be contented to follow the path which Providence hath allotted to you—that of a faithful *compiler* and *collector* of *particular* and *detached* portions of knowledge; but do, pray, Sir, never attempt to *generalize*, or build up a *system*; and above all, never again endeavour to be *sublime.*

The following little anecdote, in which *more*,—*much more* is meant than *meets the ear*—may be of service, as to regulating your labours in any future edition of the "*Picture of New York.*"—About fifty years since, the dispute as to what was the essential qualification, which constitutes a *rational* being, ran very high in Britain. A learned philosopher had pored over this profound subject so long, that he began to lose his understanding very perceptibly, and very speedily. In order to divert him from this *mania*, a friend, one morning, called upon him, and declared, that, before they reached Charing-cross, he would prove, that a *horse* was a *more rational animal* than a *man.* Forthwith the philosopher and his friend sallied out, from their chambers in the Temple, into the Strand. They had not proceeded far, when they met a *painter*;—harkye, Sir,—said the philosopher's friend,—can you *draw an inference?*—No, Sir, replied the painter,—I can draw a flower-pot, and I can paint King George's head upon a sign, but *I never drew an inference in all my life.* The painter was bowed to, and he departed;—when the philosopher's friend thus accosted, a *drayman*, who was driving a brewer's cart—my honest fellow, can your *horse draw an inference?*—Yes, Sir,—answered the carman,—he can *draw* any thing *in reason.*—The dispute was now settled, and it was concluded, that, since the *painter* could *not* draw an *inference*, and that the *horse* could draw any thing *in reason*, the *horse was*, and the *man* was *not* a *rational animal.*

FASHION'S ANALYSIS; *or, the Winter in Town. A Satirical poem, by* Sir Anthony Avalanche, *with notes, illustrations, &c. by* Gregory Glacier, Gent. *Part* 1. *New York: Printed for J. Osborn. No.* 13, *Park.* 1807.—1 vol. 12mo. p. 84.

WE are told by the Poet, in the seventh page of his preface, that—" this little volume contains the first of a series of satires, which the author intends to continue, as leisure and inclination dictate."

And, in the commencement of the preface, we are informed, that—" Satire has, always, been considered a lawful weapon, when employed in the cause of virtue. If *vice* cannot be intimidated by threats, she may at least, be *put out of countenance* by *ridicule;* and certainly, the weapons of *raillery* cannot be better employed, than in embarrassing and confounding her."

But *vice* can, never, at any time, be an object of *ridicule.*—No one, either *respects*, or *dreads* that, at which he can *laugh;* whence *laughter* is but a miserable protection against the assaults, and but an ineffectual chastisement of the enormities of *vice.* It was not by *ridicule*, that Lucilius made the *conscious villian* tremble at his guilt. Had he been contented to use only " *the weapons of raillery*,"—Juvenal would never have borne his testimony of high applause to his predecessor, as the champion of insulted virtue, as the formidable enemy of audacious iniquity;—would never have left upon record the following words;

> Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens
> Infremuit, *rubet* auditor, cui frigida mens est
> Criminibus, tacitâ sudant *præcordia* culpâ

And, yet, it is a duty, *equally* incumbent upon us, to expose and to lash the infamy of vice, as it is to love and to honour wisdom and virtue. The same *Eternal Power*, that causes the genial rays of the sun to illumine and to cherish the inhabitants of the earth, bids mad tornadoes sweep the Indian Isles;—*He*, who blesses the works of his creation with the gentle descent of the vernal shower, sends forth his thunder

to roll its awful burden upon the wings of the wind;—makes the mountains rock to and fro: and the hills to melt at the blasting of the breath of his displeasure.

If we were, merely, to praise virtue and goodness and to refrain from censuring and reproving wickedness and guilt,—what would be the consequence?—Even this;—that the hardened audacity, the shameless impudence of vice would shoulder away the meekness of piety and of humility, even at the altar of God.—It behoves us, therefore, to bear in mind, that human beings, who have been long enured to the embrutifying influence of *vice;* though they are deaf to the voice of persuasion, and despise the invitations of gentleness, and trample with sovereign scorn, upon the puny efforts of *airy ridicule*, are, yet, in dread of the severe, the irresistible *frowns* of *offended virtue;* the burning brand of whose condemnation can awe them into silence and compel them into an appearance of decorum, although it cannot induce them to be good; since that privilege belongs, only, to a *Higher Power.*—And, surely, society is much benefited by those means, which check the presumptuous impudence of guilt; and we may reasonably hope, arguing from the past to the future, and drawing our conclusions from the source and fountain of all human knowledge, even from *Experience*, that, where we can induce *shame*, there may, in time, be *virtue.*

It is, therefore, the duty of the *Satirist* to lay open the inmost recesses of iniquity to the broad glare of day, however it may be shrouded under the veil of sanctified dissimulation, and however it may be hidden under the broad mantle of supercilious hypocrisy;—to drag the thief to justice, however he might have hoped to be sheltered in the nameless obscurity of private insignificance, or might have presumed to check inquiry, and to silence reproof, by the magisterial frown of iniquitously acquired power, or of unjustly delegated authority.

The *Satirist* should disregard the *personal* opposition, and the menaced violence of all those lawless barbarians, and ruffian-banditti, who deem every effort in favour of virtue, and every endeavour to promote the cause of religion, as a libel upon *their* conduct, and an infringement upon *their* privileges. He should cause these pests of society to learn, and

these blots of human nature to know, that he despises the clamours and the threats of the whole herd of evil-doers, throughout all the classes of villainy, and throughout all the ramifications of iniquity ;—and that he will never cease to ring the peal of contempt, and to sound the knell of detestation through all the departments of vice, while he has breath to form his indignation into words and while his hand can guide his pen to embody that indignation into lasting characters.

With the exception of this mistake, as to the effect of *ridicule*, in repressing the effrontery of vice,—a mistake, which we the rather wonder at, because the author, we presume, is well aware, that the full-grown children of fashion, both male and female, here, in New York, are not *vicious*, but merely *foolish*,—not *villians*, but only *idiots*,—the preface is written with much simplicity, neatness, and elegance, and with a considerable portion of wit and humour ;—as will appear by the following enumeration of some of the chief excellencies of *Gregory Glacier*, Gent.

" He had, at this time, become a dabster at a *pun ;* could *dovetail* a quotation, or sport a laugh; and having his brain stuffed with the *legs*, *wings*, and *heads*, of literature, would, sometimes, astonish his gay companions with a little in the *knowing way*. He had, also, a smattering of the Muse, and having written sundry pretty trifles, such as, an address to a spangle dropt from Lucy's dress, at a Ball, a caution to a thief in the candle, an apostrophe to a worm in the back-log, and such like things, he obtained much *eclat*, as a poet.—But his principal forte is argument, which he has the vanity, to think, he can manage as well as a *dance ;* and, indeed, he actually, bore off the palm, not long ago, from the profound Mrs. Rigmarole, the recondite Lady Hairsbreath, and the inquisitive Miss Pentateuch, in a dispute of three hours respecting the dimensions of Mrs. Strappingsides' elbow.

Lord Bacon observes, that those who *waste* their youth in *idleness* and in *folly*, invariably earn unto themselves a manhood of *inutility* and *neglect*, and an old age of *contempt* and abhorrence :—and surely, no idleness and no folly can be equal to the *pursuit of fashion*, such as it is seen in the lives and in the conduct of its miserable votaries in *this city*. Did not the author *feel* the force of this important truth, when he penned these concluding periods of his preface ?

"In truth, *time* has a little worn away his consequence in *gay life*. His gait is not so supple as it used to be; and he is, sometimes, (Oh, horrible!)—he is, sometimes, *grave*.—He may, therefore, be expected to express himself, not in the gentlest terms of a *mode* of *life*, in which he has *wasted* the most *valuable moments* of *his own*; in which he has *trifled* 'till he can trifle no longer, and been in the *pursuit* of *folly* 'till it is *too late* to retrace the error."

It is *not*, however, yet, *too late* to retrace the error.—*Verbum sapienti satis est.*

The argument of the poem, called "*The Winter in Town*," which is, in its measure, *so irregular*, that we know not under what head to class it, is as follows,—

"Invocation—sentiment at a ball—sound logic—a fop—a woman that *would be* fashionable—a fashionable woman—a family picture—dialogue between a modern mother and her daughter—Brag at full length—a modern tea-party—a squeeze—fashionable topics—the student in distress—real wit—sham wit—cards—gallery of portraits—an inquiry after woman as she should be—conclusion."

Some instances of carelesness, as to the language, occur in the volume, now before us,—as in page 19, where we read this line—"Have ting'd thy locks an hundred hues"—to make it into correct English, it should be *with* an hundred hues;—at page 51, we have the word "*least*" for *lest*; and at page 83, we are presented with the preterite "*lit*" for the participle lighted. These observations, which to the vulgar eye might seem minute, are made, in order to enforce the necessity of *accuracy*, without which nothing can be *great* or *permanent*—and also to invite an attention to *grammar*, which it is now too much the fashion for blockheads to affect to despise.

In page 20, however, we stumble upon a very marked illustration of that very frequent figure of speech in modern poetry, called low, vulgar *nonsense*;—for instance, that part of the Address to Winter, which runs thus—

"I know thy northern home—thou sleeps't afar
(God help thee Winter) with a star,
A most domestic dame, that ceaseless reigns
In snowy grandeur o'er her native plains.
While, once a year, thou'rt sure to roam,
And leave her *Ladyship* at home." &c.

The sterner duty of justice, that of *censuring*, being performed, we now come to by far the pleasantest portion of our task,that of paying the cheerful homage of our applause to the successful efforts of superior genius. The *Winter in Town* abounds with instances of *sublime* description,—of satirical humour,—of moral and pathetic touches,—such as would bind the laureate wreathe around the brows of the bards of other days and other times, ere the manly vigour of *classic antiquity* had been required to give way to the drivelling dreaming of licentious ignorance, and the fantastic foppery of *superficial smatterers*, and *sciolists*. As a favourable specimen of the author's descriptive powers, take the following lines, at the opening of the poem.

" Hail, venerable Winter, hail!
The mountain bleak, the silent vale
Proclaim that thou art there:
I know thee by thy silvery mail,
And frozen hair!
I know thee—for the mountain-dews
Have ting'd thy locks an hundred hues:
While thrown around thy *giant-form*,
Loose floats the mantle of the storm.
Thy spear, a pond'rous icicle supplies,
That late from Niagara's verge
Was pluck'd, to aid thy *giant-stride*
(While journeying tow'rds the southern surge)
Across the uncongealing tide—
Now borrowing morning's variegated dies,
The starry prism pale glitters through the skies!"

Saving that—"*giant stride*"—follows too closely upon the heels of—"*giant-form*,"—the lines, above cited, breathe the poetic spirit in no ordinary degree. The whole of pages 33—34—35—36—is so full of admirable humour, and ridicule, in depicting a scene between a *scolastic* blockhead and a *fashionable foolish* woman, that we would gladly insert it in our Review, but that our limits will not allow to us such an indulgence, and we cannot cite a part only, without mutilating its excellence, and mangling its wit.—But we cannot forbear from transcribing one specimen, out of many others, of the Author's excellence as a *moral* poet.—Page 27.—

" All well?—alas, sweet girl, methinks that sigh
Is but a sad—indeed,—a sad reply!
I know its voice,—it whispers, thou wer't made
For gentler scenes of softness and of shade.
Where fancy paints the victim of thine eyes,
In all the infant bliss of sweet surprise,
No longer doom'd an exile from those arms,
Unseen to sigh, yet tremble for thy charms.—
Where, too, the seraph-forms of love shall cling
Round matron beauty, like the germs of spring;
And deck her twilight with a blush as fair,
And hours as lovely, as if youth were there."—

The *Winter in Town* is accompanied with notes, which are replete with *wit* and *poignant satire*, and all that *wholesome abhorrence* of *French morals*, and *French manners*, and *French frippery*, and *every thing French*, which at once becomes and adorns the mind, that is dignified with genius, learning and virtue.

The " Ode commemorative of the destruction of a corps of emigrant hussars under Prince Condè, on the night of the battle of Kamlach."—p. 78—is at once sublime and tender, lofty and pathetic.—The few lines on a lady and her *bosom-friend*, which conclude the volume, have nothing in them remarkable, and might, very well, have been altogether omitted, without in the least diminishing the reputation of the Author, as a poet, and a man of taste.

We have bestowed so much attention, and given so long a review of this little volume, because its contents prove to us, that the Author is capable of much higher intellectual achievements, than merely ridiculing the pitiful pursuits of these tawdry butterflies of fashion, which are always hastening to swift decay, are daily and hourly, and every moment, dropping into the gulph of oblivion; each succeeding generation of these children of folly, floating for their little moment, like bubbles upon the ocean-wave, and, then, bursting, without leaving a trace behind.—We have no doubt, that the Author of these poems possesses talents of those rare and commanding qualities, which under the guidance and the influence of a *high* and an *honourable ambition*;—and by the aid of a steady and an unremitted industry; and above all, by the selection of *pro-*

fitable companions,—those companions, who unite comprehensive intellect with untarnished and incorruptible integrity,—cannot fail to render him at no distant day, a bulwark and an ornament to all the best interests of his country.

Nevertheless we cannot but desire, that the Author will in his intervals of relaxation from the *weightier matters of the law* present to the public the remainder of that—'series of satires,' which,—as he tells us in his preface,—'he intends to continue, as leisure and inclination dictate,'—for a more profitable mode of spending a *leisure-hour*, cannot well be discovered, than that of laughing folly out of countenance, and of rendering coxcombry ridiculous.

FOURTH SECTION.

COMMUNICATIONS.

AT length, we, with pleasure, insert the communication from our correspondent, *Exetastes*,—and request, that he will excuse our having delayed its admission into the Register, 'till this month, on account of the great pressure of materials, which we were obliged to insert—and to attribute it to any other cause, than our want of esteem and of respect for him, and for his correspondence, the continuance of which we, most heartily and sincerely, solicit.

To the Editors of the Monthly Register, Magazine, and Review.

GENTLEMEN,

IT was with no small pleasure, that I saw announced in the public prints, that Messrs. Collins & Perkins, of this city, had offered a Prize-Medal for the best specimen of Engraving, which could be produced by the Artists of this country: Not only, because it was, in itself, a case very uncommon—but, also, because it held out an example, worthy the imitation of every Bookseller, who is, in the smallest degree, animated with the patriotic desire of seeing his countrymen emulating their European Brethren, in every useful, as well as in every honourable art.

Will you permit me, through the medium of your valuable Register, to call the attention of the American public, to the state of the art of Engraving, as it has presented itself to us in the United States within the last few years? In doing this, I shall have to censure, as well as to praise. The first will be the more unwelcome; as, from the very nature of the subject, I must make use of names. But I pledge myself, not to be guided by any other motive, than a wish to discriminate between the precious, and the vile. By this means, the *real artist* will see the claim which he has upon public patronage; while the mere bungler in the art,

Dull imitator! like the servile hack,
Still slowly plodding in the beaten track,

may be driven to exchange the *Graver* for the *Plough*, the *Mallet*, or the *Last*,—or be left to make his impressions, among the sons of Vulcan, for the sole use of that animal, more serviceable to man, than such bunglers are to their own species.

Previous to the period, which I have prescribed to myself, the art of Engraving had scarcely been noticed in this country. Just delivered from a foreign yoke, sufficient time had not elapsed, for any experiments, save those of a commercial nature; nor was any art cultivated with avidity, except the *one art*, of making money, in the most speedy way. I hardly need inform you, gentlemen, that the Art of Engraving was not among the number of those which promised immediate wealth; and allow me to add, that the temptations to men of talent from other quarters, were too strong to be resisted by any predilection which they might have cherished, either for the art in question, or for that of any other, the success of which entirely depended upon public encouragement.

Doctor Johnson has, somewhere, remarked, that " Patronage has seldom neglected those, who had a just claim on her attention." To this sentiment I fully subscribe, when applied to a country, where the politer arts have long been cultivated. In such a community, the Patron has equal honour with those who are patronized.—It is a mutual interchange of property and of talent. The one receives, in return for his superfluous wealth, the pleasure, instruction, and amusement, which the other is ever ready to bestow, out of the rich stores of his well-informed mind.

In this country, however, patronage has hardly begun to dawn. The large fortunes already acquired, are too much in the hands of those, who never had any taste for the arts, and who of course, would deem it almost a sin to devote any part of their *overgrown* income to the promotion of science, or to the support of those whose days are wasted in extending the boundaries of human knowledge; or of investigating the more tedious process of mechanical operations. Such being the case, is it surprising, that the art of engraving, has so long

languished under the freezing influence of general neglect? Nay rather, is it not still more suprizing, that notwithstanding this frigid indifference to so elegant an art, it has, in spite of every obstacle, been constantly cultivated; and cultivated too with success. The specimens to which I mean by and by, to direct your attention, will, if proof were necessary, fully attest this fact.

If, as Lord Bacon has asserted, "the taste is never better pleased, than with that, which at first, gave it disgust," then, may our hopes rise high, with respect to the protection of the art under consideration, from our wealthy countrymen.—For, if we may be allowed to judge from experience, no sight can have been more disgusting, than the productions of the Engraver. As an evidence of this, we have only to examine the mansions of many of our richest citizens. We are gravely informed, that they are in possession of one, two, or three hundred thousand dollars; but of them it may be safely asserted, that they never bestowed *one dollar* on the ingenious artist, to cheer his heart, while poring over the copper, that was to produce him his scanty subsistence!

As a contrast to the above picture, it is with pleasure I remark, that a brighter prospect for the arts is opening upon us—Our younger citizens have already begun to add the *ornamental*, to the *useful*. The rooms, which, heretofore, were as naked, as the absence of all taste could make them, are, now, in many instances, embellished with the productions of some of the first masters; while printed books are often preferred, when accompanied with engraved representations of historic facts, or with emblematical illustrations of those truths, which they have set forth in the text.

Yet, I fear, that this change has rather been produced by the magic of fashion, than by a refined taste; hence the picture, which ought to have been consigned to the fire, is frequently found in close embrace with those of a *Virtue* and a *Bartolozzi*. Nothing, however, can be a stronger proof of this fact than the following Anecdote. About six or eight months ago, both curiosity and inclination led me to a public sale of Engravings, which had just been imported. I observed a number by the first artists pass off almost unnoticed, at the low

price of *Ten shillings each.* I purchased several pieces—some of them *proofs* by *Mason*, *Pollard*, *Peak*, and *Lerpiniere*—while others by much *inferior* artists, were sold for double, and even treble the price; because, forsooth! some lucky wight had given them a wretched colouring! I assure you, gentlemen, that it was with no small difficulty that I could preserve my patience, when I saw a—*Wovelett*, a *Facier*, and a *Fittler*, placed by the side of *Tower-hill* exhibitions of battles, of sieges, and of sailor's love scenes; and the last procuring a greater price than the first.

I with cheerfulness acknowledge, that to the above instances of false taste, there are many exceptions: for both in this, and other large cities on our part of the continent, there are not wanting houses where all that is refined in taste, discriminating in choice, and elegant in arrangement, combine to ornament the vestibule, the room, and the gallery—And I do not despair of seeing the time arrive when some of the fruits of an unexampled state of peace and of prosperity, shall be devoted to the encouragement of an art, which has too long been suffered to be neglected.

To the honour of the American *Booksellers* I record it, that they were the *first* to give this art the patronage it claimed. The *first*, whose genial rays beamed upon the depressed artist, and called forth his dormant powers to public view—and *theirs* shall assuredly be the reward.

But I perceive, Gentlemen, that I am trepassing upon your limits and your patience—and, indeed, I have carried my preliminary remarks, much farther than I intended, when I first set down to scrawl these lines.—If, however you give them a place in your elegant miscellany, and approve my—at least, well meant endeavours for the promotion of one of the most useful of the polite arts, you may expect my strictures on the remarks of American Engravers in a succeeding number.

respectfully, I am,
Gentlemen, yours, &c.
EXETASTES.

NEW-YORK, 15 JAN. 1807.

(To be continued.)

FIFTH SECTION.

HISTORY OF THE PASSING TIMES.

(Continued from Vol. 2.—No. 6.—page 410)

AFTER the President's message, of the 3d day of December, 1805,—(which is inserted in the Appendix to the 2d volume of the Monthly Register)—was received by the Senate, and the House of Representatives, in Congress, and by them referred to the consideration of divers and sundry committees, no transaction of importance sufficient to claim a place in this record of the passing times, occurred in the legislative assembly of America, till on the 6th day of December 1805.—a secret message was sent down to the house, in *strict confidence*, from the President; in consequence of which the galleries were *cleared* and the *doors closed*.

Upon this system of *secret* influence, this *mysterious* political manœuvering, it is necessary to deliver our unequivocal and decided opinion, because it inevitably leads to consequences pregnant with ruin to the liberties of the people of this country. From such a *secret closet-cabinet* system of policy, too steadily pursued by the Court of Saint James have arisen all the political evils, which have afflicted during the last *forty and seven* years, and do now afflict the British nation;—those evils, which led to the dismemberment of the Britannic Empire, to the proscription of all the great leading families in Britain, and to the perpetual appointment to ministerial offices of low and hireling wretches, whose want of all intellect, and all integrity, and all courage, and all information, have invariably prompted them to drain the blood, and to exhaust the treasure, and to tarnish the honour, and to waste the strength, and to paralyze the spirit of the British people, for the *sole* purpose of filling their *own* coffers, and of aggrandizing their *own* families and their *own* immediate dependants.

Lest *such* a system should prevail, and produce its inseparable consequences of ruin, and desolation, *here*, in America, we shall avail ourselves of Mr. Randolph's opinion on this subject, such as we can collect it, as it lies, scattered up and down in his two very celebrated, but unconnected, rambling, and desultory speeches, on the—*Non-importation*—Resolution of Mr. Gregg.—His *indignation*, at the introduction of such a nefarious system of covert and insidious policy, and his horror of the inevitable result of that system, might, readily, be seen, by the manner, in which he bursts out upon the house, in the very commencement of his oration;—" I am perfectly aware, that, upon entering on this subject, we go into it *manacled*, *hand-cuffed* and *tongue-tied*. Gentlemen know, that our lips are *sealed* on subjects of *momentous*, *foreign relations*, which are indissolubly linked with the present question, and which would serve to throw a great light on it, in every respect relevant to it. I will, however, endeavour to hobble over the subject, as well as my *fettered* limbs and *palsied* tongue will enable me to do it. Your *Executive* will *lord* it over you, and you must make the best terms with the conqueror, that you can. But the Gentleman from Pensylvania—(Mr. Gregg)—tells you, that he is for acting in this, as in all things, uninfluenced by the opinion of any *foreign* minister whatever,—*foreign*,—or, I presume,—*domestic*.—On *this* head I am willing to meet the gentleman, am unwilling to be *dictated* to by *any* minister, *at home*, or *abroad*. Is he willing to act on the *same* independent footing?—I have, before protested, and I again protest, against *secret irresponsible*, *overruling* influence. The first question I asked, when I saw the gentleman's resolution, was—" is *this* a measure of *the cabinet?*—Not an *open*, *declared* cabinet, but an *invisible*, *inscrutable*, *unconstitutional* cabinet,—*without responsibility*, *unknown* to the *constitution*.—I speak of *back-stairs* influence; of men, who bring *messages* to this house, which, although they do *not* appear on the journals, *govern* its decisions. Sir, the first question, that I asked, on the subject of British relations, was,—what was the opinion of *the cabinet*?—what measures will *they* recommend to congress? (Well knowing, that whatever measures *we* might take, *they* must execute them;

and, therefore, that we should have their opinion on the subject,)—my answer was—(and from a *cabinet minister*, too)—"There is, *no longer*, *any cabinet.*"—Subsequent circumstances, sir, have given me a *personal* knowledge of the fact.—It needs no commentary."

"The first thing that struck my mind, when this resolution was laid on the table, was—*unde derivatur ?*—a question always put to us at school,—whence comes it? Is this only the *putative* father of the bantling he is taxed to maintain, or, indeed, the *actual* parent, the real progenitor of the child? Or is it the production of *the Cabinet?*—But I knew you had *no* cabinet, *no* system. I had seen dispatches, relating to *vital* measures, laid before you, the *day after* your *final* decision on those measures; and *four weeks after* they were received; not only their *contents*, but their *very existence*, all that time *unsuspected*, and *unknown* to men, whom *the people* fondly believe *assist*, with their wisdom and experience, at every important deliberation. Do you believe that this system, or rather, this *no system*, will do? I am free to answer—it *will not.* It *cannot* last. I am not so afraid of the *fair*, *open*, *constitutional*, *responsible* influence of government; but I shrink, intuitively, from this *left-handed*, *invisible*, *irresponsible* influence, which defies the touch, but *pervades* and *decides* every thing. Let the *Executive* come forward to the legislature: let us *see* while we *feel it!* If we cannot rely on *its* wisdom, is it any disparagement to the gentleman from Pennsylvania, to say, that I cannot rely upon *him ?* No, sir, he has *mistaken* his talent. He is *not* the Palinurus, on whose skill the nation, at this trying moment, can repose their confidence. I will have nothing to do with *his paper;* much less will I endorse it, and make myself responsible for its goodness. I will not put my name to it. I assert, that there is *no* cabinet, *no* system, *no* plan. That which I believe in one place, I shall never hesitate to say in another. This is no time, no place, for mincing our steps. The *people* have *a right* to know, and they *shall* know, the state of their affairs—at least as far as I am *at liberty* to communicate them. I speak from *personal* knowledge. Ten days ago, there had been no consultation; there existed no opinion in your *executive* department; at least, none that *was avowed.*"

"Let them take off the injunction of *secrecy.*—They *dare not.*—They are *ashamed* and *afraid* to do it. They may give winks and nods, and pretend to be wise; but they *dare not* come out and *tell* the nation what they have done. When I behold the affairs of this nation, instead of being where I hoped, and the people believed, they were, in the hands of *responsible* men—committed to Tom, Dick, and Harry—to the

refuse of the retail-trade of politics, I do feel, I cannot help feeling, the most deep and serious concern. If the *executive* government would step forward, and say—"such is our plan, —such is our opinion, and such are our reasons in support of it," I would meet it fairly, would openly oppose, or pledge myself to support it. But, without compass, or polar star, I will not launch out into an ocean of unexplored measures, which stand condemned by all the information to which I have access."

"The *constitution* of the United States declares it to be the province and the duty of the *President* "to give to Congress, from time to time, *information* of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge expedient and necessary."—*Has he done it?*—I know, Sir, that we *may* say, and *do* say, that we are *independent;*—*(would it were true!)* as free to *give* a direction to the *executive* as to *receive* it from him. But do what you will—foreign relations—every measure, *short of war*, and even the course of hostilities—depend upon him. He stands at the helm, and must guide the vessel of state. You give him money to buy *Florida*, and he purchases *Louisiana*. You may furnish means, the application of those means rests with him. Let not the master and mate go below, when the ship is in distress, and throw the responsibility upon the cook and the cabin-boy."

"I said so when your doors were *shut*; I scorn to say less, now that they are open. Gentlemen may say what they please. They may put an insignificant individual to the ban of the Republic: I shall not alter my course. I blush with indignation, at the mis-representations which have gone forth in the public prints, of our proceedings, *public* and *private*. Are the *people* of the United States, the *real sovereigns* of the country, *unworthy* of knowing, what, there is to much reason to believe, has been communicated to the *privileged spies* of *foreign* governments?"

"I think *our citizens* just as well entitled to know what has passed, as the Marquis Yrujo, who has *bearded* your President, to his face, insulted your government within its own peculiar jurisdiction, and outraged all decency. Do you mistake this diplomatic puppet for an automaton? He has *orders* for all he does. Take his instructions from his pocket, tomorrow, they are signed "*Charles Maurice Talleyrand.*"—Let the nation *know* what they have to depend upon. Be *true* to *them*, and (trust me) they will prove true to themselves and you. The people are *honest;* now, at home, at their ploughs, not dreaming of what you are about. But the *spirit of inqui-*

ry, that has too long slept, will be, must be, awakened. Let them begin *to think;* not to say, such things are proper, because they *have been done;*--but,—*what* has been done?--and *wherefore?*--and all will be right."

"When our doors were *shut*—(this is *no breach of confidence)*—one of my colleagues called for the reading of a *message* from the President, *soon after he came into office.* It was the most severe and cutting satire, that ever man listened to. I say, it was *a bitter satire* on your proceedings *then*, and *now.* It recommended the application of our resources to a speedy discharge of the *public debt;* a rigid adherence to specific appropriations; tying down the *executive* officers to the letter of the law; restricting them to the literal objects and amount of our appropriations.—What is the commentary?—In time of *peace*,--(for, I trust, no one will call this wind-mill attack upon Tripoli, *war,)* the expenditures of the *navy department*, so far from each item of expence being limited by the specific appropriations for that object, have *exceeded* the gross sum appropriated for that branch of the public service *sixty per cent.* And if this is a specimen of the yearly cost of *hulks rotting in the mud*, what estimate can you make of the disbursements in time of actual war, against a powerful maritime state, when your *seventy-fours*"--(not *gun boats)*—"are ready for sea?"

These remarks of Mr. Randolph stand in need of no commentary. May they make a proper impression on the American people, and open their eyes to the miserable frauds which have been practised upon them, by knavish and designing men, who, in all things, true to the tenets of *Jacobinism*, labour day and night, and every hour, to entangle the *constitution* of this country, the property, the lives, and the liberty of the people in the bloody net of death!!!

The doors of the house were *shut* for the space of nearly two hours;—they were at length thrown open, when it was discovered, that part of the communications, made by the President, were *confidential*, and given under the strictest injunctions of *secresy*, to all the members present, as to their import, and bearings; but that another part of the Presidential budget was not confidential, and that the *sovereign people* might be *permitted* to know *a part* of that information respecting their *own* condition, the *whole* of which the President is bound by the *constitution* of the United States to lay before them.

(To be continued.)

MONTHLY LIST

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS; OF WORKS IN THE PRESS; AND NOTICES OF WORKS ANNOUNCED.

*** Authors and Booksellers in the different parts of the Union are requested to send their communications (post paid) to the care of Mr. E. Sargeant, No. 39 Wall-street, New-York, by the 25th of each month—later than this they cannot be inserted in the next succeeding month.

ORIGINAL WORKS.

A Geographical Account of the United States, comprehending a short description of their Animal, Vegetable and Mineral Productions, Antiquities, and Curiosities. By James Mease, M. D. Price $ 1 50. Philadelphia, Birch & Small.

Facts and Documents concerning Capt. Joseph Loring, jun's Case; and also the Proceedings at the last Court Martial; being a vindication of the conduct of the Legislature.—Price 25 cents. Boston, E. Larkin.

A new classical Selection of Letters, interspersed with some original productions, designed for the work, on the following subjects, viz.—Business, Duty, Friendship, Love, Marriage, &c. with miscellaneous Pieces in prose and verse, suited to both sexes—to which is annexed, Petitions on various subjects, complimentary Cards, Forms in Law, and the Declaration of the Independence of the United States.—Price 62 cents. Boston, J. M. Dunham.

Margaretta, or the Intricacies of the Heart, by a Lady of Philadel phia.—Price one dollar. Philadelphia, S. F. Bradford.

Fashion's Analysis; or, the Winter in Town, a Satirical Poem, by Sir Anthony Avalanche, with notes, illustrations, &c. By Gregory Glacier, Gent. Part 1.—Price in boards, 75 cents. New-York, J. Osborn.

Boston Massacre! By Belcher and Armstrong, 70 State-street, the Trial of British Soldiers for the murder of five Inhabitants of this Town, on Monday Evening, March 5, 1770.—Price 50 cents.

REPUBLICATIONS OF EUROPEAN WORKS.

The Holy Bible; in one Vol. 8vo. Containing the *Old and New Testaments;* translated out of the original tongues, and, with the former translations, diligently compared and revised. With

those copious marginal references, known by the name of Canne's Notes. Prices. No. 1. neatly bound in Sheep, $3,00; 2. do. and lettered, 3,25; 3. fine do. 3,50; 4. do. do. Calf, 4,00; 5. do. do Calf gilt, 4,50; 6. do. do. Morocco gilt, 5,00. Philadelphia. Jacob Johnson, and Kimber, Conrad & Co.

Oriental Customs; or an illustration of the Sacred Scriptures, or an Explanatory application of the Customs and Manners of the Eastern Nations, and especially the Jews therein alluded to. Together with Observations on many difficult and obscure Texts, collected from the most celebrated Travellers, and the most eminent Critics—By Samuel Burder. In two neat octavo volumes, bound and lettered, price $ 4,00. Philadelphia. W. W. Woodward.

Glasse's *alteration* of Bishop Hall's Contemplations on Sacred History, in two neat vols. $2. Philadelphia. W. W. Woodward.

Graham's Birds of Scotland, and other Poems. Philadelphia, S. F. Bradford.

Adam's Lectures on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, In 4 octavo vols. with 43 elegant plates, price $14. Revised, corrected, and considerably enlarged, by Robert Patterson, Professor of Mathematics, and teacher of Natural Philosophy, in the University of Pennsylvania. To which is added a very valuable appendix. Philadelphia. W. W. Woodward.

J. Morgan, and T. S. Manning, of Philadelphia, have published the eighth volume of Shakspeare's plays. This work will be comprised in 17 volumes crown octavo, and subscriptions received in New York, by E. Sargeant, at $1,50 until after the publication of the 10th vol. when the price will be raised to $1,75. The English edition from which this is copied sells at $63.

IN THE PRESS.

A Theological Dictionary, by Charles Buck. Philadelphia, W. W. Woodward.

Telemachus, French and English; Do. English; Hawney's Mensuration; Adams' Roman Antiquities. Philadelphia, Mathew Carey.

St. Clare, a Novel, by Miss Owenson. Philadelphia, S. F. Bradford.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

W. W. Woodward of Philadelphia, has issued proposals for publishing Dr. Gills Commentaries on the whole of the old and new Testament, in ten Vols. 4to, at Six dollars a volume.

W. W. Woodward has published three Volumes of Scott's Family Bible and has the fourth in the press price six dollars a volume. The New Testament may be subscribed for seperately at seven dollars.

Mr. Horatio G. Spafford, of Troy, is preparing for the press, a very useful school-book, entitled, "Universal Geography, and Rudiments of Useful Knowledge: (in a pocket volume) Containing a short, but comprehensive system of Geography, in its

several parts: together with a brief survey of the principles of Natural Philosophy."—The work is divided into twelve sections, arranged under general heads.

A literary gentleman from the University of Cambrige, in England, who arrrived at Philadelphia in the autumn of last year, is employed in writing a work, which he entitles "The Stranger in America," to be comprised in four 12mo volumes. The first volume contains his observations in and near *Philadelphia*, during a residence of six months. The other three volumes will consist of views of society and manners in the *United States*, in the year 1807. Each volume will be embellished with appropriate vignette, sketches of public buildings, &c. We understand that the first volume is already forwarded to *England* for immediate publication, and it will be published here about the month of September next.

Proposals have been issued in Boston by L. M. Sargeant for publishing, by subscription, the Works of Tibullus.

Proposals have been issued in Boston for publishing by subscription a Portrait of James Sullivan, Attorney General of the state of Massachusetts, from an original painting by W. M. S. Doyle. To be engraved by Gilbert Fox. Price one dollar.

T. S. Manning, of Philadelphia, proposes to publish by subscription in two vols. 12mo. price $2, the Novice of St. Dominick, by Miss Owenson.

J. Conrad & Co. of Philadelphia, have issued proposals for publishing in two volumes, crown 8vo. Memoirs of Anacreon, translated from the Original Greek of Critias of Athens, by Charles Sedley, esq. including the Odes of Anacreon, from the Version of Thomas Moore, esq.

E. Sargeant, New-York, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, a New Cyclopedia, or, Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, by G. Gregory, D. D. author of Essays Historical and Moral, the Economy of Nature, &c.—to be completed in twelve months from the time it is put to press. In twelve Parts. Each part will contain about 150 quarto pages, neatly done up in coloured paper, price two dollars and seventy-five cents, which is to be paid for on delivery—the whole twelve parts when completed will make two volumes in quarto containing 138 Copper-Plate Engravings, which alone are worth the price of the whole work. It will contain more than double the matter of any similar work that has ever been published in this country.

THE

MONTHLY REGISTER, MAGAZINE,

AND

REVIEW,

OF THE

UNITED STATES.

FIRST SECTION.

THE WANDERER, NO. VIII.

THE RAGE OF BLOCK-HEADS.

" I should my own gain'd knowledge much profane,
Were I to waste my brain on *these same snipes*,
But for my *sport*, and *merriment*,"

says *honest*,—*honest* Iago ;—or he says something very much like it.—I will, therefore, *use them* for *my mirth ;*—*they* shall be unto me matter of *argument* for a *month*,—and of *laughter for ever*.

But who are *they ?*—Why, *Block-heads*, to be sure.—Who else should *they be ?*—*What* a passion is *anger !* says Marmontel, with his usual simplicity.—What a passion, indeed! say I, also, with my accustomed gravity.—Would you believe it ?—It was but yesterday, that I sallied forth from this my silent, and solitary study, which no unlicensed vagrant foot ever approaches, and the repose of which no rude, unhallowed sound ever disturbs,—yet once again, to gather up the opinions of my worthy friends and patrons, Messrs. *Prim*, *Blunderbuss*, *Flimflam and Turnspit*, upon the first number of the third volume of the *Monthly Register*, in order to learn if the *new* arrangement of its contents met with their high and mighty approbation ;—when, lo and behold !—But, before I proceed to detail the *criticisms*, and the *strictures* of this egregious *quaternion* of *literary luminaries*,—or

if you like it better, *luminous literati*—I will relate a little anecdote, the meaning and the import of which you will readily discover, before you shall have perused three fifths of this Essay.

Once upon a time, a painter of some celebrity, with brush in hand, attacked a large piece of canvass, whereon he represented a *conversation-piece*, consisting of an *owl*, a *bear*, a *monkey*, and an *ass*. The owl, during the intervals of discourse, was peeping into a pewter pot of porter; the bear amused himself by dancing round a stake; the monkey chattered, and grinned, and played with his tail; and the ass brayed most hideously, with all his might.

The painting was seen and admired by many; it met with that applause and homage, which the combined exertions of genius and of industry, seldom fail to extort, even from the children of ignorance, prejudice, and stupidity. So far, all was well; but an unlucky wag happened to hint, that the painter intended this respectable group of gentry to be *a libel* upon his friends and acquaintances. No sooner was this unfortunate insinuation made, than *every one* saw, what, but two minutes before, was visible to *no-body*. Immediately, four of Brush's neighbours went to him, in full phalanx, to demand satisfaction. First and fore-most, waddled up to him a *drunken Parson*, who thus attacked him:—Look ye, Mr. Brush, I am not so dim-sighted, as you may imagine; I know you very well, and all your tricks, into the bargain; but you shall not sneer at me for nothing, Sirrah!—what! cannot I take my spectacles from off my nose, and look into a pot of porter, for my own private recreation, but you must, directly, write me down OWL?

The astonished painter was about to reply to this unexpected, and extraordinary ecclesiastical harangue,—when up rolled, in the true, clownish, swing of carcase, a country Squire.——Holloa!—Holloa! you rascal,—roared out this finished beast,—I'll teach you to put *me* down *Bear*, in that there dismal canvass of yours; don't go for to think of denying it, like a liar as you are; I am not so blind, at no time, but what I can see a *monstrous likeness* of my *own* countenance in Master *Bruin*'s face, there!—

The user of colours wished, now, to answer his courteous friend, and all-accomplished neighbour, the Esquire, when up skipped a be-lavendered, and a be-essenced *military* officer, a *holiday-soldier;* who thus broke silence :—'Pon honour! sink me, Brush, but you are an impudent scoundrel; cannot I powder my hair, clean my teeth, wear a white waistcoat, and put on red breeches, but you must clap *Monkey*, under my tail?

Scarcely had the Captain performed his speech, before up stalked, with stiff and solemn demeanour, dull and heavy pace, and a countenance full of the most ponderous ignorance and stupidity, a worthy *senator*, who was delivered, not without difficulty, of the following oration :—Mr. a, a, a,—what is *your* name? You, a, a, a, paltry dauber of dirty canvass, what do you mean by this flagrant breach of privilege? Are you not amazed, and terrified at your own audacity, in daring to tell all the world, that a member of the British Imperial Parliament is an Ass?

The painter, at length, found an opportunity of slipping in a word edgeways, and proceeded to defend himself, thus, from the heavy charges, which had been preferred against them.—Really, gentlemen, upon the faith of a handler of pallets, and upon the veracity of a mingler of colours, I declare and vow, that, by painting an *owl*, a *bear*, a *monkey*, and an *ass*, I *only* intended to represent an ass, a monkey, a bear, and an owl.

Little indeed did I think, that *you*, grave and respectable men as you are, would claim as your *own* portraits, those *likenesses* which were intended for gentlemen, whom until now, as I always understood, belonged to a *different* class of society, from that which you hold. But pray gentlemen, do not make such a noise; for if any one should chance to hear, or to be informed of the *present* conversation. You will expose yourselves to the *whole town*.

Bigotted ignorance and conscious folly, however bore down honest Brush, and the simple truth; the painter's worthy friends were too much blinded by rage to see *his* innocence and *their own* stupidity; wherefore they continued to gabble and to clamour, till some passers-by over-heard

them wrangling, and spread the news all through the neighbourhood; every one, henceforth, found a *ready-made* stock of merriment, on which he could afford to be witty, at a *small expence* of knowledge and understanding; and the Parson, the 'Squire, the Soldier, and the Senator, were an *owl*, and a *bear*, and a *monkey*, and an *ass*, to their dying day.

Courteous, and gentle reader, I beseech thee to have bowels of mercy and of compassion on *thyself*, and if thou findest thine *own* likeness in an owl, a bear, a monkey, or an ass, *keep thine own counsel*—for, if thou holdest thy peace, there are so many asses, monkeys, bears, and owls, in this good world of ours, that *thou* mightest pass unnoticed among the *rest* of the crowd.

But, wherefore this tale of a painter;—what end is this to serve?—I expected the *criticisms* and the *strictures* of Messr's *Prim*, *Flimflam*, *Turnspit*, and *Blunderbuss*, and now, you put me off with a story of a cock and a bull.—Fair, and softly, my dear fellow, have a little patience, and I will make the matter clear to thine apprehension; and will tell thee, how I have fared in the hands of this egregious *quaternion*;—this *constellation* of *wit*, and *learning*, and *genius*, and *sense*, and *decency*, and *taste*, and every *loftier virtue*, and every *softer grace*.

It will hardly be credited by *sober* and *discreet* people—for instance, by a *Dutch-man* or a *Dutch-woman* (of the which we have a large abundance, here, in our neighbourhood,)—that any one could be found, who would be willing to exclude all the rest of mankind from censure, and *monopolize* deformity to *himself*.—That aught, savouring of humanity would insist upon *fixing* on *itself* the brand of ridicule and of contempt,—yet too true is it, oh gentle reader, that such unhappy beings exist.

In my travels through the western regions of the *Cherokee Indians*, I chanced to meet with some very absurd, and reprehensible characters, whose *portraits* I immediately whipped down into my *port-feuille*, or,—(if you prefer *English* to *French*, which *I* most undoubtedly do, from the very botom of my soul)—my *port-folio*;—from which they *found their way*; (to use an expression of a facetious traveller, the pensive

Carr)—into the *Monthly Register;* for the edification and amusement of my more *enlightened* countrymen, and readers.

These characters, which exactly delineated the habits, and the manners, the customs, and the pursuits of *western barbarians*, and of uncultivated *savages*, some very sagacious and profound people in *this city*,—the very *Solomons* of New York,—have applied unto *themselves;* and, forthwith, have gone flying all abroad throughout the neighbourbood, bawling loudly, and vehemently vocifirating, that they—*(poor dear harmless souls!)*—had been shamefully libelled, and hung up on the gibbet of infamy, as *scarecrows* to the *rest* of *their literary* brethren.

Utterly ignorant of all this *mis-application* of talent and of satire, I, unwittingly, wandered out to consult the *quaternion* of *luminaries*, about the new arrangement of the Review:—when lo and behold!—whom should I see, issuing out of his house, *Register in hand*,—and hastily traversing the main-streets, and the bye-paths of our metropolis,—but little Mr. Peter Prim? who, the moment, that he met me, whom he, by no means, suspects of the guilt of authorship,—cried out, impatiently, and with much venom in his small face,—see, see, what a rascal this author is! look, look! do you see *nothing?*—Wanderer—I see nothing but an *owl.*—Prim—And that is *I my ownself;*—I, Peter Prim, am *that very owl*—saying which, away he flitted, leaving me in mute astonishment at his absurdity;—but I was soon roused from my reverie, by the celebrated Frank Flimflam, who, armed also, with the Register, and striding up to me, said—only look at this abominable book! here, do you see the contents of *this* page?—Wanderer—Yes, I do.—Flimflam—Well! and what do you see?—Wanderer—I behold a *bear.*—Flimflam—Very true; that's what you do, sure enough;—and that *there bear* is *myself.*—*That bear* is *me* beyond the shadow of a doubt;—but, as certain as my name is Frank Flimflam, I'll be revenged of the dirty scribbler. Why, Sir, this is mere *blackguardism*, just such as my friend Blunderbuss swears, that the *Salmagundi* is. Upon this onward trotted the *bear*, *alias* Mr. Flimflam, and left me musing at so strange a scene, when up danced little *Tim Turnspit*, who wriggled about in much

minute agony, and with a face quite ghastly, pale, yellow, and blue with wrath, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, swore many a *christian oath*, how he would do the author's business.—Here, exclaimed Tim, do but cast your eye over this scurrilous Essay in the Register;—now, I am quite sure, that *I am the monkey*, mentioned here; and if I do not have the author *poisoned* or *assassinated*, for telling it to all the people in New-York, may I perish!—besides *I* have, *my*self *written* against the Register most furiously, and have declared, from my *own* knowledge, that the editor has neither *learning*, nor *sense*;—and would you think it? he has *never answered* my attack upon him;—has taken no other notice of me, than to put me down *monkey*, in his miserable pages.

While Turnspit was yet venting his anger in loud words, and with many absurd gestures and twistings of his carcase, and with much spittle and foam issuing out of his mouth—up stalked his friend Blunderbuss, who, upon being informed of the cause of Timothy's anguish, immediately joined in the cry, and desired me to look into *a certain* page of *a certain* number of the Register.—I did so; and, when asked what I saw there? replied, an *Ass*.—Blunderbuss—Very well, then! and is not the author a scurrilous, infamous villain: do you not easily see *whom* the black-guard scribbler means?—Wanderer—No.—Blunderbuss—Why, *me*, to be sure, he means *me*.—Wanderer—What! are *you*, really, an *ass*, then?—Blunderbuss—Yes, I *am* an *Ass*.

Finding how matters were circumstanced, and that it was the order of the day, the fashion of the hour, for any acquaintance to discover their *own* resemblance in the *similitude* of *beasts*, I took my leave, and departed, lest the contagion should spread, and I myself be inclined to think, that some inhuman characteristic belonged to me;—and still more, lest any one passing by, and judging according to the old Spanish Proverb,—tell me *what company* you keep, and I will tell you *what sort* of man you are!—should draw an unfavourable conclusion of my habits and character, by observing me to be surrounded by *those* men, who aspired to no *higher* excellence

than that of being enrolled among the tribes, and enlisted into the species of *owls*, and *bears*, and *monkeys*, and *asses*.

Neither is this all;—for I have since been informed, that Messrs. Blunderbuss, Flimflam, Turnspit, and Prim, not contented with having convinced all the people in New-York, as well as themselves, that I had not written down *ass*, *monkey*, *bear* and *owl*, for nothing, and at random, but that *they* had laid just claim and title to all these enviable distinctions of beastly honour,—have actually written letters to all their acquaintance, in different parts of the Union, setting forth how scurvily they have been used.—Now I can assure these worthy gentlemen, that they will in all human probability, receive for answer, that *these very acquaintances* of theirs, have also put in *their* claim to the *owl*, *bear*, *monkey*, and *ass*, and wonder how any one can be so blind, as not to see, that the Register was meant to libel *them* and *nobody else*.

Indeed I may with justice, adopt the language, a little altered, of one who very much troubled the *reprehensibles* of his day.

> "From *nature alone* are my characters drawn,
> From *little Bob Jerom* to Bishops in lawn:
> Sir *Boreas Blubber*, and such stupid faces,
> Are *seen here and at Boston*, and all public places,
> And if I to *Washington* chance to repair,
> Tis odds but I see Tommy J—n there:
> And he, who his cash on *physicians* bestows,
> Meets a *tight little doctor*, wherever he goes.
> Tis true, *such vermin*, as my page has shown,
> Breathe not *this city's* atmosphere *alone*
> Though *here* in *Frippery*'s meridian ray,
> *Vain fools* like flies, their tawdry wings display;
> *A while* they flutter, but their *short hour* past,
> Their fate in *anguish*, they lament at last.
> *Unloved* they live, and *unlamented* die,
> *No friend* to pour the tear, or heave the sorrowing sigh."

Notwithstanding, however, that *other* wise-acres, besides themselves, do *even now*, as I am credibly informed, actually insist upon being *owls*, *bears*, *monkeys*, and *asses*, yet Messrs.

Blunderbuss and Company, choose rather to continue their imprecations and curses upon the *Monthly Register*, than to own *themselves* in an error; and do positively persist, by every exertion in their power, to blow their own infatuated idiocy, to drive their own doting decrepitude, into public notoriety and universal contempt.

The yell of infuriate and implacable malice I despise; and the clamours of *disappointed* and insatiate malignity I disregard.—I look abroad, into the world;—I survey the mass of mankind; and where I behold *vice or folly*, I embody it into form, and condense it into substance, that it might possess solidity and surface, whereon to receive the lash of ridicule, and the sting of satire. If any man or woman step forward, and say—*I am this knave; or I am that fool:*—it is nothing to me. Let them travel all over the *civilized* world, and they will hear, in every petty provincial town, and in every beggarly, dirty village, through which they pass, human bipeds, bawling out, and bestowing curses upon the *satyrist* for having delineated representations, which will always apply to myriads of mortals, while *stupidity*, *ignorance*, and *iniquity*, shall remain upon the face of the earth.

Messrs. Prim, Blunderbuss, Turnspit and Flimflam, who all, severally, declare, and who all solemnly avow, that they are—each in his respective capacity, and each in his particular department and calling—an *owl*, an *ass*, a *monkey*, and a *bear*, will find, if they travel, entirely, across the globe, or cut it diagonally, or make its circuit, that, at its farthest verge, beings, *as foolish as themselves*, are endeavouring to *monopolize* the characteristics of the *bear*, the *monkey*, the *ass* and the *owl;* are assuming to *themselves* the *sole* merit of *dulness*, of *coarseness*, of *foppery*, of *ignorance*, and of *malice*, which *have been* claimed and worn, and *ever will be* worn and claimed by ten thousand times ten thousand of the human race, to whose persons, manners, and names, *they* are now utter strangers, and from whom they are, wide as the poles, asunder.

Nor is it, only, in your very dull and degraded animals, that we find that strong propensity to fix the *fool's cap exclusively* upon their *own* heads. Every one, that is conscious of a folly or a crime, although, in some respects, virtuous and

wise, is apt to apply to *himself, particularly*, what the philosopher intends for *general* use. No one is ever hurt by that which does *not* apply unto himself. Let the feather of the shaft glance over a *sound* part, and it will not be felt; but let it touch a wounded or a sore place, and it will inflict pain and anguish.

The reason of this conduct, perhaps, is not of difficult discovery. Every human being is desirous of appearing *respectable* in the sight of himself, and of others; wherefore, he, industriously, conceals from others his own defects, and endeavours to hide them from himself. This last purpose, however, he cannot entirely accomplish, although he manages to enjoy tolerable ease, by having recourse to self-complacency, to self-flattery, and delusion. Attack a man for a folly, or a crime, which all the world, and he, himself, knows *not* to belong to him, and the javelin recoils upon your own breast; but probe him closely, and unveil his *real* vice or folly to the eye of day, and he writhes with agony, and clamours loudly for revenge, and talks, incessantly, of the *injustice* with which he is treated.

Nothing but *truth* can resist the force of *ridicule;* against *her* adamantine shield all the shafts of wit are aimed in vain, and all the arrows in the quiver of sarcasm fall harmless to the ground. When, therefore, any one complains to me, with a rueful visage, and a dolorous whine, that he has been made to suffer severely by the lash of satire, I immediately conclude, that he *deserves* it; and that the satyrist has been guilty of the unpardonable crime of relating a *disagreeable truth.*—There is a lofty deportment in the *consciousness* of superior intellect, and superior virtue, that laughs to scorn, and holds in sovereign derision, all the *malignant*, but ineffectual attacks of *puny witlings*, and *would-be satyrists.*

Not long since, a grave, elderly gentleman, with whom I have the honour of but a very slight acquaintance, called upon me.—I was surprised to see that his face was twisted into every obliquity of distortion, that he gnawed his nether lip, and looked blue with dismal apprehension. We sate, some minutes, staring and looking foolish at each other, till at length he broke silence, and thus accosted me.—"Sir you have fallen

foully upon me, and my family, in such and such numbers of your Register; and that is a thing, Sir, let me tell you, that I will not suffer from you, or any other man.

As I believed that this good gentleman was an honest man, and *knew no better*, I excused the abruptness of his attack, and very mildly, asked him to shew me the numbers to which he alluded;—he did so;—and I then proved to him the utter absurdity of his supposition, by pointing out the *absolute impossibility* of their application to him, and his family, as well as the *total dissimilarity* of the characters there drawn, and those of his household.

The gentleman looked very much confused, and after some struggle with himself, replied,—To be sure, Sir, what you say is all very true, and there is nothing applicable to me in these numbers,—but an elderly lady of my acquaintance, a very near neighbour of mine, told me, that surely it must be meant for *me*,—because I never had any wrinkles in my face, stockings, or breeches.—Besides my wife thinks so too;—for you know, my dear,—says she to me,—that all our neighbours laugh at us for our folly; and I am sure that this *Register-man means me*, when he talks of a *very silly woman*, who can hardly muster sense enough to count the tea-cups on a tea-board, or to pour out a dish of coffee, without scalding her fingers; for you remember my dear, that about twenty years ago, I burnt the middle-finger of my right hand, in stirring up some chocolate, which I was boiling for Mr. Fiddle-faddle's morning sip.—Now Sir,—(continued my visitant)—what have you to say to all this?

Very little,—answered I,—even nothing more, than that your elderly female acquaintance would be much better employed in making pies and tarts, and preserving them from the depredations of the cat, than in running about, and talking and gossiping all manner of trumpery nonsense, and absurd impertinence, which she knows to be nothing but a string of falsehoods, even while her breath is forming them into words;—that if you will but be discreet enough to keep your own counsel, neither your face, breeches, or stockings will *ever* be *noticed*;—and lastly, that your sagacious wife should learn in future to be more cautious in divulging *family-secrets*;—for until

you mentioned it, I declare upon my honour, that I did not know, she had scalded the middle finger of her right-hand in stirring up the chocolate, which she was boiling for Mr. Fiddle-faddle's morning sip.—This important circumstance would have been for ever lost to me, and to the world, had not your worthy lady's unlucky suspicions produced this most unfortunate of all discoveries.

The affair, now, began to wear a serious aspect, for the gentleman replied, with great warmth—It does not signify any thing what you say, sir; for, although you make it *ever so clear*, that it is *impossible* for your numbers to mean me and my family, yet I am *determined* to believe, that you *intended* to ridicule *me*, and my *wife*, and my *daughter* Nancy; wherefore, sir, I never desire to see your face again, sir; no, sir, I never again desire to see your face.—Just as you please, my good sir—answered I, conducting him to the door of my room—it is equally the same to me whether I see the *face* or the *back* of any man, who would rather listen to the silly surmises, and the weak suggestions of ungrounded suspicion, than incline his ear unto the voice of reason and of truth.

When S. Johnson first published a paper in his *Idler*, describing *an imaginary club*, of which he was a member, some honest swallowers of ale, sober cits, who had formed themselves into a bowling-green and pipe-smoking club, at Hampstead, happened to read it, and immediately waxed very wroth, and complained that the author had divulged the *secrets* of their noon-tide and nocturnal meetings. They inquired diligently after the *name* of the writer, which they no sooner learned than they concluded that it was the *Curate* of their parish, whose name was Johnson, and who was a member of their club.

They went, therefore, in full body, to the poor parson, whom they rated soundly for his misbehaviour, threatening to expel him from their club meetings, and, moreover, never to give him *another dinner*, at any of their houses, as long as he lived.

The priest was in most piteous plight, at the prospect of being defalcated of many *an abundant meal*, at the very thought of which the bowels of his compassion for *himself* began to

yearn; and all for no crime of his:—he began to look very wo-begone, and to assever, most devoutly, that, as he hoped to become a *rector*, in due season, and to be in possession of a good, fat *church-living*, he did not indite, devise, conceive, pen, compose, propagate, or disseminate that wicked paper, which, doubtless, was the machination of some evil-inclined sinner, who had forged his, the parson's, name, for the *anti-christian* purpose of getting him to incur the enmity of his parishioners, and of being thereby defrauded of numerous opportunities of most abundantly filling his bread-basket, at their expence; which last, most grievous of all possible disasters, he hoped, would not be permitted to fall upon his devoted head, in these days of trial and of tribulation.

This solemn declaration of innocence, on the part of the pious curate, satisfied the sagacious citizens; and they forthwith joined with their prodigious priest in lamenting the degeneracy of these latter days, and in sincerely hoping, that the profligacy of men would not prevent the world from lasting out *their* time; after which, no doubt, for all that *they* cared, it might be destroyed without even the shadow of delay.

The truth was, S. Johnson, being an accurate observer of nature, well knew what motives must actuate a set of ignorant, illiterate, narrow, and contracted tradesmen, when they formed themselves into a club for the purpose of consuming tobacco, and ingurgitating porter; he, therefore, looked into his imagination, and delineated a club of such animals, in order to amuse his own fancy, and to entertain his readers. But the worthy Messrs. Aldermen Swallow-puddings of Hampstead were desirous of *monopolizing* that which was *common property;* they laid an *exclusive* claim to a description which *equally* belonged to a numberless tribe of dolts and blockheads, *as well as to themselves.*

Surely—said I to myself, last night, when, after musing deeply on this strange propensity in fools to blazon their own folly, I sneaked into bed, and blessed my stars that I was yet a bachelor—surely, said I, the *rage* of *block-heads* is as absurd as it is *malignant*, and as *ineffectual* as it is *absurd;* for it uniformly, and invariably, recoils upon the pates of those child-

ren of dulness and iniquity, who have digged a pit and fallen into it *themselves*.

O that a *block-head* could but be capable of understanding this good advice!—

"*Beware*
Of *entrance* to a quarrel; but *being in*,
Bear it, that the opposer may *beware of thee!*"

I had almost forgotten to mention, that Blunderbuss, after he had, like his brother Dogberry, insisted upon it, that he would be written down *Ass*, looked very rueful, and said—You must know, that my countrymen, the Americans, have *no* taste, for they, invariably and universally, despise me and my writings, wherefore I am determined to republish, what I have published a hundred times before, the different *British* reviews of my works, which will *compel* the people in New-York, and elsewhere, to *leave off* thinking me a block-head, and to *begin* thinking that I have got some sense, though no one can tell in what part of my *body* it lies.

Wanderer—And, pray, *where* does your sense lie; in *what* part of your *body;* is it *before* or *behind?*—Blunderbuss—Partly before and partly behind;—but never mind that now; for I must tell you another thing; that the Americans are very fond of encouraging *foreigners*, who are men of genius, and neglect *native talents*, *such as mine*, for instance; why, would you think it, they have! actually, mistaken, as I myself told them to their teeth, in the *weakly* paper, whereof I am delivered every seven days, the editor of the Monthly Register for *Edmund Burke*, whereas they never *mistake* me for *any thing;* they always *take* me just exactly for what I am—a GREAT BLUNDERBUSS.

SECOND SECTION.

MEN AND WOMEN,

A MORAL TALE: BY THE WANDERER.

(Continued from Vol. iii. *No.* 1. *page* 17.*)*

AS for the unfortunate explorer of beer, they laid violent hands on him, and were proceeding to quoit him out of the window, in a trice; but Edward prevented this exhibition, by observing,that, if they killed the miserable exciseman, they would all be hanged; and that the gallows was a place unworthy of a highlander and a gentleman. This remonstrance had the desired effect, and one of the stoutest of the highlanders wrung the exciseman severely and with great perseverance by the nose, and told him, that he was a little rascal, and should have been put to death for using a stranger ill, but that the law protected him in such villainy. Saying which he desisted from screwing round the guager's nose, and the poor fellow scouted out of the room with all possible speed; doubtless, well pleased at having escaped from his companions with only the loss of part of his nasal organ.

Edward was now, after a few more stifling hugs and embraces had been bestowed upon him, permitted to retire to rest, about four o'clock in the morning: he had not been in bed quite an hour before a tall kilted highlander,not quite sober, stalked into the room, and, seeing that he was awake, came and shook him so violently by the hand, out of pure good fellowship, that he nearly dislocated his shoulder, and pulled him quite out of bed on the floor, and, then, left the apartment without uttering a single syllable. Edward rose, and, looking out of the window, saw that the aspect of the country was most despondingly cheerless and desolate; no little spot of verdure or of cultivation appeared, on which the eye might rest with complacency. Nought was to be seen

but vast tracts of heath, and naked hills heaped upon hills, and mountains piled upon mountains, with their bare heads enveloped in the clouds.

He proceeded onward, for some hours, through this desert scene, 'till he reached the high road, from which he beheld a tremendous chasm, over-hung with a wood-beskirted rock; the torrent was heard to murmur below, tho' it's waters could not be seen. He stood on the brow of the hill, which commanded a view of Coshievel vale, whose plain was immeasurably extended beneath his feet; it wore one universal face of pleasant green. The wood, now, in its fullest dress of foliage, the vallies, teeming with plenty, the glittering spires and polished turrets, peeping from out the trees, the river, now hidden from his sight, now tumbling out from amid the hollow rocks, for a while fixed Edward to the spot in rapturous trance; and, as he surveyed this paradise, induced him to forget, that he was an inhabitant of a dreary and a disgusting world, and that *man was made to mourn.*

Edward traversed this enchanting vale, and aproached the confines of the Earl of Breadalbane's territory: the woods were extensive, and, at a distance, seemed to hang suspended in mid air; the buildings were noble and stately; the river rolled in calm attendance on this cultivated scene. On the right the hills were crowned with trees and shrubs, excepting, that, now and then, the bare rock peeped out, to shew what the daring and the powerful hand of man had done; how it had turned the barren and the rugged wilderness into a region smiling with verdure, and waving with foliage. He now reached Loch Tay, whose broad expanse of water spread its unruffled surface over a lengthened tract; it was confined by two ridges of hills; those on the right were wooded to the top; those on the left were well cultivated to the summits of the first tier, above which the naked mountains were lost in the azure vault of heaven.

" Admiring Nature in her wildest grace,
These northren scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covy'd grouse and timid sheep,

My savage journey curious I pursue,
'Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild scattered, clothe their ample sides;
Th' outstretching lake embosom'd 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on its verdant side;
The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village glittering in the noontide beam.
" Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone wand'ring by the hermits mossy cell;
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods;
Here poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
And look through nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of fate half reconcil'd,
Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to sooth her bitter rankling wounds;
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'n-ward stretch her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man."—

The chill dews of the evening began to fall heavily, and induced Edward to seek for a place of rest; but none was to be found; and he roamed onward, till all around was shrouded in the thick gloom of darkness and of night; nought was heard, save the gentle, but the uniformly continued breaking of the unwearied waters of the lake against the shore; and the hoarse baying of the watch dog, the fierce guardian of the night, which smote upon Edward's ear, at unfrequent intervals, as it floated along upon the wings of the breeze; and now and then the loud tumbling of the torrent, whose broken roar was heard, though the veil of night had hidden its waters from his view.

About midnight he came to a miserable hut, whose only door was guarded by a large spotted dog, which he endea-

voured to sooth into civility. But the honest beast despised him and his adulation, and kept him at bay by a most uninviting growl. At length the united clamour of Edward and the dog brought out of the house three stout highlanders, all in their chemises. Edward asked if the house was not an inn, and kept by a highland gentleman?—Yes—replied the shortest of the men—and I am the gentleman that keeps it, and you shall have a night's lodging in it.

While this *gentleman* went in, to strike a light, one of the highlanders, a man of gigantic frame and stature, asked Edward if such a little laddy, as he, was not afraid to travel over such a desolate country at night, when he might be so easily murdered, and no one a bit the wiser for it? Edward replied —no, that he travelled merely to enjoy the beauties of the country, without any thought of being knocked on the head. —Edward was now shown into the most filthy room, without exception, that he had ever seen, and asked an abundance of questions, which he answered briefly, and desired to have a bed, for he was faint with fatigue: his host said, you will sleep in that bed yonder, which stands by the foot of the bed in which these two gentlemen, who are masons at work for me, sleep.

Just before Edward put out his candle the same stout highlander again asked him, if he was not afraid to traverse such a desolate country at that dead hour of night, when he might so easily be robbed and murdered, and thrown into the lake there, which ran by the side of the house, just beneath the window? This strange question, repeated the second time, and by the same person, whose countenance was very uncouth, and looked as Edward now began to fancy, very much like that of a ruffian, alarmed him, for he well knew, that he was entirely at the mercy of these two men, who might put him out of existence, throw him into the lake, and defy all probability of detection, so distant was he from any one whom he knew, and so utterly ignorant were all his relations and friends of his present place of abode; not to mention, also, that, only a few weeks before, as his companions now very kindly informed him, a young gentleman from England, who was wandering over the high-

lands with his dog and his gun, was murdered not far from this very spot, and his body tossed into the lake.

Edward, however, answered, with apparent indifference, that in the highlands he entertained no fear, because he knew the people to be kind, generous, and hospitable. Saying which he put out his candle, and crept into bed, and directed his eyes, wide open, towards the window of his room. Scarcely half an hour had elapsed since the candle was extinguished, before out of his sleeping place, slowly and cautiously crept the highlander, who had been so inquisitive about Edward's apprehensions of being murdered. Edward discerned by a beam of light, which came into the chamber through a little crevice in the window-shutter, the fellow's form as he glided silently round the room.

All is over now—thought Edward—my death-warrant is, surely, signed.—All attempt at resistance was vain, and he waited in the dreadful calm of despondency for the approaching moment when he was to be assassinated. The man having crawled all round the room, sliding his hand over every part of the chamber within his reach, came to Edward's bed-side, and passed his rough and dirty fingers over Edward's body and face, up to the pillow under which lay all his little travelling baggage. The agonizing sensations of Edward's soul, at the moment, in which this barbarian rested his hand upon his face, are beyond all power of language to express; his heart, for some moments, ceased to beat, the pulse of life stood still, and he forgot to breathe.

Very soon, however, the man ceased to lay his paws on Edward, and retreated into his own bed; and when Edward's faculties began to awaken from their torpor, and reason which had been suspended in horror, to resume her seat, it occurred to him, on reflection, that if these men had intended to murder him they would have done it before, for no impediment lay in their way, and many people would not scruple to commit a theft, when they would recoil from the perpetration of murder: whence he concluded that this fellow, supposing that he was asleep, had been searching, in order to find something, which he might appropriate to himself, knowing that Edward would not dare to inquire about it in the morning, but be contented, that he was suffered to escape with his life.

In the morning Edward hired a boat to take him down to Killin, a town which stood about eight miles farther onward, at the source of Loch Tay. The broad expanse of the lake, its borders fringed with wood, the sides of the neighbouring hills cultivated, while those more distant and lofty remained in their primitive sterility, and the soft sighing of the breeze, soon obliterated all recollection of the horrors of the preceding night from Edward's mind. At Killin, he was courteously received by the hostess, a Mc Dougal, who was a most stately and commanding woman; and her manner and deportment were as interesting as her form and countenance were finished and elegant. Here Edward found himself as well entertained as he could have been in any London tavern; the only difference being, that here the waiters wore the highland kilt very short, so that it flapped about rather unseemlily, as they moved briskly, for the improvement and the edification of the females, many of whom were continually running up and down the house in their vocation.

Edward, now, directed his steps through the vale of Glendchart, which abounded in green and fertile pasture, filled with cattle, and was enriched and adorned by a river that rolled its fecundating stream along the whole extent of the valley. The sweetness of this rural scene recalled to Edward's recollection the flowery fields and verdant meads, where once his careless childhood strayed, a stranger yet to pain; his father's castle's ancient halls, and frowning towers, each much regretted wood, and well known glade; and his soul experienced all those mingled emotions of melancholy and of regret, which for the most part, accompanied a retrospect of the days that are gone, of the hours, which were passed in the morning of life, when gay hope was his, when his slumbers were light, and no care tormented him beyond the day. But chiefly he, deeply-sorrowing, mused on the fair form of his departed love; on the past endearments of their softer hours; and, as he fondly brooded over those scenes, for ever past, scenes never, never to return, he sighed deeply from his inmost soul, and said:

1

" Ye banks and braes, and streams around
The castle of Montgomery,

Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie.
There summer first unfold her robes,
And there the longest tarry;
For there I took the last fare-well
Of my sweet, faithful Mary.

2

" How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom.
The golden hours on angel-wings
Flew o'er me, and my dearie;
For dear to me as life and light
Was my sweet, faithful Mary.

3.

" With many a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was full tender,
And, pledging oft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost!
That nipt my flower so early;
Now green the sod, and cold the clay,
That wraps my faithful Mary.

4

" Oh pale, pale, now, those rosy lips,
I oft have kissed so fondly;
And clos'd, for aye, that sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me so kindly;
And mouldering, now, in silent dust,
The heart, that lov'd me dearly;
But, still, within my bosom's core,
Shall *ever live my Mary*."

Towards the evening Edward came to a decent, newly-built house, and well-furnished within. The hostess, a woman of a noble port, and an expressive countenance, rendered still more interesting by some deep lines of care and of melancholy, of grief and of hopeless sorrow, received him with

every welcome of hospitality and of kindness. He wished much to know what cause had darkened so lovely and interesting a countenance with the shades of anguish; he,therefore, after some desultory conversation, in which he detailed to her some incidents of his route, contrived, by passing some commendations on the beauty and lovelines of three of her children who were playing in the yard, just beneath the window of the room, in which they sate, to lead her by degrees into her story, which was shortly this.

She was the mother of seven little bairns; about two years since, she and her husband together with their babes, came to this spot, and found the house in absolute ruins, with scarcely one stone heaped upon another. They rented their estate of their land-lord, an Earl, the greatest of all his clan, upon a tack from year to year; at their own labour and expence they had made the house, and its appurtenances, what Edward now saw them, decent, substantial, and full of comfort, as an habitation. As soon as they had so done their lord sent his steward to *quadruple* their rent.

In vain they remonstrated on the hardship of this measure, when they had already spent nearly the whole of their little substance, and had bestowed much labour and time, altogether, for the improvement of the premises, of which the chief advantages must ultimately accrue to the land-lord.—To all their entreaties this answer was returned,—that the house and its appendages were, *now*, worth such an advanced rent, and if they did not choose to give it, they might seek an habitation elsewhere.

Edward saw the anguish of the woman's soul, as she cast a look towards her babes that were sporting on the grass beneath, and made no reply, for his heart, also, was full. On the morrow, at the moment of his departure, Edward offered her a bank-note, which she could not change, and, therefore, bade him put it in his pocket, declaring, with great cheerfulness, that he was heartily welcome to the entertainment, which he had received, and that her only regret was, that she had not been able to provide better for him. To this Edward would not consent, and, as no change could be procured in the village he ended the matter, by presenting the note to a sweet little

girl, the eldest daughter of his land-lady. The child was delighted beyond measure, and the mother's dark, black eyes, glittering through her tears, spoke a language to Edward, far beyond the power of mere words to express.

Surely,—said Edward, as he proceeded forward on his journey, after having taken leave of his fair hostess,—surely, this excellent woman deserves a better fate, than that of being systematically ground down to the dust by the iron hand of unrelenting oppression; and of being compelled to feel that all her most unremitting industry could not prevent her little ones, her babes, the children of her love, from experiencing all the horrors of despair and ghastly poverty! Why is the chill wind of famine suffered to nip her infant blossoms, and the canker-worm of sorrow to prey upon her little buds, ere their buttons be unclosed? Why does the rough blast of cruelty wither their slender stems in the morn and liquid dew of youth?

(To be continued.)

THIRD SECTION.

AMERICAN LITRATURE REVIEWED.

EPISTLES, ODES, AND OTHER POEMS,

BY THOS. MOORE, ESQ.

(Continued from Vol. iii. *No.* 1. *page* 32.*)*

MR. Moore's total and profound ignorance of the American national character, might serve as matter of merriment to us, if it were not equally conspicuous in the sentiments and the opinions of *all his countrymen*, and, indeed, of *all foreigners*. Not only, the British nation, at large, but even the *Statesmen* of Britain are altogether ignorant of us, and of our dispositions, of our political bearings, and of our national resources. Neither can the British government reasonably expect to derive any very accurate or very extensive information, respecting the state and condition of the people of America, from the *Ambassadors*, whom they send out to this country. The complicated interests, the multiplied relations, the ever-varying political aspect of a people, whose government is founded on the basis of popular freedom, and of individual independence, can never be fathomed and comprehended by shallow, chattering animals, the ridiculous grimace of whose insignificant persons, and the eternal glibness of whose everlasting tongues, and whose total absence of all penetration and insight into the human character, and whose perfect freedom from all the guiltiness of reflection and of calculation, might well fit them for the important calling of a *journeyman barber*, or a *French valet;*—an *ambassador ought* to be a *statesman;* ought to be aquainted with the internal resources and the foreign relations of his *own* country, in order to enable him to learn the political situation and the national character of the people, to whose government he is sent as envoy;—but all this, whatever *cer-*

tain would-be diplomatists might think, to the contrary, notwithstanding, cannot be learned by tattling about and gossiping at tea-parties, and routs, with little ladies and master-misses, and having dust blown into their eyes, and their vanity tickled by the smooth discourse, the unmeaning professions, the empty, the hollow adulations of petty, peddling *pseudo politicians* grown hoary in the practice of every cowardly artifice, and of every knavish expedient.

Neither is Mr. Moore, notwithstanding he consumed some few weeks in this country, and fluttered about from one pretty little knot of sentimental ladies and gentlemen to another, and sipped his tea and smirked, and whispered soft nonsense to this female, and entered into a small dispute with that girl upon the merits of some sing-song performance, and, now and then, rose to the dignity of emitting a feeble flash of ribaldry and obscenity, which caused the ladies to titter, and to peep through the irradiations of their fans, which were spread out before their faces, that never possessed, or had long since lost the power of the most endearing of all the expressions of beauty, the crimson blush of indignant and offended virtue,—altogether capable of discovering and of depicting the national character of a people, with whom he never came into contact; the poor, perishable butter-flies, in the midst of which he shook his little, puny wings, and sported for his fleeting hour, during his stay in this country, he might have found, without leaving London; his own country would have furnished him with a very sufficient number of triflers, of lisping misses, and pretty masters, and all the conceited family of *literary foplings*;—there was no occasion for him to bound over the billows of the Atlantic deep in quest of such flimsy associates.

Mr. Moore, with his accustomed sagacity, applies the principles of a long-established monarchy to our republican form of government, and finding, that a republic is not a monarchy, he fancies himself very wise and very profound, in consequence of having made this notable discovery, and forthwith, proceeds to heap an abundance of absurd abuse upon the Americans. Much wiser people, however, than Mr. Moore profess to think, that the people of this country are divided in-

to two main bodies, one the British party, and the other the French faction; but the real state of the matter is, that full nine tenths of the Americans care nothing for the French or the British; but have genuine *American* hearts, throbbing warmly for the best interests of their *own* country, in the defence of whose welfare they are, always, ready to sluice out the last drop of their heart's best blood. In the year 1798, when all America rose, as one man, to avenge the insults and the injuries of France, and in the year 1806, when Pierce was murdered here, off this city, by the English captain, Whitby; even a child might have seen, that we are not the *mere excrescence* of another nation; that we are neither British nor French, but that an indignant glow of patriotism burns in every American bosom, and prompts him to wash away any insult offered to his country, in the blood of the offender, or to lay down his own life as a sacrifice for the honour and the independence of the land that gave him birth.

We speak not, now, of the present *Jacobin* administration; for it is the peculiar tendency of jacobinism to degrade the national character, and to palsy the national spirit of every people, over whom it spreads its deadly influence. Like the baneful tree of *Upas*, which taints the surrounding air with pestilence and death, and which destroys every living thing, that seeks its shade, or inhales its breath, does Jacobinism lay the ax to the root of all national power, and all national happiness. We speak not of our *present* administration, but of the American national character. Would you, Sir, think it right, that we should draw any inference as to the *English* character from the miserable, inefficient, cowardly, shallow, administration of *Mr. Addington*, who contrived, in the space of three years, to inflict more injury, and to heap more irretrievable ruin upon Britain, than ever Napoleon could possibly do—(we mean, without *his*, *Mr. Addington's aid*)—by a career of ten years of uninterrupted victory, both by sea, and on land?

Give us, therefore, the same judgment, which you require us to give unto you.

Besides, it argues a very gross ignorance of the human heart, and of all the motives, which influence the actions of

men, to suppose that six millions of people, spread over this vast continent, and so circumstanced as we are, with such great and various facilities of acquiring property, both real and personal, could be, exclusively, under the influence, and regulated in our views and enterprises, by the policy of any *foreign* nation. Look along the whole extent of the New England States, and you will see, that the inhabitants of those States are neither swayed by French agency, nor by British intrigue; but, that with a steady and determined courage, a cool and collected mind, powers of calculation, at once, accurate and comprehensive, regular and orderly habits of industry and perseverance, they successfully promote the individual benefit, and the collective prosperity and power of their country; the same circumstances occur, with some variations as to the local usages and institutions, the modes of education, and the minuter shades of character, in the other States of the Union.

But it is objected to us by Mr. Moore, that we are *traders;* —supposing this to be a crime; it is, however, a crime, the guilt of which we share in common with the British, who, in that respect, are certainly, at the least, as great criminals as ourselves. Now it is very well known, that the peculiar circumstances of our situation, immediately after we had thrown off the yoke of despotism, which the Bute faction, in Britain, had endeavoured to bind, in chains of everlasting oppression, around our necks, compelled us to have recourse to trade, almost universally, in order to enable us to pay off the debts, which we contracted, during the revolutionary war; not to mention also, that our great capabilities for commerce would necessarily induce a spirited and an enterprising people to resort to the surest and the readiest means of conferring wealth, and strength, and power upon themselves and upon their country.

Add to this, that man is, himself, a trading animal; his whole life, from the cradle to the grave, is one continued series of bartering and exchange; trade is the great cement of society; it binds individuals and nations together by the indissoluble tie of their own mutual interest, their own reciprocal advantage; and he who affects to speak contemptuously

of commerce, and of commercial men, only exposes his own consummate ignorance of all the moving-springs of human action, of all the main sources of national prosperity and national power.

We are also reproached by Mr. Moore for having emancipated ourselves from the British yoke; but much wiser men than Mr. Moore, know full well, that the question between America and Britain involved the dearest rights of humanity; that the British ministry insisted upon reducing us to the condition of *slaves*, and that we preferred liberty to life, and that our efforts in the cause of freedom were as honourable as they were successful; all the best and all the greatest statesmen of Britain, with the late Lord Chatham and Edmund Burke, at their head, were convinced, that we were fighting for *British liberty* on American ground; that in asserting *our* rights, we defended the rights of the people of Britain, which, together with our's, were put in jeopardy by the accursed machinations of the *secret cabinet*, the *Bute junto*, and which rights together with ours, would have been, for ever, destroyed, and trampled in the dust, if the American Eagle had been mangled and devoured by the British Lion; if the genius of America had not been, for her hour, lord of the ascendant; if the Sun of her glory had not culminated from the Equator.

To *us*, therefore, are the British people indebted for the portion of liberty, which they now enjoy, as the necessary consequence of the successful issue of our contest with their nefarious and unprincipled administration. They therefore have reaped the benefit of our exertions, as far as relates to the inestimable blessings of their own personal liberty; and we by the spirited, and justifiable resistance of the encroachments of tyranny, have gained and established unto ourselves an honourable independence, have planted the germs of a mighty nation, have augmented all our agricultural resources, and have whitened every sea by the sails of our continually increasing commerce.

To the abuse heaped upon us by Mr. Moore, as being a nation made up of iniquity and of baseness, it is enough to answer, that the barely making such an assertion is a sufficient proof of his total ignorance of the American people. It is true,

that in our great cities, as happens in all the great cities of Europe, a large proportion of the population is disorderly and licentious;—but very unfortunately, for Mr. Moore's position, full seven-tenths of this disorderly rabble consists of Europeans, chiefly the low Irish, some English, and very few Scottish, who have come out to this country as *Jacobins*, many of them as *acquitted felons*, and all of them mere nuisances to the community. It is, indeed, singularly modest in Mr. Moore to lay to *our* charge the faults and the crimes of his *own countrymen*. But the generality of our own people, the *native Americans*, are remarkable for the sobriety of their habits, and the enterprising industry, with which they march regularly forward to the amelioration of their condition, and to the promoting the prosperity and the interest of their families. And, although Mr. Moore might, very probably, think the contrary, yet every child of the most common capacity, and of the most ordinary means of information, knows that the industry, and the sobriety of a people create and establish the power and the strength of a nation.

This country possesses physical capabilities of greatness and of wealth, without limits, and beyond all bounds; she has a territory, which is spread out to an interminable extent, and fertile in every production, conducing to the necessities and the gratification of animal nature; her navigable rivers, her capacious and convenient ports, and the broad blue bosom of the Atlantic main, which connects her with the kingdoms of Europe, all give to her the means and the facility of acquiring the most ample and the most permanent strength.

Indeed, the whole face of nature, here, in America, has a direct tendency to enlarge and to elevate the mind of the beholder; little are the feelings of that man to be envied, whose heart does not swell with sublime emotions, when he sees with what a bold and magnificent profusion the living God has scattered the great works of his creation in this country; on how vast and awful a scale of grandeur *he* has piled up the mountains, and spread out the vallies, and planted the forests, and poured the floods!

The moral capabilities of America are, also, great, and daily augmenting in their greatness; these, indeed, have long been

the object of the envy and the hatred of all the oppressors of the earth, who would fain destroy that happiness and that power, which are a standing shame and reproach, and the strongest contrast, to the weakness and the misery of every people, who groan under the unrelenting and the bloody lash of despotism. In the United States of America all our citizens are free; all are eligible to the highest offices of the government, without any respect of persons; merchants, farmers, clergymen, lawyers, physicians, mechanics, labourers, all are allowed the proud, the distinguished privilege of representing their fellow-men in congress, if their virtue, or talent, or influence, can procure unto them the confidence of their fellow-men.

The yoke of the government in this country, is easy, and its burden light; our people are not stretched and strained by a cumbrous load of taxation, which trenches upon individual comfort, and clogs the wheels of the political machine, so as to make it move harshly and heavily along. Our statesmen, at certain periods, return into the rank of private citizens; our peasantry are a bold and a hardy race, full of independence and full of spirit, intelligent, and active, each individual, usually—(the exceptions are not many)—possessing the inestimable treasure of landed property; our labourers,—(we speak of the *Americans*, not of the sweepings and refuse of Europe, who burrow in our country's bosom, and disturb her repose,)—in the towns and in the villages, are, for the most part, industrious, and orderly in their conduct, all have it in their power to earn the means of subsistence, in great abundance, and to hasten on to the acquisition of independence, owing to the ample wages which are paid for every species of labour, manual and mechanical; our army consists, chiefly, of a national militia, taken from all ranks of the community, without distinction, and exercised at certain stated periods—NB. a few regular troops are stationed on the frontiers of our nation; our commerce is extensive, and rapidly augmenting; our manufactures are few, and those, chiefly, of the rougher kind; every well-wisher to the real interests of America will deplore the premature introduction of manufactures into this country; because they are, almost universally, the nurseries of vice, of disease, of decrepitude, of misery, and of death; our toleration of all religious sects is unbounded; no sect labours under

any political restriction, under any civil proscription; to all of them are opened the doors of the legislative assemblies; our professional establishments are respectable, and in a state of rapid improvement; owing to the comparative thinness of our population, in proportion to the great extent of country, over which our people are spread, we have not, as yet, the divisions and subdivisions of professional callings, which take place in Britain; for instance, in our medical department, *one* man performs all the functions of physician, surgeon, apothecary, and accoucheur; when the channels of population are more completely filled a greater division of labour will take place, and each of these four departments will occupy the attention of a different individual, and consequently, each individual, from greater frequency of practice, will be more expert in his respective calling; the same reasoning applies to the lawyers; *one* man exercising the separate functions of barrister, special pleader, and attorney; as yet, there are no distinct and separate *bodies* of men, *exclusively* devoted to the study of politics, or of the fine arts, or of general literature; for these are the fruits of a country long established, with a full population, great individual wealth, and also, a considerable diffusion of property, much leisure and much refinement. Nevertheless, there are *individuals*, in *this* country, *native Americans*, whose talents and whose knowledge, are equal to the successful prosecution of any enterprise, and to the steady direction of any cabinet-plans, which might be necessary to save a great and a mighty nation, in the hour of her extremest danger, or to augment all the resources of her permanent power, and to make her weight and influence felt in the great scale of inter-national policy, to make her government beloved at home, and revered abroad. There are men, in the Union, who have hearts to feel, and heads to contrive, and hands to execute, all the great schemes, and all the mighty projects of political wisdom, and political prowess, which are necessary, even now, to extricate *Britain* from her present embarrassments, and to put her, yet once again, in the first ranks of the fore-most nations of all the world, to make the lilies of France to wither, and to cause the star of Napoleon to fade away into a dim tint, and to illumine all the Western hemisphere with the brightnes of the blaze of Britannia's ascending glory.

Can higher praise than this, be given unto the children of men?—It is with proud and lofty confidence in the resources and the energies of America, that we declare from the full conviction of our hearts, that there are men, in *this* country, whose genius, and courage, and information, fit them as statesmen and as warriors, to direct the councils and to lead the armies of *any* nation, however puissant, and however enlightened, under the azure vault of heaven. But *great* occasions, *alone*, can call forth the exertions of exalted intellect, and of undaunted valour: Is the whole artillery of the skies discharged, in order to crush a gnat?—Are the mighty billows of the Atlantic main lashed into a tempest by the fury of the winds, in order to waft a feather, or to drown a fly?—Does the Lion bound with sinewy spring, upon the prey, that is, already dissolving in putrefaction, and mouldering in the dust?

Where *nothing* is to be done, perhaps *Folly* can perform *that nothing*, as well as *Wisdom*.—But it should never be forgotten, that while the shades of retirement are thickening around the heads of the *wisest*, and the *best*, and the *most exalted* characters in the Union, creatures who are neither exalted, nor good, nor wise, are with the accustomed cowardice of a mean ignorant, and shallow policy, bartering away the honour of America for the precarious tenure of a hollow tyrant's interested smile; and chilling the glow of indignant patriotism, and palsying the national spirit of the people of this country, in order to give them up, in a due and convenient season, bound and haltered, as the unresisting victims of a despotism, that has already, floated the fairest provinces of the other quarters of the globe with human blood, and only waits in cat-like watch for its opportunity to whiten *our Western world* with the bones of us, and of our children, and to roll the waves of desolation over all the labours of our hands, and over all the fruits of our industry, and over all the blessings of our national liberty, and our personal independence.

Neither let us be deceived by his much fair speaking;—*timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes;*—what are the smiles and the blandishments of a *tyrant?*—what, but the sepulcres of death painted indeed, *without*, and glistening to the eye, but *within*,

full of rottenness, and of dead men's bones.—The Tyger always crouches before he springs; and in an unguarded moment with one bound of destruction, he fangs the victim of his fraud, and mews, in all the sullenness of brutal cruelty, over the anguish of his credulous prey.

Yet all is not dark;—some faint gleams and some feeble flashes of light yet streak our horizon, in the distance;—yes, my countrymen,—in the day of darkness, and calamity, and horror, and doubt, when the hearts of men shall fail, through fear, and the joints of the loins shall be loosened, and the knees of the feeble shall smite against each other, in the bitterness of their agony;—when the cup of our national degradation shall be full, even to the over-flowing, and when the cowardice and the duplicity, and the weakness, and the wickedness of the *Jacobin faction*, in this country, shall have sufficiently disgraced our character, and disorganized all our political economy, and weakened our national resources, and involved us, in our present *defenceless*, unprotected state, in all the horrors of war, with enemies, who are prompt to avenge insults offered to them, and terrible in their means and in their will, to execute their vengeance,—then will these miserable *would-be* politicians seek for shelter and for refuge under the wisdom and the valour of those very men, the *statesmen*, and the *warriors*, of America, whom they now load with the foulest, and the falsest calumny, in order to beguile the understandings of the ignorant and the credulous multitude.

Such is the general outline of the state and the condition of *this* country;—and such her capabilities of happiness and power. To preserve and to augment these capabilities, she has only to continue her present form of govornment, free, unexpensive, simple, unostentatious, useful, great;—to be very cautious how she *facilitates* the means of *naturalization* to *foreigners*, lest, by admitting to the rights of citizenship the sweepings and refuse of Europe, she deprive her own children of their political inheritance, and involve the land in all the horrors of *Jacobinism*, and anarchy, and blood-shed:—to promote the arts of peace, and yet, by a firm and a decisive conduct, to shew, that, although she rather wishes, that the sword of war should, for ever, remain in the scabbard, in

compassion to the best interests of humanity, she is ready to draw it from the sheath, and rush to the field of battle, the moment, that her rights, as a free and an independent nation, are invaded or insulted;—to invite and to cherish, by public patronage and by public favour, the exertions of genius and of knowledge, in the arts, in literature, and in science; for it is to the exertions of knowledge and of genius in these departments of intellectual pursuit, that civilized man owes his present state of elevation above the barbarous hordes, that prowl over the plains of Tartary, or the tribes that are scattered over the regions of Abyssinia.

Mr. Moore, (of whom, as might very easily happen, we have almost entirely lost sight in contemplating the situation, physical and moral, of our rising country) also affects to wonder, that we should be so clamorous for *liberty*, while we tolerate *negro-slavery* in our country.

Before we answer this objection, we must take occasion to declare our own most decided and unequivocal abhorrence of the whole system of *slavery*, as being the foulest rebellion against God, our common Father, and Creator, who hath made of *one blood* all the nations of the earth;—and as being an act of the most cruel oppression towards our fellow-men, and of the most absurd want of political wisdom, that ever disgraced the combined efforts of tyranny and stupidity.

Yet a very small portion of information would suffice to teach Mr. Moore, that wherever *slavery* is permitted, that portion of the population, which is *free*, is far more zealous for their *own* personal liberty, than are the people, in those countries, where domestic slavery is unknown. The history of all the world confirms the truth of this position;—witness the ancient republics of Greece and Rome, particularly Sparta, who was herself, fierce for liberty, while she bound down the *Helotes* in the heaviest chains of slavery;—witness the numerous common-wealths, that composed the Northern hive, whence issued those swarms of barbarians, which laid the Western portion of the Roman Empire in ruins;—and well might it be so; for in the countries where the slave-system prevails, all the mean and mechanical offices, all the abject employments which degrade man, in the eye of society, are

performed by slaves, and the free men, all considering themselves upon a footing of equality, are of carriage erect and lofty, and learn to prize, with more intense ardour, that *freedom*, whose lustre and dignity they have never seen tarnished, and which they are induced to embrace as a proud, and a distinguished privilege, because, they see it denied to a very large portion of the population, with which they are surrounded.

General Washington, likewise, has the misfortune not to meet with Mr. Moore's approbation;—and, it seems, for these very satisfactory reasons;—that he was not a *hero*, and did *not oppress* his country.

We feel ourselves degraded in stooping to vindicate the character of our revered Washington against the feeble shriek of such a puny assailant as is Mr. Moore; and it is rather to indulge our own feelings of gratitude, and of affection to the saviour of America, than to compliment Mr. Moore, that we shall, very briefly, examine the ground of the calumny, which has been heaped upon the head of our late illustrious chief,

The propriety, nay, the absolute necessity, of America's taking up arms to defend herself from the tyranny of Britain, is, now, so fully proved, as not to admit of a question, by any human being, that can feel and think. Washington, therefore, did right, in leading his countrymen to vanquish their enemies, and the enemies of liberty. But, perhaps, he would have acted, so as to suit Mr. Moore's taste, more exactly, if, like Bonaparte, he had begun by fighting for the freedom of, and ended by enslaving, the people who had raised him into power. It was a crime, then, in Washington, with inferior numbers, and inferior resources, save in the exertion of his own wisdom and valour, to conquer the enemies of his country, to compel them to sue for peace, to preside over his country with fidelity and energy;—to establish the Federal constitution;—to crush the first efforts of the Jacobin French and the Jacobin-American faction, with Genet at its head;—to consolidate and to augment the national strength;—to begin to build, and to recommend the perseverance in building, a navy, which might protect our commerce, and de-

fend our shores from invasion and insult.—All these and many more crimes, of the same stamp, might be laid to the charge of General Washington; and as they are so, particularly, offensive to Mr. Moore, perhaps, the conduct of our present Jacobin administration is, entirely, after his own heart; for our present ministry have done *quite the reverse* of all that Washington did,—they have *destroyed* our navy, annihilated the American naval flag;—weakened the resources, and lowered the spirit of the people:—and as much as in them lies, have endeavoured to destroy their country.

General Washington is, also, reviled by Mr. Moore for having kept himself tranquil, and undazzled by success; for preferring his *duty* to *glory*, and the happiness of his countrymen to the mere iniquitous gratification of his own individual, selfish lust of power.—But all wise and good men, justly, consider the voluntary retirement of Washington into private life, as the brightest of all the gems in that diadem of honour, wherewith his name and his memorial will be ever crowned. Is it a reproach to Washington, that his superior wisdom and superior virtue enabled him to withstand those allurements of ambition, those fascinations of power, before which the mightiest minds of the greatest men of all antiquity, and of all modern times, have given way; those fascinations and those allurements, which have subdued the understandings, and beguiled the hearts of Alexander, of Cæsar, of Cromwell, and of Napoleon?

And what is *glory*, if it be not found in the way of *duty?*—Duty is, (as Lord Coke says of *etcetera*)—a very large word. It implies the performance of all that a man owes unto his God, and all that he owes unto his fellow-men. To say then, that Washington preferred *duty* to *glory*, and the being *useful* to being *great;*—is, in fact, uttering a broad blunder. For the being *useful* to our fellow-men, and the performance of our *duty* imply the continued direction of all the faculties of our hearts and minds to promote the happiness and the virtue of all those, with whom we come in contact, either direct and personal, or remote and indirect, by means of the consequential effects produced at a distance, by our actions, or our councils. And what *glory* or *greatness* can be found

out of the circle of *utility* and of *duty ?*—Does Mr. Moore deem it *glory* and *greatness*, to oppress a people, to wade through slaughter to a throne, to make the whole world a wilderness and a waste, bleached with the bones, and drenched with the blood of human beings, and to make the destruction of the peace and the comfort of mankind the pedestal, on which individual ambition is to rear its colossal form ?—If it be so, we rejoice to acknowledge, that our beloved Washington was neither *great* nor *glorious ;*—we rejoice to declare, that he chose not to resemble in his actions, the exploits of the *great enemy* of mankind, the arch-destroyer, whose business it is, out of good to bring forth evil, and whose whole delight it is to scatter misery and desolation all around him, and to gratify his malignity by sights of wo, and shrieks of anguish: but that he rather desired to imitate the attributes of God,—to be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow ;—to save his country from the hand of the spoiler ;—and to leave to all future ages an example of wisdom and of benevolence.

To conclude ; from the facts which are before us, we are led to draw this deduction, as to the character of Mr. Moore, namely, that he has some sprightliness of fancy, little learning, and less wit, and *none* of that sound and comprehensive intellect, which enables a man to become a useful and an honourable member of the community ;—none of that wisdom, which enables a man to know the great moving-springs of human action, and the primary, the fundamental laws, by which alone society can be holden together ; he is even so deplorably ignorant, as not to know, that want of *decency* is want of *sense ;*—Yet flimsy as is his understanding, there can be no doubt, that his *heart* is much worse than his *head ;* and that, if he were to take the road, as a *foot-pad*, he would rise, very considerably, in the scale of morality ;—he has not even the excuse of a sudden gust of passion to plead, as an apology for his iniquity ; but with all the cool, cowardly, contemptible, malignant calculation of a midnight assassin, he sits down, in order to plot the best means, by which he shall be able to murder the virtue and the reputation of the female sex, and to render the men as despicable and as detestable as himself. In the villainy of his *intentions*,—(and we all know, that the

motive is the essence of every action, and that which constitutes the crime or the purity of every deed)—Mr. Moore rivals the iniquity of *Cleveland*, the author of *Fanny Hill*, or the *Woman of Pleasure*;—and of *G. M. Lewis*, the author of the *Monk*;—and of *La Clos*, the author of *Liaisons Dangereux*, the intimate friend and companion of the notorious Philip *Egalitè*, the *Duc d'Orleans*;—and of *Louvet*, the author of *Le Chevalier Faublas*;—but Mr. Thomas Moore has neither the elegance of Cleveland, nor the imagination of Lewis, nor the simplicity of La Clos, nor the wit and genius of Louvet;—he has, therefore, the miserable reputation of an incessant desire to do mischief without possessing the power; his intentions are purely diabolical, but the flippant inefficiency of his understanding prevents him from carrying his intentions into execution; he resembles the ineffectual efforts of a faded libertine, who retains all the impurity of his desires when he has lost the power of administering to their gratification;—and hovers, the ghost of unsatisfied appetite, and of undelighted lust, over the feeble remembrance of his past iniquity, and mourns over the recollection of his departed pleasures.

It is to those, whose pursuits and character are far different from the views and the conduct of Mr. Moore, or of Mr. Moore's admirers, that we present the remarks of one of the most decided champions in the cause of morality and of letters.

What is mere genius, without a *regulated* life? Young men *about town*,—(to use that detestable phrase,) will, at last, allow it, if they look at all the *tattered*, *sin-worn fragments* of their species, whom they meet in their walks. To shew the deformity of vice to the *rising hope* of their country, the policy of ancient Sparta exhibited an *inebriated slave*. The Constitution of Nature marks out the course we should follow, and the end we should aim at. To make pleasure, and mirth, and jollity, our *business*, and to be constantly hurrying after some gay amusement, some new gratification of sense and appetite, to those, who *will consider* the nature of man, and our condition in the world, will appear the most *romantic* scheme of life, which ever entered into thought. Yet many go on in this course, without learning better from the daily, the hourly disappointment, listlesness, and satiety, which ac-

company this *fashionable* method of wasting away their days. If life be the bounty of heaven, we scornfully reject the *noblest* part of the gift, if we consent to surrender *that certain rule of living*, without which the condition of human nature is, not only miserable, but *contemptible.*

It must not be forgotten, to the honour of the American public, that the *second* edition of the book, now under review, lies a mere burden on the hands of the publisher, who cannot dispose of a single copy ;—no doubt, every well-wisher to the cause of humanity, will rejoice to hear, that the good sense and decency of our countrymen and country-women have disappointed the base, the detestable expectations of the mercenary wretch, who could publish Mr. Moore's poems, in order to fill his pockets by the sale of female innocence, and of manly honour.—Who does not rejoice, when the pimp and the bawd are deprived of the wages of their iniquity ?

A new Translation, with notes, of the third Satire of Juvenal, to which are added, miscellaneous poems, original and translated. New-York : printed for E. Sargeant, 39 *Wall-street, opposite the United States Bank*, 1806—1 vol. 8vo, *p.* 194.

THESE poems, which are printed on very villainous paper, of the vilest quality, in order, no doubt, to gratify the growing taste of the Americans for refinement and elegance, are introduced to our notice by a letter to the author from a friend, in which are contained some strictures on American poetry, and also, on poetry, in general. What sentiments the writer of this letter entertains of the modern productions of the American Muse may be gathered from the following words ;—in page 8, he says :

" I originally, intended to notice, in a cursory manner, the principle productions of our American Muse, and to point out the leading features in each. But, when I was preparing to execute my plan, two considerations arose to prevent me from proceeding in the manner proposed: the first was, that almost all the productions, which compose our body poetic, bore so strong a family-likeness to one another, that it

would be an unprofitable waste of time to enter into a particular discription of each individual. The second preventing consideration was, that many of the most respectable productions had, long since, been dead, and that it would bear the appearance of irreverent malignity to call up from their rest those, who had, so long, been buried in oblivion. *The Conquest of Canaan*, *Greenfield Hill*, *M'Fingal*, the *Vision of Columbus*, *The Progress of Genius*, and others which might be cited, lived very harmlessly, and suffered little injury; they offended no one, and no person felt disposed to offer violence to them; and, as they lived peacably, so they died quietly. Let us not, therefore, presume to trouble their repose. One general character appears to be stamped upon almost all American poetical productions, they seem to be the offspring of minds faintly glowing with the fire of genius, and unprovided with large stores of wisdom, acquired by literary research, or extensive observation of mankind."

To these observations, which are delivered with much sprightliness and humour, we, in part assent, but we, by no means, allow of those general, sweeping censures, which condemn the efforts of American intellect. *Foreigners*, of all nations, affect to despise the literary productions of *this* country; but the ignorance of all foreigners, as to us, and to our polical œcononomy, and to our intellectual resources, is as contemptible as it is profound, and as universal as it is despicable. Yet we cannot suffer the writer of the letter, now before us, who is, undoubtedly, a *native American*, and as undoubtedly, one of the *rising hopes* of his country's literary excellence, to endeavour to depress below its real standard the rate of American genius. He must be very superficially acquainted with this country, who does not know, that intelligence is very generally diffused amongst the people of the United States, and, also, that there are very many individuals, in the Union, whose talents, and whose intellectual acquirements would not suffer by a comparison with the information and the genius of the first literary characters, on the other side of the Atlantic. We do not mean, however, to dispute the justice of the writer's stricture upon the particular effusions of poetry, which he has enumerated, as being, now, dead; because, very happily for us, we never had the misfortune to see them during the time that they were permitted to visit the earth for a short season.

The critic, then, attempts to account for the scantiness of poetical excellence amongst us, by attributing it to the general, not to say, universal rage for gain, which the spirit of commercial enterprise engenders. But this is the common cant of all those querulous beings, who are apt, in their frequent fits of the spleen, to imagine all mankind to be block-heads, except themselves, and ease their minds by execration, when their bodies ought to be evacuated by the help of the lancet and the apothecary. Thus Horace accused his countrymen, amongst whom, it is to be remembered, that *trade* was considered as *infamous*, of smothering all poetical efforts by their intemperate zeal for the acquisition of wealth;

> *Vilius* argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum ;
> O cives, cives, qærenda pecunia primum,
> Virtus post nummos.—
> —An hœc animos ærugo, et cura peculi
> Cum semel imbuerit, speramus *carmina* fingi
> Posse linenda cedro, et lævi servanda cupresso?

But the fact is, with regard to America, that here in *this* country, in proportion to its population and its wealth, compared with those of Britain, every production of genius and learning meets with *greater encouragement*, and with more *effectual* and more *extensive patronage*, than in *Britain*, which, undoubtedly, surpasses all the European nations, in the support and protection, which she affords to talents and knowledge of every description.

The critic now proceeds to characterize the particularly vitiated, and sickly taste of the people of New-York, for fantastic poetry. His words are these; page 10—

> " The taste of *our city*, in particular, appears to be growing more vitiated, with regard to poetry; those verses are, here, most likely to gain admiration, which approach nearest to the style of Della Crusca, and Anna Matilda, if we except, those, which some occasional circumstances renders interesting to the public. There is a difficulty attending every attempt to criticise these late productions, of the same nature, with that, which prevents the demonstration of an axiom ; they are so self-evidently bad, that one is at a loss for more evident data, by the aid of which their badness may be proved. Yet effusions of this kind, of various lengths, are daily heard, and publicly applauded. To illustrate what has been asserted, I

will aduce two or three instances of the poetry, in question, which have received the highest encomiums; and, notwithstanding the difficulty of preventing them from eluding, like water, the critical grasp, I will endeavour to examine their boasted beauties, and set forth their true merits."

Here follows a critique upon the few first lines of a poem, which appeared some time since under the title of *The Powers of Solitude*. The lines are very sufficiently absurd, and the critique is ingenious, acute, poignant, and just. We forbear from blotting our page with the poetical effusions, because we do not wish to pay our readers so ill a compliment, as, unnecessarily to obtrude nonsense upon their notice, and, also, because it is written,—*Thou shalt not speak evil of the dead.*

The critique itself we would willingly insert, on account of its merit, but the limited extent of our Review forbids us the gratification of that indulgence. The writer, now, cites some other lines from the same poem; lines, equally free from the imputation of any sense or meaning, as were the former verses. Upon these, however, the writer deigns not to comment,—and very prudently; for, since nonsense is inexhaustible, it would be, indeed, slandering our time to waste even a word of criticism upon it.

In page 17 we are favoured with a foolish song upon a young lady, a fever, and an ague;—which is, not only, quoted for our edification, but is, also, criticised, a compliment, which it by no means deserves, and for which the writer could not be readily excused, if he had not bespoken our patience and our tolerance, by introducing his observations with these remarks.

"But light fugitive poems are those, which, at present, engage the generality of readers. From the multitude of these insect products of genius, with which our presses swarm, I will select one, which, I believe, has excited more admiration than most of the ephemeral tribe. It was introduced to the public, in Philadelphia, accompanied with the following encomiums;—"The very elegant verses of Lodinus to the fair invalid display the most soothing tenderness, and many a poetical beauty. They are entitled to the attention, not only of the lady who is so highly greeted, but of men of taste and sensibility." These verses were reprinted in New-York and their praises publicly re-echoed."

Then follow the verses themselves, which far be it from us to transcribe, and from our friends to peruse. The conclusion of the writer however, as to the merits of this *sweet song*, are worthy of citation.—" Such are the productions, which are held up to admiration; in which, scarcely a sentence can be found, which does not contain an absurdity. But " antarctic snows," and " burning sighs," and " struggling smiles," and " tides of rapture," and " sun-bright plains," and " life-imparting powers," are charms too powerful to permit an ordinary reader to perceive the greatest defects."

After observing, that the Metaphysical poets of England, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, had, at least, the merit of exercising the understanding, although they neither soothed the ear, nor melted the heart, nor fired the imagination, he adds that which would be an injustice to him, and to our readers, to with-hold; since his remarks are calculated, both to inform the head, and to amend the heart:—p.21.

" But the fashionable rhymers of the present day, in America, seem to bestow no thought upon any thing besides the mere dress of their verses; if they can procure from the ward-robe of poesy a sufficient supply of dazzling ornaments, wherewith to deck their intellectual offspring, they are utterly regardless, whether the body of sense, which these decorations are properly designed to render attractive, be worthy of attention; or whether it be mean and distorted, and in danger of being overwhelmed by the profusion of its ornaments. There are fashionable verses of another kind, which deserve notice, for faults of greater importance than foppery of decoration, or want of meaning. The verses of this species allure, not by the gaudiness, but by the *lasciviousness* of their dress. To the admirers and imitators of Moore, the translator of Anacreon, who treat so contemptuously all, who presume to censure their indelicacy, I would recommend the following passage from an ingenious writer on the rise and progress of poetry.—To return, therefore, to the decaying state of the poetic and musical arts, in ancient Rome:—As manners and principles grew more profligate, along with the inordinate growing power and luxury of the empire; so the genius of the *poetic* and *musical* arts kept pace with them. We hear little of their being applied to the *education* of *youth* in any period of ancient Rome. On the contrary, *poetry*, which, in the days of ancient Greece, had been the *hand-maid of virtue*, was now declared to be the *bawd of licentiousness;* and to

write immodest verses was held a *blameless* practice. Thus the art sunk so low, that the name of poet was held unworthy a man of *age* or *dignity*."

So far the writer and we agree very well together, as to the general tendency of his remarks; but in the following passage he throws us out so completely, that we could as easily raise the earth with a fulcrum of ether, as offer our opinion upon the merit or the demerit of his argument, for we frankly acknowledge, that we do not understand a single syllable of what he says. His words are these:—page 22.

"I might offer an *abstruse* argument to prove the advantages, which would, perhaps, result from the prevalence of a taste too pure to bear poetry, which tends, not to moral, but merely to intellectual depravity. It might be said, that *as* some logicians imagine all truths capable of being deduced by a circuitous operation from any one truth, *so* the mind, by acquiring any one virtue, be it, merely, a rational excellence, becomes better fitted to receive all other virtues."

Admirable Metaphysician! with what mervellous dexterity are all the powers of the mind, and all the emotions of the heart, reduced to the simplest mode of classification, and arranged with the most luminous precision!—If the reader be sufficiently acute to discern the meaning of this "*abstruse argument*" we congratulate him upon the possession of that lynx's beam, which enables him to perceive that, which by our dim sight cannot even be indistinctly descried in the distance. The writer, however, has the benevolence to add,—"There is, however, *too much subtilty* in such reasoning, where practical inferences are to be deduced."

Now, this is kind, particularly to us, who are quite old-fashioned people, and not very apt to be pleased with any thing, unless there be a little sense infused into it, at least, just enough of vitality to preserve it from putrefaction. Some pains, are, then, taken to shew the necessity of studying to write poetry well, lest the *whole race* of poets fall into contempt. Of this fear, however, the writer may, very safely, and very speedily divest himself; a *true poet* can never meet with the contempt of any, but the stupid and the ignorant, and their contempt is *real praise*, and a strong proof of the supe-

rior excellence of the object of their scorn. Genuine poetry is the offspring of an exquisitely feeling heart, a fiery imagination, and a comprehensive understanding, consequently, we need be under *no anxiety*, as to any probability of its being without great weight and importance in its effects upon society, while the great moral laws of God continue, as they have always hitherto done, to give superiority of intellect a predominating influence over the pursuits and the pleasures of men.

Mere *rhymers*, and *versifiers*, indeed, might be despised, and justly; for they are often, most truly despicable, since they fabricate verses, and string together rhymes, which are utterly devoid both of decency and sense; but the true-born child of poesy can never receive aught but praise and honour from every heart, that throbs with feeling, and from every head, that is illumined by the beamings of intellect. We have, however, a still stronger objection to the following position: page 24.—"The whole race of poets have not escaped the reproaches, which this last order, (for I rank the *nonsensical* and the *immodest* together) have brought upon themselves."

Is the writer aware of the meaning of the words, which he uses?—does he perceive the direct tendency of his assertion, if followed out to its remotest consequences?—does he not know, that the worst effect, which a merely *nonsensical* rhymer can produce, is, only, wasting the time, and wearying the patience of the reader; but the *immodest* poet can undermine the fortress of virtue;—can blast the blushing rose, that blooms on the brow of youth,—that blushing rose, which is gemmed with the glittering dews of morn;—can poison the living waters of the land, in their springs and in their sources; —can break asunder all the domestic duties, and all the endearing relations of life;—can untie the ligaments of society; —can exile truth and joy from the habitations of man, and defile all his favourite haunts with tears and blood?—Surely, upon more mature reflection, he will never, again, allow himself to place a *blockhead* and a *villain* upon the same level of harmlessness; he ought to know, that it is better to be a well-disposed dullard, (even, although, he should, occasionally

render paper unserviceable, by loading it with his heavy rhymes) than a cold-blooded, systematic wretch, who sits down in his closet, in order to concert schemes of licentious iniquity, by which he might convert the rosy pudency of female loveliness into the brazen front of shameless harlotry. Let us hear no more, then, of such unnatural linkings together of positive guilt and mere negative ignorance, or stupidity.

In order to prove, that the *whole race* of poets have fallen into *general* contempt, he makes use of this most conclusive reasoning—" I hate *bainting*, and *boetry*, too ! neither the one nor the other ever did any good,"—said George the second, when he was informed, that Hogarth was about to dedicate to him his celebrated march of the guards to Finchley. *Thus* a poet is *now* considered as one of the *useless* ornaments of society :"—

Pray, who told the writer, that a *poet* is considered, as one of the useless ornaments of society ? Will he find this sentence passed upon it by the wise and the good, or by the iniquitous and the foolish ? What is the opinion of the most elegant and accomplished scholar of ancient Rome, upon this subject ? Hear it, and then, judge, whether we are to look to the uninformed rabble, or to the intelligent and the learned, for a correct estimate of the value of poetry.

> Sæpe stylum vertas iterum quæ digna legi sunt
> Scripturus ; neque te ut miratur *turba*, labores,
> Contentus *paucis lectoribus*. An tua demens
> Vilibus in ludis dictari carmini malis ?
> Non *ego*. Nam satis est *equitem* mihi plaudere ; ut audax,
> *Contemptis aliis*, explosa Arbuscula dixit.
> Men' moveat cimex Pantilius ? aut crucier, quod
> Vellicet absentem Demetrius, aut, quod ineptus
> Fannins Hermogenis lædat conviva Tigelli ?
> *Plotius*, et *Varius*, *Mecænas*, *Virgiliusque*,
> *Valgius*, et probet hæc *Octavius* optimus, atque
> *Fuscus*. &c. &c.

All the world knows, that George the second, of England, was altogether guiltless of any, the least semblance of taste, or of intellectual refinement ; he disregarded all the splendours of erudition, and all the recondite depths of science, as much as he neglected or hated *bainting* and *boetry* ; are we there-

fore, according to this writer's mode of arguing, to conclude, that the *whole race* of literary and of scientific men is fallen into *general contempt*, because his Britannic Majesty paid no attention to, and was utterly ignorant of either literature or science?—The truth is, that the understanding, of George the second, was, originally, merely mediocral, and had never been, either enriched or enlarged by cultivation; he knew very little more than the petty windings and doublings of German politics, the mere routine of court and cabinet-intrigue; he was not a statesman, as all his closet manœuvres, and family-schemes plainly proved; he was not, even, a general; he had, indeed, the vulgar attribute of personal valour, of animal courage; a quality which almost every private soldier shares in common with him. How, then, should George the second know any thing of *poetry* or of *painting*, two children of the human intellect, the loveliness of whose features can only be discerned by those, who have brushed away the film of ignorance and of vulgarity from their eyes by the wings of genius, and intellectual toil? The *taste* of this same monarch for architecture is, also, evinced by a speech, which he once made, when looking out from the gardens at Kew, upon the nasty, dirty, irregular, barbarous town of Brentford, which lies close to the Royal residence;—I doo love *Brentvoord*, it doo put me so much in mind of *Hanovear*.—Which speech also, discloses to us the architectural merits, and the elegant accomplishments of the metropolis of the electorate of Hanover.—It deserves to be remembered, that George the 2d rebuked Lord Hervey for writing verses, which, he said, might be proper in Mr. Pope, or those, who lived by the *business*, but very unbecoming a *Lord*.—Hear a modern poet speak of Royal patronage, and you will not be inclined to pay so much deference to the splenetic effusions of an ignorant old man against *bainting* and *boetry*.—

> Say, would your thoughts to Homer's pomp aspire,
> Or wake to loftiest rapture Pindar's lyre?
> Go, then, and view, since closed his cloister'd day,
> The self-supported melancholy *Gray!*
> Dark was his morn of life, and bleak his spring,
> Without *one fostering ray*, from *Britain's King;*

Granta's dull abbots cast a side-long glance,
And Levite gownsmen hugg'd their ignorance:
With his high spirit strove the master-bard,
And was his own *exceeding great reward.*
Saw you not *Mason* stand with downcast eye,
While great Augustus pass'd unconscious by?
Till, wrapt in terrors of avenging night,
He starts Macgregor with dilated might.
Have you not seen neglected *Penrose* bloom,
Then, sink unhonoured in a village tomb?
Content, a curate's humble path he trod,
Now, with the poor in spirit, rests with God.
To worth untitled would your fancy turn?
The Muse, all friendless, wept o'er *Mickle's* urn:
Mickle, who bade the strong, poetic tide
Roll o'er Britannia's shores in Lusitanian Pride.

Towards the conclusion, the writer favours us with another effusion of *philosophy;* the argument, indeed, is not very "*abstruse*," but it is sufficiently unintelligible: in page 25—he says,—"It should be scrupulously required, that, whenever words are put together, they be assembled for some *rational* purpose; that if the affections be addressed, the feeling intended to be excited be one, of which human nature is *susceptible;* that if an image be presented to the imagination, its form be *distinguishable;* and that if reason be called upon, something may be expressed which the mind can *comprehend.*"

Thus endeth *the letter from a Friend.* Now, it should seem as if, in the ardour of composition the writer had entirely over-looked the utter impossibility of exciting feelings, of which human nature is *not* susceptible;—and had forgotten, that *no* image *can* be presented to the imagination, unless its form be distinguishable; and that reason *cannot* be called upon, unless something be expressed, which the mind can comprehend.

On the whole, however, this letter is fairly entitled to considerable praise; the sentiments, which it contains, are, in general correct, and are expressed with ease and, occasionally, with much point and humour; it would, indeed, be something more than cynical, it would be unjust, to with-hold the tribute of our applause from one, who steps forward, as a champion in the cause of literature and of morals, and who labours

to bring back a portion of his countrymen from the darkness of fantastic foppery, and conceited ignorance to the light of simplicity, of nature, of knowledge, and of truth.

It must not, however, be forgotten, that, as *good poetry* is the offspring of a feeling heart, a lofty imagination, and a superior intellect, it must always be, as Hamlet says, *caviare to the General.* The great majority of the human race neither think, nor reason ; and how are they to understand the beauties of poetry? How many are there, think you, of those, who affect to admire Shakespeare or Young, that understand or comprehend the excellencies of the Night-Thoughts, or the inimitable touches of the father of the English drama? I once, asked a lady her opinion of that sublime and terrible description of the Devil, which Milton gives, towards the close of the first book of the Paradise Lost? and her answer was, that she thought it was *vastly pretty.*

The truth is that these beings never form any *correct notions* at all ; they wander on, from the cradle to the grave, without ever once entertaining any definite idea of intellectual excellence. And how should they ?—Only consider the mode, in which nine-tenths of mankind are educated, and, then, if you reflect, that they are never *taught* to *think*, you will cease to marvel, that they cannot comprehend the beauties of poetry, or, indeed, of any other intellectual exertion. In the best poets we, always, find the most comprehensive, and the most accurate knowledge of the human character, the most sublime sentiments of devotion : the most dignified maxims of morality ; the loftiest strains of magnanimity and of wisdom ; the tenderest effusions of affection and of benevolence :—and, yet, we profess to wonder, that the bards of higher fame are not admired by those, in whom there is no pulse that riots, and no blood that glows ; whose hearts are cold and selfish ; whose understandings are narrow and contracted.

We were amused to see with how little precision and accuracy judgments, are, in general, passed upon intellectual performances, by over-hearing, lately, this encomium passed upon the discourse of a celebrated preacher. The sermon was upon—*The day of Judgment*—and the clergyman ended his address with a very vigorous description of the torments en-

dured by the damned in Hell. When the service was over, three large elderly ladies, who sat in full front of the pulpit, in the middle of the church, all, at once, burst forth into loud acclamations of praise in favour of the preacher—Bless me,—bawled out the first,—how *handsome* this sermon was, to be sure!—Aye,—cried the second,—Dr.— always preaches very elegantly, but I never before heard him so charming as to-night;—And, then, exclaimed the third matron, bridling herself up, and endeavouring to force a pair of kid-gloves upon her brawny red arm,—what a *pretty ending* the dear Dr. gave to his sermon!—O yes! a very pretty ending, the two other ladies responded; and all three waddled out of the church vastly delighted with the marvellous critical sagacity, which enabled them to discover, that the being in *hell* was a *pretty ending;* and that they showed forth their wisdom, in commenting upon that, which they could not, possibly, comprehend.

The translation of the third Satire of Juvenal is, in general, correct, and true to the sense of the original; this, however, is but small praise, as we all know the caution, which a great master of ancient criticism has given to translators,

> Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
> Interpres.

Indeed, every language differs so much from all other tongues in its idioms, and minuter characteristics, that the translator, who endeavours faithfully, to render, word for word, the productions of any writer into his own language, will never be able to convey to his readers any adequate notions of the real spirit and character of the original. The translator of Juvenal's third Satire, however, has executed his task with so much propriety and force, that he need not to say, as he does, in page 66—" were I in England it should not be published, but as an American production, and issuing from an American press, I was willing to believe, that it was entitled to some indulgence :"—for it would have entitled him to credit if he had published it in London, whose critics would have placed him high among the children of their country's intellectual hope. The tribute of applause, which the translator pays to Mr. Gifford, for his translation of Juvenal, is, at

once, just and spirited; and reflects equal honour upon the understanding and the heart of the writer, who can so well appreciate the high merit of the English poet and critic. The notes, accompanying the translation, are, many of them, transcribed, professedly, from Mr. Gifford, and the rest are chiefly explanatory of words and phrases, for the edification of the unclassical reader; they, however, show the translator to be an elegant *belles lettres* scholar.

The rest of the volume, before us, consists of little poems, partly original, and partly translated from the Greek, the Italian, and the Spanish. The general features of these poetic effusions are smoothness and ease, with occasional harshness and deficiency of rhythm;—blameless morality;—some humour and satirical sting;—and, but little of the phrenzied inspiration of poetry, the daring energy of genius, which, soaring on its wing of fire, upward cleaves the sky, marking its way with streaks of light, and bequeathing to the remotest ages of recorded time the remembrance of its intellectual glory.

To conclude; if the paper, on which this little volume is printed, were not too coarse and vulgar to be seen on the toilet of a lady, or the dressing-table of a beau, we should earnestly recommend the book to the perusal of these female and male students;—to the scholar, who delights in meeting with mental excellence in any garb, the uncouth array, in which the youthful authors have shrouded their intellectual offspring, will not be a sufficient obstacle, to prevent him from forming an acquaintance with, and bestowing his commendation upon, so respectable a specimen of the rising talents and the increasing literary taste of America.

FOURTH SECTION.

COMMUNICATIONS.

ON THE STATE OF ENGRAVING IN AMERICA.

(Continued from Vol. 3. No. 1. p. 60.)

WE, now, present a portion of the remaining part of the communication of our friend *Exetastes*, on the condition of the *Graphic* art in this country.

To the Editors of the Monthly Register, Magazine and Review.

GENTLEMEN,

REFERRING to my last communication on the state of the *Graphic Art*, in the United States, I now proceed to fulfil my promise of giving a few additional remarks.

Before I enter upon my very brief review of the engravers, or their productions, I beg leave to disclaim all intention of personal insult, as well as all invidious comparison, whether between the artists of our own country, or between those, and the artists of either Britain or the continent of Europe ; being fully persuaded with the present secretary of the Royal Academy in London, that it is not by this means, that the humble or timid artist can be excited to emulation ; but by placing before his view the most finished models, in order that his ambition may be roused—by pointing him to the masters of his art, whose works are best calculated to correct his errors, and to improve his taste ; as well as to convince him, that no obstacles, save those of *idleness* and *licentiousness*, can prevent the man of genius from rising to considerable excellence in any art to which his powers may be applied.

" Discrimination," says a very able writer of our own city, " belongs to the essence of useful research." Without the due exercise of this power, no line can be drawn between the empiric and the man of science ; between the scientific artist

and the mere mechanic. General praise, or general censure, not only reduces all to one indiscriminating level—it does much worse—While it gives undue praise on the one hand, or undue censure on the other, it is guilty of an act of injustice to the real artist. It withholds the meed of approbation to which he is entitled ; and at the same time fosters, and even flatters that which ought to be condemned—It is thus that genuine science is stabbed by the hands of its apparent friend. The proper medium seems to be that candour, which is founded on the principle of justice, and that alone.

Yet while candour shall be my guide in appreciating the efforts of our *real* artists, I shall ask no apology for my severity on mere *pretenders*. Nor should it ever be forgotten, that as ungrounded pretensions are frauds upon the public; and as every successful claim of this sort is an injury done to the genuine artist, by depriving him of so much of his subsistence ; so is the detection of one of this vile, presumptuous tribe, an act of justice rendered to the artist, who has been injured, and to the public who have been deceived.

About fifteen, or eighteen years ago, (for I forget the exact date) a work of considerable importance was undertaken by an enterprising individual of Philadelphia. I allude to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, published by Mr. Thomas Dobson—a man whose persevering industry, and undeviating integrity, can only be excelled by the soundness of his understanding, and the amiable tenor of his life. When Mr. Dobson engaged in this work, the state of engraving was very low—It would be difficult to point to more than one or two artists, who could at that period, with tolerable ability, engrave a frontispiece for a primer, or execute a plate for a bill of exchange—And hence, we ought not to be surprised, if, in the whole collection of engravings which the above work contains, we are unable to lay our finger on a single plate from which the lover of the art would not shrink back with disappointment and disgust. It was no doubt as mortifying to the publisher, as it could be to the public, to be obliged to sit down with these miserable efforts of graphic powers; but no excuse can be formed for the artist who undertook such numerous and difficult subjects, without the requisite talent to discharge their duty. It

went at once to involve their employer, to insult the public patronage, and to stultify themselves. The *Anatomical* and *Astronomical* plates in particular are vile in the extreme : And one hardly knows which most to admire—the patience of the public, in receiving such Grub-street trash, or the unparalleled confidence of the engraver in affixing his name to works which demanded so much superior talent. I here allude to one particular engraver, who seems to have been principally employed, and who, without my mentioning his name, will easily recognize his own likeness. And as no succeeding year has found him a whit better, it is time that he should descend to that oblivion, to which his paucity of all graphic talent has destined him.

In examining the supplement to this extensive work, I find one or two plates by *Lawson* superior to any which we meet with in the preceding volumes ; but these have no other claim to distinction, except that they serve to relieve the eye, like the solitary hillock, presenting its feeble, and half-scorched verdure, in the midst of an arid plain. I therefore quit this otherwise valuable work, with one remark ;—that the plates taken as a whole, were only entitled to notice, as being the first undertaking of the kind, which held out encouragement to the artist ; and which pointed out the road to improvement ; but that their own *intrinsic merit*, would never draw forth one sentence of praise.

In the New-York Magazine for 1790, are two plates by *Tiebeut*, which, considering the state of engraving at that time ; and the small price generally given for periodical works, do the artist great credit. In his *Bush-hill* there is a distribution of light and shadow, and an accuracy in the perspective, and in his *Newark Church*, a correctness of outline, which though they do not claim much attention in the present advanced state of the art, yet as specimens of juvenile engraving at the time to which I refer, they gave hopes of future improvement in the engraver, in which the admirers of the art have fortunately not been disappointed.

I should readily be pardoned, both by the printer, and his engravers, if I suffered the Charlestown edition of the Bible, printed by Etheridge in 1803 to pass over unnoticed : But

justice requires a different conduct. Perhaps more paltry engravings were never palmed upon the public. They are vile caricatures, most miserably executed. Even the most common wood cuts in the "*Mental Flower Garden*," are excellent productions, compared with these. The names of *Gridley*, *Hill* and *Etheridge*, grace each plate ; as if folly and ignorance, not content to send forth their absurdities in silence, must add the crime of impudence to presumption, in announcing their authors.

In 1804 Mr. T. Dobson, published "Clavigero's History of Mexico." This work required a series of engravings in a variety of branches. *Armory*, *Architecture*, *Botany*, &c. were among the number, and one artist was selected to engrave the *whole*. Under such circumstances, it could not be expected, that all would have equal justice done to them ; for in no art, or science, do we find men equally to excel in every department of their study. In mechanical art, perhaps this is more true than in that of any other. The very time that it is necessary for the study, and cultivation of any particular branch, prevents the student from acquiring general excellence. Fixed upon some few favourite objects, he has neither leisure, nor inclination for excursive and multifarious efforts. If praise is awarded him, in the line he has chosen, his end is attained, and his ambition gratified : Nor does that man show either his wisdom, or his prudence, who, wandering from the path in which he may obtain distinction, chooses that, in which his talents have not been exercised, in which every step that he takes must be closely scrutinized, and of the success of which he must for a long time, at least, remain doubtful. To this *diversity* of subjects must be attributed, Mr. *Lawson's* want of general success, and hence in *Armory*, and *Entomology*, he has entirely failed ; nor is he in *Botany*, much superior. *In plate* 1 *and* 2, we look in vain for that accuracy which unfolds every fibre, of the plant or the flower ; which at once presents its external qualities, and beauties, and gives to the eye of the student the exact emblem, of that which he has been examining in the great field of nature. *In plate* 4, the *Temolin* is very badly executed. The figure is destitute of that shading which gives form, and prominence to the subject, and which

persuades the admirer, that it is life, rather than its representation which he is contemplating.

In some other parts of the work, this artist has done well—particularly in his engravings of the human form. In these the Anatomical proportions are generally well preserved, the outlines correct, and except in *plate* 23, the expression of countenance is always good, and often striking. *Plates* 17 *and* 18 deserve much praise. The swelling of the different muscles in *the ajacaztli* of the latter, are full, and accurate ; the whole outline correct and natural ; but in *the Teponaztli*, there is a defect in the fore-shortning of the left arm, which is peculiarly awkward, and unnatural—*In plate* 7, which exhibits *the symbols of the names of Mexican kings*, there is an accuracy throughout, which does the more honour to the engraver, as the jubject was rather difficult of execution.

In the same year I find published by O. Penniman and Co. of Troy, " Bell's System of Surgery," said to be *illustrated* with one hundred and fifteen copperplates, all of which would be a disgrace to the *pattern books* of a Sheffield, or Birmingham traveller ! Happily the engraver has had the prudence to conceal his name ; and in this case the blame must lie wholly at the door of the publishers.

The work which next claims the attention of the lover of the fine arts, is the edition of *Rees's Cyclopædia*, now publishing in Philadelphia by Mr. S. F. Bradford ; who with an assiduity, and perseverance, which does him the highest honor, has not only drawn forth all the graphic talent which our own country can produce, but has linked in his train, some very able artists from Britain. The plates requisite for the above work, are not only numerous, but difficult—add to which, that those in the original copy are executed by the very best engravers ; and most of them in a very superior style. No expence seems to have been spared by the English proprietors to make the engravings, a lasting honor to themselves, and to their country—And if we may judge of the *future* by the *past*, they will at least have *that* reward ; for I have no hesitation in saying, that a grander assemblage of engravings, in such equal style of excellence, has seldom before, been presented to the public ; and such has been the opinion of the

British people on this subject, that, if I am rightly informed, the number of copies subscribed for at this moment is not less than eight thousand.

In a work of such magnitude and extent as the *Cyclopædia* —*seven* parts *only* of which have yet been published here;— it would be premature, if not invidious, in me, either to institute any comparison between the respective merits of the different artists employed; or to enter into a minute examination of the numerous plates which the work contains—It will be sufficient for the purposes which I have in view—the gradual *advancement and present state* of the graphic art in *this* country, if I select a few plates, whether for their merits or defects, as characteristic of the whole.

Ancient Musical Instruments, *pl.* i. and *Drawing*, *pl.* iv. discover the hand of a master. They unite correctness in execution, with delicacy of surface—*Fig.* 2, however, in the first of these plates, is deficient in that lively pleasing emotion of countenance which a stringed instrument, *under the existing circumstances*, is calculated to inspire; and which is so well expressed in the *original* engraving.—*Architecture*, *pl.* xvi. has considerable merit; but the lower part of the pillar is defective in that disposition of light and shade, which in the original gives it peculiar effect; and which this same artist has so differently disposed in *pl.* xvi. of a similar subject.—*Astronomy*, *pl.* ii. is upon the whole, well engraved; but is destitute of that splendor, which in the solar system, ought, at once, to dazzle the eye, and to raise the imagination. *Botany*, throughout, displays the union of real talent, with correct and delicate taste, in the artist.—*Quadrupeds*, pl. i. is not correct in the perspective, and an uniform faintness pervades the whole engraving, yet the animals are all well executed, and in *fig.* 5 the engraver has improved upon his original—The ludicrous archness, which he has thrown into the eye of the *Barbary Ape*, has a most admirable effect; nor is the cast of solemn, vacant gravity, in the *Pigmy Ape*, *fig.* 6, less creditable to the acuteness of the artist, then is the other—*Quadrupeds*, *pl.* ii. in a very high degree, rivals the engraving by *Milton* of the same cast. Nor does *Entomology*, pl. iii. confer

less honor on the artist than the one which I have just mentioned.

Taking into view the whole of the plates in the *Cyclopædia* (about seventy in number) which have already been presented to the American public, by their own artists, with the disadvantages under which they have so long laboured, and the almost total neglect they have endured I believe I am warranted in the assertion when I say, that no nation on earth, all circumstances considered, has so rapidly attained graphic excellence as hath our own—and I trust that the day is not far distant when the production of an American engraver shall be not less esteemed than have been those of Britain, and France, for a number of years, by an admiring world.

(To be continued.)

WE are indebted to a correspondent, at Philadelphia, for the following anecdotes of General Washington. To us, at least, they are new, and if they gratify our readers, as much as they have delighted us, the purpose for which they are inserted in our pages, will be fully answered.

Anecdotes of Washington.

WHILE a Colonel, he was stationed at Alexandria with his regiment. There happened at this time to be an election in Alexandria for members of Assembly, and the contest ran high between Colonel George Fairfax and Mr. Elzey.—Washington was the warm friend of Fairfaix, and a Mr. Payne headed the friends of Elzey. A dispute happening to take place in the Court-House yard, Washington, a thing uncommon with him, got warm, and which was still more uncommon, said something that offended Payne : whereupon the little gentleman, who, tho' but a cub in size, was the old lion in heart, raised his sturdy hickory, and, at a single blow, brought our hero to the ground.—Several of Washington's officers being present, whipped out their cold irons in an instant, and it was expected that there would have been murder off hand. To make bad worse, his regiment, hearing how he had been treated, bolted out from their

barracks, with every man his weapon in his hand, threatening dreadful vengeance on those who had dared to knock down their beloved Colonel. Happily for Mr. Payne and his party, Washington recovered time enough to go out and meet his enraged soldiery, and after thanking them for this expression of their love, assured them, that he was not hurt in the least, and begged them, as they loved him or their duty, to return peaceably to their barracks. As for himself, he went to his room, generously chastizing his imprudence, which had thus struck out a spark, that had like to have thrown the whole room into a flame. Finding, on mature reflection, that he had been the aggressor, he resolved to make Mr. Payne honorable reparation by asking his pardon on the morrow ! No sooner had he made this noble resolution, than recovering that delicious gaiety, which ever accompanies good purposes in a virtuous mind, he went to a ball in town that night, and behaved as pleasantly as though nothing had happened.—Glorious proof that great souls, like great ships, are not affected by those puffs, which would overset feeble minds with passion, or sink them with spleen !

The next day, he went to a tavern, and wrote a polite note to Mr. Payne, whom he requested to meet him. Mr. Payne took it for a challenge, and repaired to the tavern, not without expecting to see a pair of pistols produced : but what was his surprise on entering the chamber, to see a decanter of wine and glasses on the table. Washington arose, and in a friendly manner met him, and gave him his hand. " Mr. Payne," said he, " to err sometimes, is nature : to rectify error, is always glory. I find I was wrong in the affair of yesterday ; you have had, I think, some satisfaction, and if you think that sufficient, here's my hand—let us be friends."

A few years after this, Payne had a cause tried in Fairfax court, and Washington happened on that day to be in the house. The lawyer on the other side, finding he was going fast to leeward, thought he would luff up, with a whole broadside at Payne's character ; and after raking him fore and aft with abuse, he artfully bore away under the jury's prejudices, which he endeavoured to inflame against him. " Yes, please your worships," continued he, " as a proof that this Mr. Payne is a most turbulent fellow, and capable of all I tell you, be

pleased to remember, gentlemen of the jury, this is the very man, who, sometime ago, treated our beloved Washington so barbarously. Yes, this is the wretch who dared, in this very court house yard, to lift his impious hand against that greatest and best of men, and knocked him down as though he had been but a bullock of the stall !"

This, roared out in a thundering tone, and with a tremendous stamp on the floor, made Payne look very wild ; for he saw the countenances of the court begin to blacken on him. But Washington arose immediately and addressed the bench :

" As to Mr. Payne's character, may it please your worships," said he, "we have all the satisfaction to know that it is perfectly unexceptionable ; and with respect to the little difference, which formerly happened between that gentleman and myself, it was instantly made up, and we have lived on the best terms ever since ; and besides, I could wish all my acquaintance to know, that I entirely acquit Mr. Payne of blame in that affair, and take it all on myself as the aggressor."

Mr. Payne used often to relate another anecdote of Washington, which reflects equal honour on the goodness of his heart. " Immediately after the war," said he, " when the conquering hero was returned in peace to his home, with the laurels of victory green and flourishing on his head, I felt a strong desire to see him, and so set out for Mount Vernon. As I drew near the house, I began to experience a rising fear lest he should call to mind the blow I gave him in former days. However, animating myself, I pushed on. Washington met me with a smiling welcome, and presently led me into an adjoining room where Mrs. Washington sat. " Here, my dear," said he, presenting me to his lady, " here is the little man, you have so often heard me talk of, and who, on a difference between us one day, had the resolution to knock me down, big as I am. I know you will honour him as he deserves, for I assure you he has the heart of a true Virginian." " He said this," continued Mr. Payne, "with the air that convinced me, that his long familiarity with war, had not robbed him of a single spark of the goodness and nobleness of his heart ; and Mrs. Washington looked at him, I thought, with something in her eyes, which shewed that he appeared to her, greater and lovelier than ever."

FIFTH SECTION.

HISTORY OF THE PASSING TIMES.

(Continued from Vol. 3—No. 1—p. 65.)

THAT part of the President's message, which was permitted to be revealed unto the people, related, chiefly, to documents, which stated the aggressions, that had been made upon our commerce by the French and Spaniards; and also, the hostile and insolent conduct of the Spaniards on the borders of our newly acquired territory in Louisiana. A letter, from Gov. Claibourne to the Secretary of State, dated New-Orleans, October 24th, 1805; states, that all the citizens of the United States, who navigate the river Mobile, are grievously harrassed; that all American vessels, which pass by the town of Mobile, are brought to, and compelled to pay a heavy duty, both on imports and exports, and that these duties are even exacted on all the articles, which pass to and from the factories and the garrisons of the United States.

Governor Claibourne wrote to Mr. Morales, on this subject, as the person who had been supposed to authorise these unwarrantable proceedings; but Mr. Morales, in his answer, declares his utter ignorance of all these matters, and declines to interpose any interference on his part, until he should have communicated with the Governor of West Florida, upon the circumstances submitted to his consideration.

Governor Claibourne proceeds to state the arrival of four hundred troops at Pensacola from Havanna, and the daily expectation of the coming of a much larger number of soldiery. And that three hundred men are ordered from Pensacola to Baton Rouge, and that eight hundred Spanish troops had been lately posted on the frontier of the Province of Taxus; that a Spanish agent had contracted with a merchant of New-Orleans for the delivery, at the town of Mobile, of four thousand barrels of flour, and in consequence of not being able to ef-

fect a contract for the delivery of four thousand pair of shoes, at Mobile, had purchased a quantity of leather ; that the Spanish agents calculate on a speedy rupture between Spain and the United States, and are making all the preparations in their power, to commence the war in that quarter, to advantage ; that New-Orleans would be the first object of attack, and in order to be rendered secure, required Fort St. John to be put into a state of defence ; because that fort commands the mouth of the Bayon, and, if strengthened, would present a great impediment to the passage of troops from Pensacola and Mobile, by the way of the lakes, to that city ; the works are, now, *in ruins*, but might be readily repaired, and put into a state of defence, without much expenditure of the public money.

A letter, from Henry Toulmin, Esq. Judge in the Missisippi Territory, to the Secretary of State, dated October 11th 1805—insists, in still stronger terms, upon the exactions of the Spaniards, and, declares, that, if these exactions be continued, the settlements will be *abandoned;* that many people are, now, preparing to go, on this account, and become subjects of the Spanish Government.

Another letter from Governor Claibourne, to the Honorable James Madison, Secretary of State, bearing date, New-Orleans, August 7th, 1805—states, that the Marquis of Casa Calvo had written to him, soliciting that the Spanish officers, now in that territory, might be exempted from the payment of the municipal tax ; and that his, Governor Claibourne's opinion was, that the officers, who possessed property within this territory, were liable to taxation ; that no exemption could be made in favour of the Marquis, and the members of his family, unless he shall have been recognized by the President, as an agent of Spain. The number of foreign officers, in New-Orleans, is very great ; they have been, repeatedly, both by letter and verbally, informed, by Governor C. that the continuance in this territory, of "*so many Spanish officers so long beyond the right occasion for it*," was offensive, and that their speedy departure was necessary ; and yet, that, neither the Marquis, nor the officers, notwithstanding the frequent professions of the Marquis of his willingness to comply with this request, had left New-Orleans.

In yet another letter to the Secretary of State, dated 120 miles from New-Orleans, August 26th, 1805.—Governor Claibourne says, that the report of the *retrocession* to Spain of the country west of the Missisippi had prevailed in New-Orleans, in consequence of which he, Gov. C. inquired of the Marquis of Casa Calvo, upon what authority such a report was circulated, and was answered, that the Marquis did not know, but had been informed, that the negociation between the two governments of Spain and the United States, had been suspended, and that Mr. Munroe, the American minister, had left Madrid; that he had also, learned from the Spanish minister of state Cervatos, that the desire of the Court of Spain was,—to make the *Missisippi river the boundary*, and, in time, it was expected, that that object would be attained.

All this, it seems, was delivered in French, a language which Gov. Claiborne says, he understands so imperfectly, that he might possibly mistake much of the Marquis's discourse, but that he is sure, as to the *substance* of what passed in conversation between the Marquis and himself. The Governor proceeds to state, that the *prospect* of a *retrocession* of the west bank of the Missisippi *is* now, and always has been, the theme of the Spanish officers, who remain in this territory, and is looked upon by many of our citizens as an event likely to happen; this impression is much to be regretted, because it tends to lessen the *confidence* of the people in this territory, in the *American Government*, and cherishes a *Spanish* party in New-Orleans. There must be, somewhere, a power vested to compel the execution of that clause in the treaty, which directs the *Spanish forces* to be *withdrawn*, within three months, from the ceded territory; and the Governor ends his letter, by declaring, that he should be, indeed, pleased to have it *hinted* to him, that, in his character, as Commissioner, or Governor, he might, on this occasion, take, if necessary, *compulsory* measures.

(To be continued.)

MONTHLY LIST

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS; OF WORKS IN THE PRESS; AND NOTICES OF WOKKS ANNOUNCED.

*** Authors and Booksellers in the different parts of the Union are requested to send their communications (post paid) to the care of Mr. E. Sargeant, No. 39 Wall-street, New-York, by the 25th of each month—later than this they cannot be inserted in the next succeeding month.

ORIGINAL WORKS.

A Tract upon Conversion, with an appendix, containing six important questions, with answers, on the knowledge of forgiveness of sins, by the Rev. James Kemp, D. D. Rector of Great Choptank Church, Dorchester County, Maryland. Baltimore, George Hill.

A Rod for Dr. Kemp, or an examination of his Tract upon Conversion, proving that he is at variance with the Scriptures, his own Church, and himself, by a Layman. Baltimore, John Haggerty.

An Apology for Apostolic order and its advocates, occasioned by the strictures and denunciations of the Christian's Magazine, in a series of Letters addressed to the Rev. John M. Mason, D. D. the editor of that work, by the Rev. John Henry Hobart, an assistant Minister of Trinity Church, New-York. Printed by T. and J. Swords, one vol. 8vo. price $1 50 cents.

Margaretta ; or the Intricacies of the Heart—a novel, by a Lady of Philadelphia. Philadelphia, Samuel F. Bradford. Price one dollar and twenty-five cents.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

E. Sargeant 39 Wall-Street, New-York, has in the press a new work just received from London, entitled, My Pocket Book ; or, Hints for a " Ryghte Merrie and Conceitede" Tour—in Quarto—to be called, " The Stranger in Ireland," in 1805, by a Knight Errant.

Animœ, quales neque candidiores
Terra Tulit, neque queis me sit devinetior alter.

Motto for 4to. from Horace.

Ne'er woman, child, nor full grown trav'ling man did
See land that sprouted *souls so* meek and *candid:*
Baltic and *France*, not *more* my love exacted,
For just from each *One Quarto* I've extracted!

A Sketch of the Christian Denominations, by John Evans, A. M. will shortly be published in Boston by Lothian & Bealis.

J. Hoff has in the Press at Charleston, South Carolina, Buchan's Domestic Medicine.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

Proposals have been issued at New-Orleans, for publishing by subscription, in four 8vo. volumes—price twenty dollars—A Digest of the Laws of Castile and the Spanish Indies; with a general view of the Principles of the Roman Code, on which those laws are founded. By James Workman, Esq. Counsellor at Law; late judge of the county of Orleans, and of the Court of Probates of the Territory of Orleans.

Thomas Ewell, M. D. Author of Plain Discourses on Chemistry, and Surgeon to the U. S. Marine and Seaman's Hospitals of Washington city, has issued proposals for publishing a new work, entitled, Letters to a young Farmer, containing an account of the substitues for Medicines found in the United States.

THE

MONTHLY REGISTER, MAGAZINE, AND REVIEW, OF THE UNITED STATES.

FIRST SECTION.

THE WANDERER, NO. IX.

MISCHIEF OF COMMENTATORS.

L'INDIVISIBILE verità mi ha sforzato seguire le tracce luminose di questo grand' uomo, ma gli uomini pensatori, *pe' quali scrivo*, sapranno distinguere i miei passi dai suoi. Me fortunato, se potrò ottenere com' esso i segreti ringraziamenti degli oscuri e pacifici seguaci della ragione, e se potrò inspirare quel dolce fremito, con cui le anime sensibile rispondono a chi sostiene gl' interessi della unanità—

Says the Marchese Beccaria, and with great justice. Now, would I, most willingly, *translate* this passage for the benefit of the American youth; but I dare not, for fear of offending the little *Tim. Turnspit*, who resolutely and stoutly declares, that, although *he, himself*, understands no language but the English, and that very lamely and very scurvily, withal—yet he will never suffer any *foreign* tongue, dead or living, be it Greek, or Latin, or French, or Italian, or Spanish, or Hebrew, or Syriac, or Sanscrit, or German, or Sclavonic, or any other mode of human speech, to be *made intelligible* to his countrymen; such a mortal aversion hath Timothy to *learning* of every kind; looking upon the acquisition thereof as a deadly

sin, whose guilt, he is determined, shall never rest upon *his own* head, nor, if he can possibly prevent it, upon the heads of any of his friends and acquaintance.

Wherefore I leave poor Beccaria to speak for himself, in his *own* native tongue, which, however, I take leave to assure Mr. Timothy Turnspit, is, upon the honour and the veracity of a gentleman, *Italian*—whatsoever the said Turnspit may, in the egregious magnitude of his sapience, think to the contrary notwithstanding.

There is an obstruction to improvement, which demands the more particular attention, because many very harmless and well-meaning people, and some persons who are neither well-meaning nor harmless, both by precept and example, recommend and enforce it as a great aid to knowledge, and a very efficacious mean of instruction. This is no other than the unfortunate custom of burying all the sense of an author under a huge and a cumbrous mass of *commentary*.

The opinion of a very acute and comprehensive critic, now living, is decided upon this point. It is not unusual—says he—for a *commentator* to note what is immediately before him, *without* deigning to cast an eye to the *right* hand or to the *left*. And, again, in another place, he tells us—poor Boswell was a man of infinite curiosity; it is a pity he never heard of the ingenious conjecture of a *Dutch critic*—(or *commentator*)—who would exchange *lacertæ* for *lacerti*, which he accurately translates *een hand vol lands*, and still more accurately interprets—"a piece of ground equal in extent to the space between the shoulder and the elbow"—of a *middle-sized* man, I presume; though the critic—ie, the *commentator*—has unaccountably forgot to mention it. But see the fallacy of criticism. This *lacertus*, which was, triumphantly, pronounced to mean *een hand vol lands*, by one commentator, is irrefragably proved, by another, (a countryman of the former) to mean a *salt-fish!*—*Similes deliciæ in salsamentis lacerti, &c. pari modo "lacerti dominum" dixit Juv sic enim malo quam lacertæ:* lacertæ perperam nunc circumfertur—(could Burman possibly be ignorant that *lacertus* and *lacertæ* were both used for a lizard?)—*quod ipse damnat, Sat.* 14. "*cum parte lacerti;*" *neque enim lacertæ inter edulia habitæ!* Bur. Ovid.

Tom. 3. p. 126.—A *true critic*, we know, never looks an inch on this side or on that of the object before him; Burman may, therefore, be excused for giving the poet a *salt fish* to season his repast, notwithstanding he had said, in the line immediately above, that it was the produce of his *own garden*, where such delicacies never grow; and was served up to his Pythagoric friends, who lived entirely on *vegetables!*

Accordingly, not a writer of any celebrity, either ancient or modern, is now able to rear his head, in his own native brilliancy, owing to the dark clouds of dulness and obscurity, with which those heavy animals, called commentators, have encompassed them round about. It is very problematical whether or not any thing of real importance, and essential merit, in an author, was ever brought to light by the labours of an annotator; in general, all the striking and beautiful passages lie upon the surface, and are obvious to the perception of all, who wish to be delighted with them.

Those parts, which depend upon local and trifling circumstances, such as, a quaint allusion to an insignificant incident, a foolish pun, or an obsolete and tame joke, may be sometimes revived, by the care and assiduous digging of the verbal critic;—for instance, of a late Greek Professor, on the other side of the Atlantic, who wrote *sixty quarto pages* upon the merit of the *letter Sigma*, or the Grecian S;—but all the animated descriptions of nature, all the fine touches of the pathetic, all the general observations, which apply to human nature, are, and ever will be, easily seen and understood, while the great laws, which bind and regulate the moral and the physical world, remain unaltered;—while the sensible heart, and acutely-perceptive mind shall be alive to all the finer and all the nobler impressions made by the visible forms of nature in her softer aspect, or her grander scenes;—while they shall swell with emotions of unutterable delight on beholding the pine-clad mountain, the billows of the dark-heaving main, the cliffs of the ragged socks, the moon's pale orb, the glory of the rising and the setting sun, and all the dread magnificence of heaven;—and while the heart of man shall beat in unison with the eternal and immutable decrees of the great charities, and relations of life, social and domes-

tic; while it shall continue to be alive to the calls of the best and the noblest passions of love, of friendship, of pity, and of benevolence, every thing relating to, and describing these emotions, and these sensations, shall be intelligible to all, who are not drills and idiots by inheritance, and to all whose better feelings are not rendered callous by brutal sensualism, or stifled and smothered by systematic ignorance.

But even if this were not the case, of all the animals on earth, is your commentator the most unfit to point out any thing in the writings of others, which shall be likely to amend the heart, or to improve the mind; he is merely conversant with words, and names, and dates;—dates, that serve to elucidate nothing; names that can never interest any human being, who possesses either sense or taste; and words of no consequence, such as unmeaning expletives, or brutish interjections,—It is the commentator's business, to make a large and a dull book; and *he does his business:*—upon all the bright and luminous passages, if any such there be in his author, he shuts his eyes, as the owl blinks upon the sun, because its blaze is too dazzling for such weak and cloudy vision; every real difficulty he with true critical knavery passes over, and confines himself to the engendering and the propagating of animadversions on that, which every child could tell, if it would so abandon its mind; namely the fixing accurately and precisely, whether or not "*et*" should be inserted for *ac*,"—or "*queis*" should be substituted for "*quibus*,"—in a word, to the bringing forth,

> "All the heavy, learned lumber of the head,
> With all such reading as was never read."

Indeed the art of writing notes, is of no very difficult attainment; all that the creature who means to expose its own want of sense and decency, by dabbling in this species of literary scavengerizing, has to do, is to seize any author, and fix upon some unhappy word in his book, upon which to exercise his talent at blotting paper to no purpose; first the note-monger is to search for, and to transcribe all that the boobies, who have gone before him in the same miserable employment, have written on this unfortunate word, to call it all *nonsense*,—

(which indeed might be very safely done, without the smallest danger of violating truth)—and then forthwith to propose his *own* comments, which he is to assure the reader, are all very clear, and very clever, and very satisfactory, and very marvellous.

In this manner a commentator arrives at fame, which is a very refreshing thing.—To be sure all this is very ridiculous, and if no other mischief than that of wasting paper, and unprofitably consuming tallow-candle, arose from this dismal propensity to make an ostentatious display of the deformity of dulness, we might smile at or compassionate such folly, and then dismiss it for ever from our recollection; but when we find that religion and learning are retarded in their progress, by this foul conspiracy and heavy combination against sense and reason, we must perceive that the evil imperiously demands reprehension and removal.

Probably, not all the attempts of sceptics and atheists, from Jamblichus and Porphyry down to Hume and Voltaire, however aided by ingenuity, and however seconded by malice, have rendered so much disservice to religion, as have the innumerable comments and observations of bigots and fanatics upon the scriptures.

I earnestly desire, that I might not be thought to insinuate any thing disrespectful of *practically religious books;* for they are all excellently adapted to promote the cause of piety and devotion;—I mean such books, as enforce the great truths of Revelation;—press upon our attention the duties of God's moral law; and unfold the mysteries of that *experimental, vital* religion, which illumes and gladdens the hearts, and which directs and regulates the conduct of all those saints, who are travelling on towards the new Jerusalem, and are hastening to become a peculiar people, a chosen nation, a royal priesthood.—But I wish to confine my attention to those writers, who deal altogether in the unintelligible cant of ecclesiastical polemics;—who are fierce and furious for the blood of all those who differ from them in mere unessential forms, and frivolous opinions; and who would willingly devote unto a cruel and a lingering death, all those who will not subscribe their hearty faith, to tenets, which no human understanding

can comprehend, and who will not receive as sacred oracles their dogmas, which are full of wickedness and absurdity.

The precepts of the gospel, the blessed words of life, are disregarded and forgotten amidst the mazes of unintelligible jargon, and incomprehensible mystery, concerning things, of which we can know nothing in this our frail and perishable state of being,—even the secret and the hidden things of our God, who dwelleth in obscurity and in terror, and in the midst of fierce thunders mustering their rage, his glory unobscured, with the majesty of darkness round covers his throne.—Have we not seen and heard enough of the disputes about *transubstantiation*, and *purgatory*, and ten thousand other forms and modes of endless controversy;—and is it not enough, that, in times past, the earth has groaned with the violence, and been deluged with the blood of the disputants on either side?—Would it not now be much wiser, think you, that these spiritual warriors, should wait quietly, and in patience, for a few years, and then they will have an opportunity of settling the dispute,—(as far, at least, as relates to the question of *purgatory*)—*upon the spot?*

All the great foundation-duties of religion and morality are so plainly laid down in the New Testament, that he, who runs may read and understand, and mark, and learn, and inwardly digest them;—but the cause of Christianity can never be aided by having our attention drawn off and diverted from those essential and saving truths, to fix it on mere polemical disputations, and unimportant points; upon vain ceremonies, and human institutions, and peculiar forms of worship, teaching the traditions of men, instead of the commandments of God;—all which induces us to lose the substance, while we are grasping at the phantom of a shadow.

In the direct proportion as a man steadily peruses, and with all his soul attends to the sacred writings, and neglects all controversial commentaries, will he be enabled to reverence and to perform the great duties of Christianity; to receive the day-spring from on high; to possess a religion of the *heart*, and not merely, of the *intellect*; to do justice, to love mercy, to walk humbly with his God; and to array the helplessness

of his own ineffectual exertions in the foldings of the robe of his *Redeemer's* righteousness.

If the commentators can teach us more than this, let them be read ;—if not, why should we consume our time, in turning over huge and ponderous volumes, in order to arrive at truths, which we are taught by a few words of simplicity and majesty, in the language of the Holy Scriptures, going at once directly to the heart, and flashing conviction, even upon the dullest understanding?—A commentator may, and often does unsettle all a man's religious opinions, or prevail upon him to prefer one set of forms and ceremonies to another ;—but he cannot teach us our duty better, than our Lord and Master Jesus Christ, himself, has done.

In interpreting the Scripture,—says the celebrated John Selden,—many do, as if a man should see one have ten pounds, which he reckoned by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, meaning four, was but four unites, and five, five unites, &c, and that in all he had but ten pounds ; the other that sees him, takes not the figures together, as he doth, but picks here and there, and thereupon reports, that he hath five pounds in one bag, and six pounds in another bag, and nine pounds in another bag, &c.—when, in truth, he hath but ten pounds in all. So we pick out a text here and there, to make it serve our turn ; whereas, if we take it altogether, and considered what went before, and what followed after, we should find it meant no such thing.

Let us therefore throw aside all this farrago of theological mischief, and study the word of God with earnestness and humility, and attend constantly, to the instructions of some devout minister of reconciliation, always keeping in view, and regulating our conduct, by this inspired precept,—that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and to depart from evil a good understanding.—

Human learning also, as well as divine, has suffered very grievously, from the depredations of the commentators. Indeed, we may consider the *Delphin*, and all other editions, which are loaded with the notes, as the *grave of the Classics.* They take off the attention of the learner from that, with which it is his business to be acquainted,—the *text ;*—and to the scholar, himself, they are useless, because he who under-

stands the author cannot endure the commentator; he who can perceive the beauties of Virgil's page, will never be prevailed upon to slumber over the drowsy notes of the laborious Heyne, obfuscated as they are by the dubious twilight of Gottingen's *illuminated* school;—he cannot leave the fair and fertile plain to batten on a barren moor;—for he knows, that—

> " A *commentator* is as tedious
> As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
> Worse than a smoky house;—I'd rather live
> With cheese and garlic, in a wind-mill, far,
> Than feed on cates, and read a *commentator*,
> In any summer-house, in Christendom;
> I had rather be a kitten, and cry,—mew,
> Than one of these same heavy commentators;
> I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
> Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
> And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
> Nothing so much as commentating dull;
> 'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag."—

The study of language very much strengthens the power of association, and imparts facility and vigour to the various faculties of the mind; but the knowledge of a language is not obtained by the heavy remarks, and the stupid observavations of an annotator. The *grammar* and the *dictionary* are the speediest, as well as the surest means of acquiring an intimate acquaintance with any tongue. The very labour attendant upon the use of the dictionary and the grammar, is beneficial, by invigorating the mind; by teaching it patient attention and accuracy; and by endearing the fruit of its toil. I would, much rather, that a boy of mine should make himself master of the meaning of a single line by his own assiduity, than slumber over whole pages by the aid of a dronish commentator. The acquisition of language imparts power; for it expands all the faculties of the mind, and gives them an opportunity of making the best ostensible display of intellectual exertion; but the merely being able to construe or translate a lesson, by the help of an *Ordo*, or to explain

some foolish mythological allusion, by the assistance of voluminous notes, is *not* understanding a language.

It must, also, not pass without observation, that the poring over an *Ordo*, and the *notes* of the *Delphin* editions of the classics, corrupts the taste of boys, by introducing them to a more intimate acquaintance with the crude and harsh jargon, and the barbarous latiny of the commentator, or notemonger, than with the chaste and elegant composition of the ancient Greek or Roman writer, whose text is so miserably encumbered by unseemly annotations.

Let our boys take up and study the classics, *without* any *Ordo*, and *without a single note*, with, merely, the text printed neatly and accurately, and, my life for it, they will be better scholars, that is, more perceptible of the flashings of genius, and the splendors of erudition, and of the pure pleasure, resulting from a correct and a polished taste, than all the laborious industry of the commentators could ever produce. It is a great disgrace to the republic of letters, that there is not *in any part of the world*—(as to the edition of the classics printed at Philadelphia, some years since,—it is below criticism, it is beneath contempt; for, not only was the Editor so incompetent to the execution of the task, which he undertook to perform, as, very frequently, to substitute one word for another, but he has actually omitted *whole passages*, in order, no doubt to render the antient writers more brilliant and more readily intelligible to the American youth)—an *accurate* edition of the Latin and Greek classics, printed without any *Ordo*, or notes, or any other incumbrance, but, with, merely, the author's text, as immaculately edited, as human industry and knowledge can procure.

I sincerely hope that this disgrace will be speedily wiped away, and that such an edition of the Greek and Roman classics will soon appear here in America, and sweep away, into the oblivious pool, all the copies, which are obnubilated by annotations, whether of the jesuits, called the Delphin copies, or the *variorum* editions, printed in Holland, or the offspring of German dulness, or any other obstacle to the advancement of literature. It is, now, high time, that, in *this* country we begin to vindicate the honour of those writers who have done

so much for humanity, by shedding abroad the light of knowledge, and to rescue them from the chains of dulness and of ignorance, in which they have, so long, been bound, and to restore them to their native brilliancy and lustre.

Bear with mine infirmity—(I mean, the infirmity of a very dismal propensity to write long essays,)—yet a little while, courteous reader, and I will release thee.

Of all the authors, ancient and modern,—(the bible only excepted)—none has suffered so severely by the barbarous incursions of the commentators as Shakespeare. The blaze of glory, which illumines his immortal page, is darkened by the gloom of chaos and old night, which the destructive influence of dulness and his annotators, have spread over all his works. All that is worth knowing or admiring in him, or in any other writer, is obvious to the perception of all who feel, and all who think;—(and surely, it is a vain and an unproductive labour to write for the edification of those, who can neither think nor feel;)—No commentator can heighten the effect of a sublime, or of a pathetic description, by his remarks; for they strike, at once upon the heart, and raise in it emotions far superior to all the powers of language to express;—neither can his industry in heaping note upon note, and in piling up comment upon comment, add aught of lustre to the wit, or of sting to the satire, or of force to the indignation of the bard of Avon.

Indeed, it should seem, as if the *black-letter dog*s had been aware of this truth; for they have, seldom or ever, beaten this ground; but, if ever they could snuff the least scent of aught obscene, or filthy, or stupid, or absurd, they have tracked its footsteps on the tainted gale, and never faultered in their pace, 'till they had run down their prey, and, in full cry, proclaimed their savage joy. Not an improper book, that contains filthy ribaldry, and absurd and impious nonsense, and broad obscenity, and execrable allusion, written in a rude and barbarous age, and which should have, long since, perished in oblivion, but is dragged forth to light, and made to afford copious extracts for the instruction and amusement of a civilized and an enlightened community.

From this censure, neither Stephens, nor Farmer, nor Tyrwhitt, nor Malone, nor Reed, nor Ritson, nor Mason, nor indeed, scarcely any, of the numerous commentators upon Shakspeare, except S. Johnson, can be exempted. Certainly, I shall not pollute my pages with any citations from those opprobious notes, nor farther animadvert upon them, than merely to remind my readers, that a great master of tragedy has declared—

Αλλ' ου γαρ αυδαν εσθ' α μηδε δραν καλον.

That which *to do* is vile, the modest tongue
Can never *name*.—

But the marvellous abundance of nonsensical, and trifling, and useless, and impertinent information, delivered with all the due decorum of grave and solemn dulness, is to me, indeed, matter of profound admiration and astonishment. Shakspeare makes use of the expression—"*Trumpet's Clang*," and, forthwith, Malone falls a writing, and publishing a long note, to prove by a formidable string of authorities, *all taken from the writers of Shakspeare's own time*, that the poet, probably meant—"*The clangor of the Trumpet.*"—By the expression of —"*the eye of sleep*"—the same judicious commentator, with equal brevity, proceeds to surmise and to conjecture, is to be understood,—"The visual power, exercised during sleep ;—or the eye of the god of sleep ; or,"—(I now, very fortunately, forget what follows) —something else ; any nonsense, with which the annotator chooses to favour the public. It is, surely, needless, to consume my own time so unprofitably, and so egregiously to insult the understanding of the reader, as to dwell any longer upon the critical effusions of Mr. Malone.

I would, therefore, earnestly recommend all those, who wish to reap pleasure and improvement from the pages of Shakepeare, to read his works, without note or comment, with only an acurately printed text, always, bearing in mind, that a great portion of his writings contains trash and trumpery, worthy only to be forgotten, many obscurities not deserving of elucidation, and many, very many inimitable strokes of genius and of nature, which need no

other guide to point out their beauties and excellencies, but that of a feeling heart, and an unsofisticated understanding.

In confirmation of the correctness of this advice I have the express testimony of S. Johnson, whose authority, in this instance comes upon us, with the greater force, not only, on account of the well known acuteness of his perception and the sagacity of his judgment, but, also, because, he was, himself a *commentator* on the works of Avon's bard.—Let him, —says the great English moralist and critic,—that is, yet, unaquainted with the powers of Shakspeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play, from the first scene to the last, *with utter negligence of all his commentators.* When his fancy is on the wing let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain, alike, to turn aside to the name of Theobald, and of Pope. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue, and his interest in the fable. Particular passages are cleared by notes, but the general effect of the work is weakened. The mind is refrigerated by interruption; the thoughts are diverted from the principle subject; the reader is weary, he suspects not why; and, at last, throws away the book, which he has too diligently studied. Parts are not to be examined 'till the whole has been surveyed: there is a kind of intellectual remoteness necessary for the comprehension of any great work, in its full design, and in its true proportion: a close approach shews the smaller nicities, but the beauty of the whole is discerned no longer. It is not very grateful to consider how little the succession of editors has added to this author's powers of pleasing. He was read, admired, studied, and imitated, while he was yet deformed with all the improprieties, which ignorance and neglect could accumulate upon him; while the reading was not yet rectified, nor his allusions understood; yet, then, did Dryden pronounce, that Shakspeare was the man, who, of all modern, and, perhaps, ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul, all the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily; when

he describes any thing, you more then see it, you feel it too. Those, who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned: he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say, he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is, many times, flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is, always, great, when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say, he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not, then, raise himself above the rest of poets,—Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.—

Notwithstanding the great length, to which this essay has been, already, extended, I cannot refrain from noticing an instance of the *infallibility* of *criticism* which, at this moment, occurs to me. The well known epitaph upon Joshua Barnes, the Greek Professor, at Cambridge, and the Editor of Homer, has been declared by many very profound critics, to have been written by Bentley, because, it is altogether in Dr. Bentley's severe, but happy manner, and, also, because the words—"felicis memoriæ *expectans vero judicium*,"—particularly apply to Barnes, whose *memory* was, indeed, very retentive, but whose judgment was as thick as Tewkesbury mustard. The thought, however, is of more ancient date than is the period, either, of Bentley's critical celebrity, or of Barnes' renown for strength of memory. Scuderi, in his remarks on the *cid* of Corneille, cites an epitaph, containing, precisely, the same sentiment, which he applies to the French dramatist for a supposed deficiency of judgment in that celebrated piece. The epitaph runs thus:

Sous cette casaque noire
Repose paisiblement
L'Auteur d'*heureuse memoire*,
Attendant le *jugement.*

Scuderi says, the lines were originally written not on a *dead* but a *sleeping* man; Voltaire, somewhere observes on this passage,—that it is very amusing to behold Scuderi considering Corneille, as one *wanting judgment.*

To conclude, I, by no means, wish to be understood, as desiring to decry *true criticism*, which I consider to be one of the most useful and honourable exertions of the human intellect; but, merely, to deprecate the general use of those heavy and miserable commentaries, which serve no other purpose, than to bury the beauties of a writer beneath a mountainous mass of dulness, and to prevent our children from profiting by the productions of the best writers of all antiquity. Any note or commentary, that can serve to instruct or to amuse the reader, is a valuable acquisition to the commonwealth of letters.

Far be it from me, while I wish to see Virgil's page plain and unadorned, in its native elegance and simplicity, unobscured and undebased by the voluminous and tedious notes of the laborious Heyne; and while I desire not to have my eye offended by the sight of Blair's crude and superficial lectures on rehetoric, to say ought but what savours of respect for Bishop Hurd's commentary on Horace, and for S. Johnson's criticisms on the British Poets.

SECOND SECTION.

MEN AND WOMEN.

A MORAL TALE: BY THE WANDERER.

(Continued from Vol. iii. *No.* 2. *page* 90.*)*

EDWARD travelled onward in silence, brooding over the distress, which had hitherto awaited this innocent family, and darkly anticipated the hour, when the clouds of misery, that hung over their devoted heads, were to burst in thunder and in storm, over-whelming all their hopes, in one rude crash of desolation. His mind was in a gloomy mood; no hope displayed her light, but despair shrouded his soul; nor did the face of the country present ought to disperse the shades of heaviness, which darkened all his heart, and made the currents of his life flow all drearily in their channels. Every step which he took, for many a weary mile onward, the surrounding country assumed a more and more naked appearance. Here and there a few miserable firs laboured against the unfruitfulness of the soil, and the inclemency of the climate; but they laboured in vain, even to uplift their hardy heads unto the skies; they drooped in desponding lowliness, and were shorn of all their leafy honours. The vallies were barren, and the mountains desolate, not even covered with heath, but rough, and rude, and irregularly grouped, as if they were the mere reliques of the great chaotic mass, which had furnished the materials for the creation of this world.

Edward, now, turned due westward over the mountains: the rain descended upon him in torrents, so that, in a few minutes, he was completely drenched. The country was quite desolate; the mountains were clearly perceptible at their base, their middle regions were wrapped in clouds, but their tops were free from all mist and obscurity; a few straggling, solitary, scattered trees shewed their blasted and diminutive forms; on both sides rough, ragged rocks were piled

up, in dreadful irregularity, and in diversified masses, on each other, 'till they reached the sky.

All this while, the rain continued: the heavens had been dark and gloomy for some time past, and, presently, the storm came lowering on upon thick masses of clouds, 'till down it fell, and made the torrents tumble from a thousand hills, deafening Edward with their continued roar. The dead pause and the universal silence, immediately before the storm burst, was truly terrific.

" 'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all,
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but, as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the mind,
The light'nings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise extends, 'till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still,
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze;
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar
Enlarging, deepening, mingling peal on peal,
Crash horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.
Down comes the torrent; and, wide rent, the clouds
Pour a white flood, and yet, its flame unquenched,
Th' unconquerable light'ning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage."

Unutterable, indeed, were the emotions of solemn awe, and of terrible pleasure, which filled Edward's soul, when he saw the continued streams of lightening wheel their vivid course through the divided clouds, and heard the thunder burst in frequent peals over his head, and its deafening echoes reverberated from rock to rock. If ever the human heart is lifted up unto God in the fervour and the purity of devotion,

it is amidst such scenes as these, where it witnesses the mightiness of his power, and prostrates itself with all humility, before the throne of *Him*, that killeth and maketh alive; that abases the proud, and exalteth the lowly.

To Edward, whose temperament was peculiarly the temperament of sensibility, and impetuous ardour, such scenes were full of the most awful delight; to him old Scotia's

> " Lonely wastes and frowning skies
> " Were all with rapture fraught;
> " He heard with joy the tempest rise
> " That wak'd him to sublimer thought."

At length, the rain ceased, and Edward arrived at the brow of a mountain, which commanded a most extensive prospect. The colours in the sky were so various and vivid, and the clouds so streaked and tinged with the mingling shades of azure, gold, and crimson, as to present a picture beyond all power of expression enchanting. It seemed as if he had been borne by a magic wand into a fairy land. A few moments before, all around him was dark and terrific; now, he saw nothing but cheerfulness and delight; the fair face of heaven was dressed in the most alluring smiles of loveliness and of gaiety.

> " As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
> Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
> Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands
> A purer azure: through the lighten'd air
> A higher lustre, and a clearer calm
> Diffusive tremble, while as if in sign
> Of danger past a glittering robe of joy,
> Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
> Invests the fields, and nature smiles reviv'd."

Edward proceeded on his journey, and when the enthusiasm of his imagination had subsided, found that he was wearied, faint, and heavy with the wet. He therefore sate down by the side of a rill, to allay his thirst, and to rest his frame.

He had not long laid himself down before there came by a decent, tho' very poor woman, with two little half-naked children who were more than three parts starved. They had taken shelter under the out-jutting of a rock, during the violence of the late storm.

The countenance of the woman was the countenance of one, that had, long since, shaken hands with happiness; it was deeply marked with the lines of anguish, and the furrows of despair. It had once been handsome; it was now haggard with grief and want, gaunt with misery and famine. She appeared to be about forty, and was clad in many coloured rags; but the rags were so nicely joined, that the garb made not an unseemly whole, even to the eye of the squeamish and the fastidious. Edward was neither one nor the other.

When she saw him reclining against the side of a hill, which over-hung a pure, bubling fountain of the clearest water, she expressed great compassion for his distress by a look of sympathizing tenderness, and, in a softened tone of benevolence and of kindness, offered him some bannoc and some butter, which she took out of a broken bason, that was wrapped in an old rag. The bannoc was blacker than Edward's hat, and about the size of a small plate; the butter was nearly as large as his thumb; it was all the provision, which the poor woman had; but she offered it *all* to her fellow-creature in distress, altho' she and her babes were perishing, and knew not where to procure another morsel of food when that little all was consumed.

This effort of liberality in a poor creature, who was, together with her little babes, actually perishing by peace-meal from starvation roused Edward's curiosity to know something of her history. He, therefore, declined, her proffered food, as not being hungry, but only wearied; and desiring her to sit down by his side, he began to tell her some of his late adventures during his route, particularly, his danger at Tunnel bridge, and by the side of Loch Tay, when the highlander examined his person. All this wrought the desired end; the woman listened most attentively to his tale, which beguiled her of an abundance of her sobs, and tears, the offspring of her compassion for the young laddy's sufferings.

His apparent frankness of communication entirely won her confidence,and she related to him her own little story thus : that she was born in Glasgow, where she had married a weaver, and, during his life, had lived decently and in comfort; that about three years since her husband died, from which fatal period she had gradually descended from a state of plenty and of contented happiness to the very dregs of famine and of misery ; that by labouring in the fields for the farmers, in the summer, and by spinning in the winter, she had earned the bare means of existence for herself and her little ones, till all her house-hold furniture was sold, and nearly all her clothes gone ; when, about eleven months since, she was turned out of her house by the land-lord for an inability to pay the rent, and had, now, no where to lay her head.

Being, then, also, ill, and unable to work, she was in danger of perishing from want, for she could obtain no means of support. And having in Glasgow, her native city, solicited the cold hand of charity in vain, she, as soon as she had recovered sufficient strength to move, together with her babes, had set out for the highlands, where they wandered from hut to hut, entirely dependent on the bounty of the highlanders, whose generosity was such, that they always shared their scanty morsel with the stranger, who was in distress.

This was the woman's artless tale, which she went through with much steadiness and composure, till she cast a look of hopeless anguish on the wan, emaciated countenances of her famished babes ; and this was more than she could bear ; her bosom heaved with convulsive sobs, and she burst into an agony of tears ; which, however, she endeavoured to repress, at the eager entreaty of her little children, who implored their mammy not to cry, and tried all in their power to comfort her, by taking hold of her gound, looking wistfully and affectionately into her face, and telling her that God was good, and would help her.

The scalding drops of brine ran down Edward's cheek, as he viewed this passing picture of human misery. After a while, the woman grew more composed, and earnestly desired, that he would accept her proffered food, because she was sure, that he must want it, as he had been so completely dren-

ched by the rain, and looked so pale and faint; and, that, probably, she should be able to procure a morsel of food before sun-set from some hospitable highlander. Edward thanked her for her kindness, but declined all acceptance of the food, because he did not need it.

He, then, put his hand into his pocket, and found that he had two loose pieces of money, which he took out and gave one to each of the children. The mother recoiled back a few paces; a faint and momentary suffusion rose on her wan and faded cheek; she said—my dear young gentleman, I cannot consent to this; I shall never forgive myself if I am the cause of any mischief befalling you, by depriving you of all your money.—Edward replied, that it was not all his money, and requested it as a particular favour, that she would permit her children to accept this little present at his hands. The children smiled, and their eyes sparkled, while they looked upon the glittering surface of the metal; the mother, with her eyes bathed in tears, poured out a profusion of blessings and thanks, from which Edward escaped with all possible speed, bidding the woman and her babes fare-well.

He felt a sickness at the heart not to be described at the contemplation of the scene of anguish, which he had just witnessed; and all around was in unison with his feelings; for all around was gloomy and cheerless. The country was barren, rough and rugged, and the sun in vain, endeavoured to dispel the mountain-mist, which hung in murky sullenness on thehills, and slowly floated on the vales beneath.

He had not travelled onward far, before he obtained a view of Loch Lomond, which displayed in every feature, the bold magnificence of that plastic power, by which all things were created. The torrents were gushing from all the hills, that reared their bare, erect, and rugged heads unto the clouds; the banks of the lake were fringed with wood; the road as it wound itself among the hills, now discovered a small portion of the loch; then suffered a broad expanse of waters to burst upon his sight; and anon hid all the beauties of this wisard stream from his inquiring eyes; the mist that hung round the summits of the mountains, on which it floated in all the majesty of darkness, heightened the sublimity of this enchanting scene.

1

" What various scenes thy winding waves behold,
As bursting from their hundred springs they stray;
And down the vales, in sounding torrents roll'd,
Seek, to old ocean's bed, their mazy way.

2

" Here dusky alders, leaning from the cliff,
Dip their long arms, and wave their branches wide.
There, as the loose rocks thwart my bounding skiff,
White moon-beams tremble on thy foaming tide.

3

" Flow on ye waves, where nature's wildest child
Frowning incumbent o'er the darken'd floods,
Rock rear'd on rock, on mountain mountain pil'd,
Ben Lomond sits, and shakes his crown of woods."

Edward roved onward, till he approached the town of Dunbarton, when he saw a little before him on the road, a *volunteer* officer, dressed in his full military suit, walking on leisurely, and with many an affected gesticulation, holding a parasol in his hand, to shade his dear face from the sun. As this hero appeared to be an egregious coxcomb, Edward determined to banter him; he, therefore, quickened his pace, in order to come up with this be-powdered, be-essenced little gentleman; the whiffs of lavendar-water and burgamot came floating towards him, on the gales that blew, in great abundance from his white handkerchief, which, ever and anon, he gave his nose, while his head was holden fantastically on one side, as if reclining on his left shoulder.

When Edward passed by him, he bowed bare-headed to the very ground, almost to prostration, before this small self-idolater. This manœuvre had the desired effect; it puffed up the soldier still more than usual, with the notion of his own fancied importance, and he called out, in an effeminate, but insolent tone—Fellow! what are you, and wither are you going?—Edward—I am a poor American, your excellent honour; I am going to Glasgow, and please your sweet reverence; and I came from Tarbut, your honour's good worship.—This thrusting in of absurd titles, as if in admiration

of his superior rank and consequence, inflated the little military puppet most marvelously, and he called out sharply,—That will not do for me; I have the honour of being a captain in the —— regiment of volunteers, commanded by the honourable C——, the eldest son of Lord G——, and know you to be a spy and a traitor, and will have you hanged up at the next town.—Edward—May it please your majesty's great excellence, I am no spy, if you please, but only a poor traveller, that has been seeing the beauties of the country.—Oh ho! I have caught you, have I?—cried the soldier—and what can a poor traveller want to see in the country? I am, myself, a gentleman, and descended from a good family, and yet I never wanted to go and see a beautiful country; if you are not a spy what are you, Sirrah? are you very poor?—Edward—Yes, Sir.—Officer—Then get you gone for an impudent rascal, in daring to speak to a gentleman, like me; you may think yourself well off, that I do not have you hanged up at the next town.

Saying which, he was going off, down a green lane, that led away from the river—but Edward stepped up to him briskly and putting on his hat, with one hand, while he flourished his cudgel in the other, said—Sir, altho' your conduct to me has not been such, as to deserve any kindness, yet I will not leave you, 'till I have endeavoured to teach you a useful lesson. I am a human being, your fellow-creature, and, therefore, entitled to your civility, at least, until I forfeit that title by my own ill behaviour; and, as a stranger, I have a double claim upon your kindness. But you have treated me more brutally than an untutored savage would treat his dog; a soldier, Sir, ought to be the ornament of his country in the time of peace, as well as her bulwark during the hour of battle. I see, very well, by that bridle and toss of your head, and that uneasy fidget of your body, together with the ghastly contortions of your countenance, that you fancy yourself offended at the freedom of my language, and wish to appear indignant at my presumption in thus addrescing one, who gives himself credit for being greatly my superior. But you need not give yourself any airs; put your hand, immediately, from off the hilt of your sword, or I shall

be under the necessity of throwing you into that river there, which will discompose the order and the œconomy of your pulverized locks; will soil your fine, glossy regimentals; and give such a shock to your nerves, as will disqualify you from holding that pretty parasol in your hand, to prevent the sun-beams from tanning your delicate complexion. Or, in order to complete what you have begun, and to shew, that your understanding is equal to your humanity, you will do well to go to Dunbarton, and inform the magistrates, that a bloody-minded French spy is on his way to set fire to the town, and carry off the castle and all its curiosities in his waistcoat pocket. By which means I shall be secured before I can commit any mischief, and you will be applauded as the diligent and sagacious servant of a wise and a benevolent government, whose machinery cannot fail of moving regularly and well, while it has such wheels, as you, to keep it in motion.

Edward now left the noble captain to reflect at leisure upon the scene, which he had witnessed, and strode onward; and, as he proceeded, he said mentally—surely this little officer is not particularly calculated to oppose the progress of that warrior, who is haughty from the desolation of Marengo, and red with the blood of unresisting Egypt.

To be continued.

THIRD SECTION.

AMERICAN LITERATURE REVIEWED.

SALMAGUNDI, *or the Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq. and others.* New-York, printed and published by D. Longworth, at the Shakspeare Gallery—1807.—1 Vol. 12mo. pp. 188.

THE design of this publication is to ridicule the follies, and laugh at the prevailing fashionable absurdities, literary, political, and personal, of our good citizens, and their worthy wives, daughters, sisters, mothers, and grand-mothers. This design is executed with so much spirit, wit, genius, elegance, and humour, as to place the Salmagundi on the same height of excellence with the effusions of Rabelais, of Swift, of Addison, and Voltaire. It seems superfluous to transcribe any passages from a book, which is undoubtedly, in the hands of every lover of merriment and gaiety; neither is it an easy task, to select from such an abundant assemblage of sportive excellence those periods, which might be deemed to stand pre-eminent for their keenness and brilliancy. One specimen however of the Salmagundi's talent at covering the impotent exertions of stupid absurdity with ridicule, we shall insert, although we do, in our most serious and solemn apprehension, think that the measures of *political idiocy*, at which our author laughs, are calculated to raise *no light* emotions in the bosom of any one, who feels for the best interests of America, for *those interests*, which a knavish and a cowardly system has laid prostrate in the dust, and polluted with infamy and degradation. At page 179, Mustapha Rub-A-Dub Keli Kahn, thus instructs the Moslems in the mysteries of our *state-œconomy*.

" I have, before, told thee, that nothing can be done without consulting the sages of the nation, who compose the assembly, called the Congress. This prolific body may, not improperly, be termed the mother of inventions; and a

most fruitful mother it is, let me tell thee, though its children are, generally, abortions. It has, lately, laboured with, what was deemed, the conception of a mighty navy.—All the old women and good wives, that assist the bashaw, in his emergencies, hurried to head-quarters, to be busy, like the midwives, at the delivery.—All was anxiety, fidgeting, and consultation; when, after a deal of groaning and struggling, instead of formidable first rates and gallant frigates, out crept a litter of sorry little *gun-boats!* These are most pitiful little vessels, partaking vastly of the character of the grand bashaw, who has the credit of begetting them,—being flat, shallow vessels, that can only sail before the wind,—must always keep in with the land,—are continually foundering, or running ashore; and, in short, are only fit for *smooth water*. Though intended for the defence of the maritime cities, yet the cities are obliged to *defend them;* and they require as much nursing as so many ricketty bantlings. They are, however, the darling pets of the grand bashaw, being the children of his dotage, and, perhaps, from their diminutive size, and palpable weakness, are called the "infant navy of America." The act, that brought them into existence, was almost deified by the majority of the people, as a grand stroke of *œconomy*. By the beard of Mahomet, but this word is truly inexplicable!"

"To this œconomic body, therefore, was I advised to address my petition, and humbly to pray, that the august assembly of sages would, in the plenitude of their wisdom, and the magnitude of their powers, munificently bestow on an unfortunate captive a pair of cotton breeches! "Head of the immortal Amrou,—cried I,—but this would be presumptuous to a degree,—what! after the worthies have thought proper to leave their country naked and defenceless, and exposed to all the political storms that rattle without, can I expect that they will lend an helping hand to comfort the *lower extremities* of a solitary captive?"—My exclamation was only answered by a smile, and I was consoled by the assurance, that, so far from being neglected, it was every way probable my breeches might occupy a whole session of the divan, and set several of the longest heads together by the ears. Flattering as was the idea of a whole nation being agitated about my breeches, yet, I own, I was somewhat dismayed at the prospect of remaining *in cuerpo*, until all the national gray-beards should have made a speech on the occasion, and given their consent to the measure. The embarrassment and distress of mind, which I experienced, was visible in my countenance, and my guard, who is a man of infinite good nature, immediately suggested, as a more expe-

ditious plan of supplying my wants,—a benefit at the theatre. Though profoundly ignorant of his meaning, I agreed to his proposition, the result of which I shall disclose to thee in another letter."

" Fare thee well, dear Asem;—in thy pious prayers to our great prophet never forget to solicit thy friend's return; and when thou numberest up the many blessings bestowed on thee by all-bountiful Allah, pour forth thy gratitude, that he has cast thy nativity in a land, where there is no assembly of legislative chatterers,—no great Bashaw, who bestrides a gun-boat for a hobby-horse,—where the word *œconomy* is unknown,—and where an unfortunative captive is not obliged to call upon the whole nation, to cut him out a pair of breeches."

It is necessary to note, that occasional inaccuracies in the language, and sins against grammar, occur in the Salmagundi, as the use of the verb " *set*" for " *sit*"—the word " *who*" for " *whom*," and some other negligencies of the same sort; which the gentlemen, who produce this work, are more especially bound to correct, and avoid, because, as there is now a conspiracy of all the dunces in the Union, with N. G. Dufief at their head, to wage perpetual war against *sense* and *grammar*, there is no other help for the cause of sound learning, than that those, who eminently excel in genius, wit, and taste, should always, both by precept and example, enforce the necessity of *grammatical accuracy*, as the only sure foundation, upon which good writing can rest.

There is yet another objection, which truth and justice compel us to make against the writers of the Salmagundi, namely, their frequent use of the words—" *God*,"—and—" *Devil*,"—expressions, that offend serious people, and certainly do not add any thing of wit, or force, or dignity, or eloquence, or delicacy, to literary productions.

Neither must it be forgotten, that all books are extensively and permanently valuable, in proportion as they contain the materials of *reflection*, and as they rouse the mind to *think*. It is of infinitely more importance, that we direct the mind how to turn its eye inward upon itself, to explore the hidden recesses of the heart, to discover the peculiar features of its own character, and to give a decided and a steady cast of conduct, than how to trace the ruins of Palmyra, or

to bring to light the entombed contents of the Egyptian Pyramids.

It is not the business of man perpetually to *laugh;* the natural exercise of *genius* is profound and comprehensive reflection; its aim is to exalt and soften the heart; to enlarge and strengthen the intellect, to shed abroad the light of truth and reason among the myriads of mankind;—but *wit*, which plays around the surface of the head, never touches the affections of the heart; it merely diverts the mind from solitary indolence, or listless vacuity, when the feelings are dormant, and passion lies supine; the mind, when unoccupied, is, for a moment, amused by a vapor, that floats before the fancy, and continually shifting its hue and colouring, happily, vanishes from sight, before a well-directed glance of the intellect perceives its futility. Wit is the mere sportive abandonment of a lofty mind, and pleases those, who witness it in others, as but an amusement, which gratifies the understanding, that cannot bear the labour of deep reflection, nor the unalloyed misery of an entire cessation of thought. And it will uniformly be found, that those who are perpetually aiming at wit, are the children of frivolity, and superficial intellect.

Wit is but the embroidery of mind, and never appears to so much advantage as when standing up on the ground-work of reason, and of argument, which give it vitality and strength, and brighten the lustre of its brilliancy. If Addison had written nothing but the humorous adventures, and had only described the harmless eccentricities of Sir Roger de Coverly, the Spectator would not have come down to us laden with applause and honour; and if S. Johnson had confined himself to delineating the characters of Squire Bluster and Ned Drugget, he would never have been ranked as the first and the greatest among the heroes of British Literature.

No general or lasting good is produced by the solitary, the unaided efforts of wit and humour; they are but the light-armed, straggling troops, that hover around the literrary camp, making slight and irregular irruptions into the quarters of the enemies of learning; the chief hope of success in the eternal contest of intellect and knowledge against

ignorance and stupidity, must ever rest upon the main body of reason and reflection.

Let the Salmagundi, therefore,continue to pour out its sportive effusions of wit and merriment upon the passing follies of the day; but let its authors also remember, that to minds, *such as theirs*, the effusions of merriment and wit are but the relaxations of a leisure hour, are but the unbending of the higher powers of the intellect; powers which, if directed by an elevated and an honourable ambition, must enable them to bind round their brows the never-fading wreathe of moral, political, and literary excellence. Let the *graver* hours of those men, who in their moments of gaiety, can give birth to a production which the wits of London and of Paris might be proud to own; a production, which often unites the broad banter of Swift with the more chastened and delicate humour of Addison, be devoted to exertions worthy of their more serious and more laborious study, and America might at no distant day, hail as the brightest ornaments of her senate and her bar, those striplings, whose wit has compelled her to laugh at the folly of her own children.

The Salmagundi itself cannot help, occasionally shewing to us, that its authors possess far higher powers, than the mere faculty of a rapid and a ludicrous association of ideas; it contains instances of the tender and pathetic, which prove that our wits can exercise as sovereign a sway over the softer and the better feelings of the heart, as they do over the risible muscles. With one specimen of this very interesting, and difficult mode of writing, we shall close our review of the Salmagundi, premising however, a few remarks as to the nature of the emotions raised in us by such effusions of the intellect.

To those who are in the habit of analysing their own minds, and examining their own hearts, it will readily appear, that few, if any dispositions of our nature are in themselves more grateful, and more directly tending to promote in us, virtuous and excellent inclinations, than that calm and tranquil melancholy, which often steals upon the children of sensibility and benevolence. In those moments our faculty of association, calls up to view those impressions, which in other days and other times, soothed the heart and imparted pleasure. The

exercise of the imagination upon the impressions, which have been made upon the senses, when in a state of high excitement, gives all that turbulence of delight, all that delirium of bliss, which are inseparable from the ideas of sublimity and grandeur; but we derive the charms of pleasing, ecstatic melancholy, *only* from the remembrance of the once dear feelings of the heart. In the exercise of the imagination our delight, principally, arises from a consciousness of superior mental energy and exertion; but in the still enjoyment of melancholy our bliss springs from the exercise of all the better and all the more tender feelings of the heart.

In this disposition of the mind the various impressions of different sensible objects are tinged by the medium, through which we behold them. In these moments the milk of human kindness overflows in our hearts; we compassionate the wicked, and forget their offences; we rejoice in the happiness of those arround us, and virtue becomes doubly endeared to us. Yet the emotions, arising from this frame of mind, so conducive to our happiness, and to the happiness of all who come in contact with us, can only be experienced by those, whose taste for pure and simple pleasures enables them to receive delight from the exercise of the finer feelings of the heart. When the mind is calm and tranquil, when all the turbulent and unseemly passions are lulled to repose; in those moments, and in those moments *alone*, the soul, attuned to these fine movements of acute and exquisite feeling, enjoys the rapture of melancholy. We can often produce this disposition of mind, by retiring from those objects, which abstract the mind from a consciousness of its higher powers, and giving ourselves up to those scenes, which awaken the imagination, and call the best affections of the heart into action. When we wander alone amidst those scenes, where nature asumes a mild and placid form, when beauty and grandeur are united with harmony, we are peculiarly disposed to indulge in the purest and most refined melancholy.

> " Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
> Of *Solitude* and *Melancholy* born,
> He need not woo the Muse, he is her scorn."

Did not the Salmagundi feel all the softened emotions of a pensive heart, when he penned the following touching and interesting sentiments?—

"To those whose habits of abstraction have let them into some of the secrets of their own minds, and whose freedom from daily toil has left them at leisure to analyse their feelings, it will be nothing new to say, that the present is peculiarly the season of remembrance. The flowers, the zephyrs, and the warblers of spring, returning after their tedious absence bring naturally to our recollection past times, and buried feelings; and the whispers of the full-foliaged grove fall on the ear of contemplation, like the sweet tones of far distant friends, whom the rude jostles of the world have severed from us, and cast far beyond our reach. It is at such times, that casting backward many a lingering look, we recal, with a kind of sweet-souled melancholy, the days of our youth, and the jocund companions who started with us in the race of life, but parted mid-way in the journey, to pursue some winding path that allured them with a prospect more seducing,—*and never returned to us again.* It is, then, too, if we have been afflicted with any heavy sorrow, if we have ever lost (and who has not)—an old friend, or chosen companion, that his shade will hover around us,—the memory of his virtues press on the heart, and a thousand endearing recollections, forgotten amidst the cold pleasures and midnight dissipations of winter, arise to our remembrance."

A Portraiture of Quakerism: taken from a view of the education and discipline, social manners, civil and political æçonomy religious principles, and character of the Society of Friends. By Thomas Clarkson, M. A. Author of several Essays on the slave trade. New-York: published by Samuel Stansbury, No. 111. Water-street. 1806. Southwick and Hardcastle, Printers. 3. Vols. 8 vo. pp. 1117.

NO man in his senses can expect that we should enter into the question of the Quaker-tenets being or not being, strictly conformable to the great and essential doctrines of Revelation, as they are delivered to us in the Scriptures. For Reviewers to lose themselves in the mazes of polemical theology would answer no other purpose than to slander their

own time in unprofitable controversy, and to disgust that public, for whose benefit they profess to labour; it would be sinking the general and impartial advocate for the cause of sound learning into a petty, peddling partisan of particular dogmas and opinions.

We shall, therefore, content ourselves with merely examining how Mr. Clarkson has executed the task, which he voluntarily imposed on himself. The present American edition is adorned with an engraving of the author, by Maverick of New-York; the engraving is executed with a spirit and fidelity, that do great credit to the artist, and confer no mean reputation on the rising excellence of the fine arts in this country. The design of the work before us is stated by Mr. Clarkson, as being, to give a view of " the moral history,, of the Friends, or Quakers; for which purpose he has entered very much into detail upon their moral education, their discipline, their peculiar customs, their religion, their great tenets, and their character; to which he has added miscellaneous particulars. Under the head of moral education Mr. Clarkson, who frankly acknowledges that he leans with some partiality to the Friends, whose tenets he admires, and many of whose personal characters he esteems and loves,—(and who is there that knows them, and does not love and esteem their amiable private life, and their public moral worth?)—specifies the amusements, which are allowed and prohibited, among the society; all those which they consider as having a tendency to endanger the principle of moral obligation, are forbidden, namely, among the bodily excercises, *dancing*, and the *diversions of the field;* among the mental recreations, *music*, *novels*, the *theatre*, and *all* games of *chance*. The reasons for this proscription of the above-mentioned mental and bodily amusements, are detailed with much minuteness, not to say tediousness, of which Mr.Clarkson is occasionally apt to be guilty; as he seems to possess rather an intellect *in detail*, than the power of generalizing, and compressing into a few general propositions and conclusions the result of a previous induction of particular facts.

Under the head of discipline the author treats, at large, of the mode, in which the society of Friends rgeulates its inter-

nal œconomy; namely, the management of the poor, granting certificates of removal to its members, hearing appeals upon various occasions, taking cognisance of the matrimonial schemes of its people, &c.—and, also, watching over and inquiring into the moral conduct of its members. This portion of the work now under review will be found very interesting to all those, who are not aquainted with the peculiar internal organisation of the very respectable and amiable society called Friends or Quakers; and it will, also, convey no little information to a very great body of the Quakers themselves.

Under the head of peculiar customs of the Quakers, Mr. Clarkson notices, and endeavours to defend the plainness and simplicity of their dress, their furniture, their language, their address, their manners, and conversation, their customs before, at, and after meals, their regulation as to the marriage-union among their members, their funerals, their occupations, their settlement of differences among themselves by arbitration, and their mode of managing their poor. This section of the work will afford a very sufficient harvest of satisfaction to those, who wish to be acquainted with the principles of the people, who are without the pale of membership.

Under the head of religion we are favoured with very much discourse on the Quaker-tenets as to the *Spirit*, the greatest part of which is, we will frankly confess, not very intelligible to us, because, if we comprehend the drift of Mr. Clarkson's statements, it seems, in a great measure, to supersede the authority of the Scriptures, *all* of which we firmly believe to have been dictated by the *Spirit* of God, and to contain the revealed will of God, which revealed will is the foundation of all moral obligation to men; is the only basis upon which our duty and obedience to the law of God can rest; and that from these Scriptures, we learn, that the *Spirit*, in whose influence and guidance all Christians believe, enables us to perceive the import and meaning of the laws and ordinances, which God has revealed unto man, in his book of life, and also empowers us to regulate our conduct according to those laws and ordinances

Under the article of religion, the author, also, notices the denial, on the part of the Quakers, of the doctrine of Election and Reprobation;—their notion as to the ministry of the gospel, their elders, their mode of worship, and their rejection of baptism and the Lord's supper. In treating upon these subjects, the arguments are often trite and commonplace, and the positions supported in a very rambling, desultory, and unconnected manner. Indeed, reasoning does not appear to be Mr. Clarkson's fort; he is undoubtedly an amiable, modest man, and has laboured, with success, to present to the public a more ample and a more minute account of the Society of Friends, than has ever yet appeared; and for this laudable effort he deserves, and will receive the gratitude of the public; but the moment that he attempts to take a comprehensive or a profound grasp of a subject, which involves a variety of complicated bearings and interests, his brain becomes giddy, his intellect is bewildered, and he eludes the pursuit of criticism by being utterly unintelligible.

Under the head of Great Tenets, we are presented with a view of the Quaker opinions, on civil government, their rejection of the interference of civil magistrates in matters of mere conscience, their rejection of civil oaths, their abhorrence of war, and their refusal to pay tithes.

This part of the book is, in general, conducted better than the fore-going sections on religion; the subject is more in the author's way, as more directly bearing upon the amiable qualities of human nature, to all which his heart vibrates in most strict accordance. It must not, however, pass unnoticed, that he annoys us with much childish trifling, in what he calls "a supposed conference with a superior being, who should reside in the planet nearest to us, and see war carried on by men no larger than the race of ants; his inquiry as to the origin of these wars, their duration, and other circumstancees; *supposed* answers to these questions. New arguments from this *supposed* conversation against war."—see vol. 3, p. 62—71.

Under the head of the Character of the Quakers, he considers their general character to be that of a moral people,—

their particular character to be that of benevolence to man in his temporal capacity ; and in his religious capacity ;—and of benevolence to brutes ; complacency of mind and manners ;—tender conscience ;—conduct founded on principle ;—independence of mind ;—courage in life and death ;—punctuality to words and engagements ;—deficiency in science and literature ;—superstition ;—freedom from obstinacy ; a money-getting spirit ;—an apparent want of animation and affection ;—freedom from evasiveness of speech, and slyness, and falsehood ;—the quaker women share in the virtues, but not the imperfections of the male friends ;—their public character, and how it influences their minds. In this part of the work, notwithstanding some repetition, to which the author is, at times, dismally prone, much ingenuity, and the most interesting benevolence and candour are shown ; particularly, in the remarks on the *female* Friends.

The last general head, bearing the title of Miscellaneous Particulars, is thus arranged ; we are informed that the Quakers are a happy people, and why ; that, as a Society, they have done good upon earth ;—that in England they are declining, in point of numbers, and why ;—that this declension is to be remedied by a *superior* education ;—then follow conclusory remarks, relating to those, who might have contemplated leaving the society ;—and to those, who might be called the world.

To Mr. Clarkson for his minute industry, and patient research, in collecting, and in publishing so many particulars, concerning a Society, which those love and esteem most, who know it best ; and which those only dislike, who are ignorant of their principles and character, we feel greatly indebted. He who expects to find in the " Portraiture of Quakerism," a bold and a comprehensive genius, an elevated and a daring imagination, profound and general reasoning, will be altogether disappointed ; for it contains, only a detail of particular facts and opinions, expressed with too much repetition, in a style, for the most part, plain and simple, seldom raised above mediocrity, and sometimes descending very nearly to the level of carelessness and vulgarity. We shall select two citations, as favourable specimens of the author's style ; the first will give

the reader an example of Mr. Clarkson's more elevated, the second of his ordinary mode of composition. 1 vol. p. 32—

"When the blooming spring sheds abroad its benign influence, man feels it equally with the rest of created nature. The blood circulates more freely, and a new current of life seems to be diffused in his veins. The aged man is enlivened, and the sick man feels refreshed. Good spirits and cheerful countenances succeed. But as the year changes in its seasons, and rolls round to its end, the tide seems to slacken, and the current of feeling to return to its former level. But this is not the case with the young. The whole year to them is a kind of perpetual spring. Their blood runs briskly throughout. Their spirits are kept almost constantly alive; and as the cares of the world occasion no drawback, they feel a perpetual disposition to cheerfuluess and to mirth. This disposition seems to be universal in them. It seems too to be felt by us all; that is, the spring, enjoyed by youth, seems to operate as spring to maturer age. The sprightly and smiling looks of children, their shrill, lively, and cheerful voices, their varied and exhilarating sports, all these are interwoven with the other objects of our senses, and have an imperceptible, though an undoubted influence, in adding to the cheerfulness of our minds. Take away the beautiful choristers from the woods, and those who live in the country would but half enjoy the spring. So, if by means of any unparalleled pestilence, the children of a certain growth were to be swept away, and we were to lose this infantile link in the chain of age, those who were left behind, would find the creation dull, or experience an interruption in the cheerfulness of their feelings, till the former were successively restored. The bodies as well as the minds of children, require exercise for their growth: and, as their disposition is thus lively and sportive, such exercises, as are amusing, are necessary, and such amusements, on account of the length of the spring, which they enjoy, must be expected to be long."—

In 3 vol. p. 366, Mr. Clarkson thus sketches the outline of the character of the Friends.

"The Quaker-character has been made up from the acknowledgments of others. It has been shewn that they are a moral people; that they are sober, and inoffensive, and quiet; that they are benevolent to man in his religious and temporal capacity; that they are kind and tender-hearted to *animals*," (qu is not *man* an *animal?*)—"that they do not make sacrifices of their conciences to others; that in political affairs they reason upon principle; that they are punctual to their

words and engagements; and that they have independence of mind and courage. Their character, as it is defective, has been explained also. It has been probed and tried by a proper touchstone. Appearances have been separated from realities. The result has been, that a deficiency in literature and science, and that superstitson, and that an undue eagerness after money, has been fixed upon a portion of them. The two former, however, it is to be recollected, are only intellectually defective traits, and may be remedied by knowledge. The latter, it is to be presumed, belongs rather to individuals, than to the society at large. But whatever drawbacks may be made from the perfect by the imperfect qualities that have been stated, there is a great preponderancy on the side of virtue. And where, when we consider the evil propensities of our nature, and the difficulty of keeping these in due order, are we to look for a fairer character? That men, as individuals, may be more perfect, both in and out of the society, is not to be denied. But where shall we find them purer as a body? And where shall we find a faulty character, where the remedy is more easily at hand?"

Essays, in a series of letters to a friend, on the following subjects: I.—On a man's writing memoirs of himself.—II.—On decision of a character.—III.—On the application of the epithet Romantic.—IV.—On some of the causes by which evangelical religion has been rendered less acceptable to persons of cultivated taste. By John Foster. Two volumes in one. Firt American from the third London Edition. Hartford: Printed by Lincoln and Gleason. 1807—1 vol. Crown 8vo. pp. 383.

IN the first Essay, on a Man's writing Memoirs of himself, Mr. Foster, shows the interest and importance, which every man bears in his own estimation;—and that in order to write interesting and beneficial memoirs of himself it is necessary, that a man resolutely discard all minute and impertinent detail, which relates only to temporary and local circumstances, and confine himself chiefly to the narration of those occurrences, opinions, thoughts and impressions, which have materially contributed to form the existing character of the man, be that character what it may. The rarity and the difficulty of sufficient *self-observation* to enable a man thus to develope his own character is clearly stated and forcibly illustrated. We

are instructed *how* to unfold the circumstances, which form the character, by recurring to and calling up those associations of feelings and impressions, connected with times, places, and events, that have at different periods of our lives, either strongly or tenderly interested us.

That tendency to misanthropy, which is so generally the inseparable companion of a powerful understanding, we are taught to correct or to destroy, by the mild influence of religion, whose power in forming and directing character is amply and strongly insisted upon. And lastly, we are instructed in what manner to write our own memoirs, so as to exhibit a faithful and an instructive picture of the human heart, in all its different bearings, connections, relations, and dependancies.

In the second essay on Decision of Character, the author states the vast importance and influence of decision upon all the events and incidents of life; and the miserable inconveniences, which, at all times, result from timidity and irresolution. The chief requisites of a decisive character are stated to be, making events, in a great measure, bend in subservience to the energy of our will;—and an undaunted firmness in marching steadily forward to the accomplishment of that will.

The advantages attending upon a decisive character are—that its passions are not wasted; that it is not liable to the petty interferences and the small advice of ordinary and mediocral human beings, whether male or female; that it secures and commands the coincidence and the co-operation of others in forwarding its own plans and designs; that its own resources are ample, and in a state of continual renovation.

The elements of which such a character is made up are—a frequent recollection of illustrious examples of decision in ancient and in modern times; in general—(the exceptions only confirm the rule)—a firm and a robust frame of body; complete confidence in its own judgment, far remote from the stupid obstinacy of a blockhead; a correct view of the comparative, the relative strength of the understanding of others, both with respect to the commensurability between them and itself, and between them as measured with each

other; a total absence from *indifference* about *any* thing, great or small; a strenuous and an ardent *will;* an incessant ruling passion presenting continual stimuli toward the undertaking and the execution of some great object:—

The dignity of a decisive character is very apparent, even when directed to the accomplishment of evil; but, when propelled to the forwarding of all the best interests of humanity, it shines with an exalted and a permanent lustre. This position is illustrated by well-selected examples; particularly, the benevolent direction of decision is exemplified in the philanthropist Howard, the outline of whose character is sketched with all the boldness and originality of a master.

Courage is also a constituent part of a decisive character; and that courage must be both personal, or physical; and moral or intellectual; and, where circumstances are favourable to the production of a religious character, the courage must be, also, spiritual, as in Daniel and Luther.

We can expect the formation of a decisive character *only* from the *combined* forces of all these several essential principles, working in full agreement for the entire accomplishment of all its comprehensive designs, and all its strenuous enterprises. Lady Macbeth, Richard the third, and Cromwell—(with *one* exception relating to the crown of England)—are cited as instances of steady and uniform decision of character.

The horrible mischiefs of decision, when directed to evil, are stated in an allusion to "the conquerors, despots, bigots, unjust conspirators, and signal villains of every class, who have blasted society by the relentless vigour which could act consistently and heroically wrong." And even when dignified by wisdom and integrity, decisive characters seldom appear *amiable*, because they *necessarily* and *unavoidably* exert much practical superiority over other human beings; whence they *ought* to endeavour to be mild and conciliatory in their manners and address to those of inferior understandings, with whom they come into contact. This, however, is very difficult, because it requires a terrible struggle and conflict for an impetuous, fervid mind, which darts with a lightning glance through a truth, in all its bearings, to wait for the tardy

operations ofan intellect, whose perception is dull, and whose imagination is cold as the frost of Caucasus.

Mr. Foster thinks that the men most distinguished for decision have not, in general, much *tenderness;* and that it is not easy to combine refined sensibility with a hardy, never-shrinking, never-yielding constancy; that it is almost of the essence of this constancy to be free from even the *perception* of fine and tender impressions; that, although this firmness consists partly in over-coming feelings, yet it may consist too partly in not having them. He adds, however, that to be tremblingly alive to gentle impressions, and yet be able to preserve, when the prosecution of a design requires it, an immovable heart, amidst even the most imperious causes of subduing emotion, is, perhaps, not an impossible constitution of mind, but it is the utmost and the rarest endowment of humanity.

There can be no doubt, that the *amiable* and the *great* qualities of human character are totally distinct and different in their nature; that the amiable qualities always imply some degree of weakness, and melt the heart to compassion, tenderness, and love; but that the great qualities always imply power, and create in the mind of the ordinary observer awe and terror. Yet should it never be forgotten, that acute and exquisite sensibility, fine and tender feelings of the heart are *always* inseparably united with great intellectual capacity, high and exalted mental energy. These finer feelings, indeed, might be, and often are, hardened, and perhaps entirely destroyed by our own vices, or by the cold-blooded, selfish cruelty of others; and he, who, in his infancy promised, by his tenderness and affection, to become another Howard, may, in the maturity of his manhood, degenerate into a Caligula or a Nero. The energies of the intellect also, may never be unfolded; the ignorance, or the stupidity, or the wickedness of those, who surround the child of genius, may agonize its feelings, and cause the giant capacities of its mind to slumber the sleep of death. The powers of genius, even under the most auspicious circumstances, are but very slowly unrolled, and with great difficulty ripened into that state of unbending hardihood, which

no menaces can affright, and which no dangers can appal. How, then, are they to be expanded amidst the chilling winds of unkindness and of ignorance, which gall the infants of the spring, and in the morn and liquid dew of youth, ere their buttons be unclosed, blast the promise of their early hope?

1

" For knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll,
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of their soul.

2

" Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen;
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.

3

" Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton *here* may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

But circumstances might, and, sometimes, do happen, where the amiable and the great, the dignified and the tender qualities meet in the same character; some few instances of this rare felicity of human excellence are adduced by Mr. Foster, who says, that we cannot help believing that such men as Timoleon, Alfred, and Gustavus Adolphus must have been very fascinating domestic associates, whenever the urgency of their affairs would allow them to withdraw from the interests of statesmen and warriors to indulge in the affections of men; most fascinating; for with a relative or friend who had any perceptions, all the value of their stronger character would be recognized in the gentler one; the man whom nothing could subdue, would exalt the quality of the tenderness which softened him to recline.

And notwithstanding the general and obstinate conspiracy of all the *middle-men*—(for a full explanation of this term see the Essay on the *utility of Block-heads*, in the 2d volume

of the Monthly Register, page 343)—both *civil* and *ecclesiastical*, in this city of New-York, and elsewhere throughout the union, against *classical* learning, in every shape; they, no doubt justly considering every attempt to cultivate a taste for the writings of the great masters of legitimate composition, as a direct libel upon the stupidity, the ignorance, and the pert, contemptible flippancy of them, the said *middle-men;* we shall venture to add to the instances of those whom Mr. Foster has cited, as combining the great and the amiable qualities in their own characters, that of Hector's parting-scene with Andromache, when the warlike hero imprinted the kiss of fatherly affection upon his infant son; the original, the *Greek* we shall transcribe, as a compliment to the taste and the discernment of the real scholars, the genuine men of letters, who are scattered over this country, in much greater numbers than the boobies, either on this, or on the other side of the Atlantic, in the drowsiness of their distempered dulness dream; and an *English* translation from Mr. Pope's version of Homer we shall insert for the edification and benefit of the *middle-men*, that they might be able to catch a faint and distant *guess* at the grandeur and beauty of the sentiments contained in that original language, which they affect to despise, because they have not sufficient brains to comprehend its structure, and its import.

Ως ειπων ου παιδος ορεξατο Φαιδιμος Εκτωρ.—
Αψ δ' ο παις προς κολπον ευζωνοιο τιθηνης
Εκλινθη ιαχων, πατρος Φιλου οψιν ατυχθεις,
Ταρβησας χαλκον τε, ιδε λοφον ιππιοχαιτην
Δεινον απ' ακροτατης κορυθος νευοντα νοησας.
Εκ δ' εγελασσε πατηρ τεφιλος, και ποτνια μητηρ.
Αυτικ' απο κρατος κορυθ' ειλετο Φαιδιμος Εκτωρ,
Και την μεν κατεθηκεν επι χθονι παμφανοωσαν.
Αυταρ ογ' ον Φιλον υιον επει κυσε, πηλε τε χερσιν,
Ειπεν επευξαμενος Διι τ' αλλοισιν τε θεοισι.—

Ye *middle-men* all, we can assure you, that the above lines are really, and *boná fide Greek*; and that the translation, which follows, is, as certainly, *English*.

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.

The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
And Hector *hasted to relieve his child,*
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
Then *kiss'd* the child, and lifting high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's pray'r.

Mr. Foster, however, thinks that the examples of decision *without*, are much more numerous than those of decision *with* tenderness; perhaps he is right;—yet we should remember that all decisive characters must, necessarily, appear in their public capacities, when acting on the great theatre of life, lofty and unbending, in order to execute those vast undertakings, upon the success or failure of which, very frequently the happiness or the misery of tens of thousands of their fellow beings depends; but that the world has seldom or ever an opportunity of beholding these great men at home, in the bosom of their family, by their own fire-side, where *alone* all the tender, endearing, and amiable qualities of the heart can be called forth into action; those who saw the late Lord Chatham withering the nerves of opposition by the lightning of his eye, and terrifying all his antagonists by the thunder of his eloquence in the British senate, did not know, that the same illustrious statesman was, in his domestic circle, an affectionate and an attentive husband, a kind and an indulgent father.

The celebrated Frederic the second of Prussia is adduced by Mr. Foster as a remarkable instance of decision *without* tenderness, and the well-known story of Zietern is told, as a confirmation of the truth of the position. As far as relates to the Prussian monarch the observation is correct. Voltaire described his royal friend with great brevity and accuracy, when, upon being asked what kind of man Frederic was, he replied, laying his hand upon a table, that stood near him,—the king of Prussia is like this marble-slab, *hard* and *polished*.

We are told that a decisive character is confirmed by—*opposition;*—by *early desertion*, giving, generally, a hard and a misanthropic cast of disposition;—by *success;*—and, in some instances, by a habit of associating with *inferiors;*—this last, however, produces a very vulgar and inferior kind of character.

The means of acquiring decision of character are stated to be,—a clear and comprehensive knowledge of the concerns before us;—the power of conclusive reasoning;—instant and energetic action;—noble and dignified objects of pursuit;—and a *conscientious* self-approbation of our own conduct.

The closing periods of this essay we cannot refrain from quoting:—

"I am sorry, and I attribute it to defect of memory, that a greater proportion of the illustrations, which I have introduced, are not as conspicuous for goodness as for power. It is melancholy to contemplate beings, whom our imaginations represent as capable, (when they possessed great external means in addition to the force of their minds,) of the grandest utility, capable of vindicating each good cause which has languished in a world adverse to all goodness, and capable of *intimidating* the collective vices of a nation or an age, becoming themselves the very centres and volcanoes of those vices; and it is melancholy to follow them in serious thought from this region, of which not all the powers and difficulties and inhabitants together could have subdued their adamantine resolution, to the supreme tribunal, where that resolution must tremble and melt away."

In the essay on the application of the epithet Romantic, Mr. Foster observes, that the language of *censure* is very unrefined;—that any *malignant block-head* can apply a cant word of reproach, which passes for the effusion of wisdom among his brother block-heads, and they all wag their foolish heads together at their own fancied superiority over the children of intellect and virtue; for the defects, whether real or imaginary, of men of genius, are always a wide source of consolation to dunces. Some instances of these cant words are adduced, as—*puritan*, which Mr. Foster considers as now *obsolate;* but we can assure him that the *block-heads*

of this country, whatever be the case in Britain, still rest their *sole* pretensions to wisdom on the endeavour to affix this name, as a term of reproach, to all those, who have more integrity and more understanding than themselves.

The word *romantic*, also, is now become of vague and undefined application in the mouth of every dunce, male and female, for the benefit of all those, whose plans and actions soar above the level of the narrow comprehension of the said female and male dunces. The word romantic is defined to be, *an ascendancy of the imagination over judgment;* and instances are given, as—an affectation of being born to some extraordinary and unnatural destination;—an incessant indulgence of absurd and incongruous schemes;—all the wild theories of *education*, that take the *perfectibility* of man, as their basis ;—plans of *equality*, in property and modes of life throughout the community ;—and the adventures and exploits of chivalry.

The *causes* of this romantic tendancy are stated to be,—an affected appetite for the *vast* and *grand*, despising all the common and ordinary duties and relations of life; which leads Mr. Foster to dissert vigorously against those species of compositions called *romances* and novels;—a sanguine imagination, that never calculates upon the applicability of means to produce a given end ; under which head are classed all the dreams of *civilizing savage man* by the light of the *new philosophy ;*—a proneness to attribute too much influence to *mere instruction*, instanced in the vain attempts of our visionary political reformers ;—for a practical commentary on this text look to France, and the blessings of her jacobin-revolution.

The best means of correcting this romantic disposition are —an appeal to the dictates of *past experience* ;—and resignation to the will of God.

The epithet romantic is often improperly applied to those, who take high examples of excellence for their own *imitation*, and who are singular in doing good ;—and the essay is concluded, by an earnest, and an affectionate exhortation, that we would continually and strenuously strive after the attainments of *wisdom* and *excellence;* because the schemes of eminent

personal acquirements are romantic, *only* when there is some fatal intellectual or moral defect in the mind, which has adopted them.

In the essay on some of the causes by which Evangelical religion is rendered unacceptable to persons of taste, Mr. Foster observes, that men of taste are generally averse from, or, at best, indifferent to *evangelism*, and proceeds to investigate the chief causes, that have produced this their repugnance and indifference. These causes are—that the religion of Christ mortifies their pride and arrogance; that their refined and cultivated notions are often shocked by the vulgar coarseness of pious and well-meaning, but dull and ignorant, christians; and by the whining cant and affected, barbarous phraseology of theologists, and sober, serious people, many of whom avoid all taste, and refinement in their thoughts, words, and actions, as if they were convinced, that the improvement of some of the highest and noblest faculties of the head, and some of the best and softest feelings of the heart, which God has given us, is a deadly sin;—and that the disposition of mind, which men of taste acquire from their study of the most approved writers, ancient and modern, such as Homer, the Greek Tragedians, Plutarch, Lucan, Virgil, Addison, S. Johnson, &c. &c. is, for the most part, opposite to that meek and lowly spirit of christianity, which the gospel enjoins; it being full of pride, and insolence, and hard, unyielding contempt for those of inferior intellectual attainments.

The language of Mr. Foster is occasionally careless, and sometimes coarse; but his general style is remarkable for strength, and simplicity; with frequent gleamings of imagination, and frequent touches of the tender and pathetic. His sentiments are beyond all praise, they indicate a powerful and a lofty mind, that devotes all its efforts towards the promotion of man's best interests, and the glory of our common Father, and our God.

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these miserable defects will never be avoided in this country, while the care of *editing* books devolves upon the *printer*, or the *printer's devil*, whose education is not, often, such, as to enable them to understand the meaning of *one* word, much less the meaning of *two words put together*. In Britain a book-seller seldom, or ever, ventures to publish a book, without employing a man of letters, and a scholar to superintend the correction of the sheets, as they pass through the press.

The chief characteristic excellencies of the book now before us are,—that it exhibits the great power of its author,—in tracing the secret workings, and the silent progress of the mind when labouring in conflict with itself;—in reasoning closely and conclusively, and arraying his arguments in the garb of a nervous and manly eloquence;—in occasional effusions of sarcastic irony;—and in frequent touches of the tender and pathetic.

As we most sincerely and seriously believe, that Mr. Foster's book cannot fail of producing very extensive and permanent benefit to all who carefully peruse it, we shall select some specimens of his powers of investigating the processes of the mind, of argument, irony, eloquence, and tenderness; in order to induce those of our readers, who are, as yet, unacquainted with its merits, forthwith, to procure and to study a book so full of lively interest, and so replete with valuable information.

As a specimen of his ability in tracing the secret actions of the mind, take the following citation. Vol. 1, p. 47.

"You would find, however, that those circumstances, by which even a man who had been presented from his infancy with the ideas of religion, could be elated into a contempt of its great object, were far from being extraordinary. They might have been met by any man, whose mind had been cultivated and exercised enough to feel interested about holding any system of opinions at all, whose pride had been gratified in the consciousness of having the liberty of selecting and changing opinions, and whose habitual assent to the principles of religion had neither the firmness resulting from decisive arguments, nor the warmth of pious affection. Such a person had, only, in the first place, to come into intimate acquaintance with a man, who had the art of *alluding* to a sacred subject, in a manner, which, without appearing like *in-*

tentional contempt, *divested* it of its *solemnity:* and who had possessed himself of a few acute observations or plausible maxims, not *explicitly* hostile to revealed religion, but which, when opportunely brought into view in connection with some points of it, tended to throw a slight degree of doubt on their truth and authority. Especially, if either, or both of these men had any decided moral tendencies and pursuits of a kind which christianity condemned; *the friend of intellectual and moral freedom* was assiduous to insinuate, that, according to the principles of reason and nature, at least, it would be difficult to prove the wisdom or the necessity of some of those dictates of religion, which must, however, he admitted, be revered, because divine. Let the mind have once acquired a feeling, as if the sacred system might, in *some* points, be invalidated, the involuntary inference would be rapidly extended to *other* parts, and to the *whole*. Nor was it long, probably, before this new instructor plainly avowed his *own* entire emancipation from a popular prejudice, to which he was kindly sorry to find a *sensible* young man still in captivity. But he had no doubt, that the deductions of enlightened reason would successfully appeal to every liberal mind. And accordingly, after, perhaps, a few months of frequent intercourse, with the addition of two or three books, and the *obvious* aid of all the recollected vices of *pretended* christians, and *pretended* christian churches, the whole venerable magnificence of revelation was annihilated. Its illuminations respecting the divinity, its miracles, its messiah, its authority of moral legislation, its regions of immortality and retribution, the sublime virtues and devotion of its prophets, apostles and martyrs, together with the reasoning of so many accomplished advocates, and the credibility of history itself, were vanished all away; while the *convert*, exulting in his disenchantment, felt a strange pleasure to behold nothing but a dreary train of impostures and credulity, stretching over those past ages, which lately were gilded with so divine a vision, and the thickest Egyptian shades fallen on that total vast futurity, which the spirit of inspiration had partially and very solemnly illuminated."——"As the ideas which give the greatest distinctness to our conception of a divine being, are imparted by revelation, and rest on its authority, the rejection of that revelation would, in a great measure, banish those ideas, and destroy that distinctness. We have but to advert to pure heathenism, to perceive what a faint conception of this being could be formed by the strongest intellect in the absence of revelation; and after the *rejection* of it the mind would naturally be carried very far back toward that darkness, so that some of the attributes of the deity would imme-

diately become, as they were with the heathens, subject of doubtful conjecture and hopeless speculation. But from this state of thought it is, perhaps, no vast transition to that, in which *his being*, also, shall begin to appear a subject of doubt; since the reality of a being is, with difficulty, apprehended, in proportion as its attributes are undefinable. And when the mind is brought into *doubt*, we know, it easily advances to *disbelief*, if to the smallest plausibility of arguments be added any powerful moral cause for wishing such a conclusion. In the present case, there *might* be a very powerful cause, besides that pride of victory which I have just noticed. *The progress in guilt*, which generally follows a rejection of revelation, makes it still more and more desirable, that no object should remain to be feared. It was not strange, therefore, if this man read with avidity; or even strange, if he read with something, which his wishes completed into conviction, a few of the writers, who have attempted the last atchievement of presumptuous man. After inspecting these pages a while he raised his eyes, and the *Great Spirit* was gone. Mighty transformation of all things! The luminaries of heaven no longer shone with *His* splendour; the adorned earth no longer looked fair with *His* beauty; the darkness of night had ceased to be rendered solemn by *His* majesty; life and thought were not an effect of *His* all-pervading energy; it was not *His* providence that supported an infinite charge of dependant beings; *His* empire of justice no longer spread over the universe; nor had even that universe sprung from *His* all-creating power."

Immediately after these words, at vol. 1, p. 51, follows a very fair instance of Mr. Foster's dexterity in wielding the weapon of sarcastic irony.

"Yet when you saw the intellectual course brought to this signal conclusion, though aware of the force of each preceding and predisposing circumstance, you might, nevertheless, be somewhat struck with the suddenness of the final decision, and might be curious to know what kind of argument and eloquence could so quickly finish the work. You would examine those pages with the expectation probably of something more powerful than *subtlety attenuated into inanity*, and in that invisible and impalpable state, mistaken by the writer, and willingly admitted by the perverted reader, for profundity of reasoning;—than attempts to destroy the certainty, or preclude the application of some of those great familiar principles, which *must* be taken as the *basis of human reasoning*, or, it can have *no basis*;—than suppositions, which attribute

the order of the universe to such causes as it would be ridiculous to pronounce adequate to produce the most trifling piece of mechanism ;—than mystical jargon, which, under the name of *nature*, alternately exalts almost into the properties of a god, and reduces far below those of a man, some imaginary and undefinable agent or agency, which performs the most amazing works *without power*, and displays the most amazing wisdom *without intelligence ;*—than a zealous preference of that part of every great dilemma, which merely *confounds* and *sinks* the mind, to that which *elevates*, while it *overwhelms* it ;—than a constant endeavour to *degrade*, as far as possible, every thing that is sublime in our speculations and feelings ;—or than monstrous parallels between religion and mythology.—You would be still more unprepared to expect on so solemn a subject, the occasional wit, or *affectation* of wit, which would seem rather prematurely expressive of exultation that the grand Foe is retiring."

One other specimen of Mr. Foster's powers of ironical satire, respecting the *rational* endeavours of our political *philosophists* to make man *perfect*, we shall transcribe from vol. 1, p. 198—note.

" In reading lately some part of a well written-book, published a few years since, I came to the following passage, which,though in connection indeed with the subject of *elections*, expresses the author's general opinion of the state of society, and of the means of exalting it to wisdom and virtue.—" The bulk of the community begin to examine, to feel, to understand their rights and duties. *They only require the fostering care of the Philosopher to ripen them into complete rationality*, and furnish them with the requisites of moral and political action." —Here I paused to indulge my wonder. The fostering care of a Philosopher !—Why then is not the philosopher about his business? Why does he not go and indoctrinate a company of peasants in the intervals of a ploughing or a harvest day, when he will find them far more eager for his instruction than for drink ? Why does he not introduce himself among a circle of farmers, who cannot fail, as he enters, to be very judiciously discussing, with the aid of their punch and pipes, the most refined questions respecting their rights and duties, and wanting but exactly *his* aid, instead of more punch and tobacco, to possess themselves completely of the requisites of political and moral action? The population of a manufactory is another most promising seminary, where all the moral and intellectual endowments are *so nearly* ripe, that he will seem less to have the task of cultivating them than the plea-

sure of reaping. Even among the company in the ale-house, though the Philosopher might wonder, to perceive a *slight merge* of the moral part of the man in the sensitive, and to find in so vociferous a mood that inquiring reason which, he had supposed, would be waiting for him, with the silent anxious docility of a pupil of Pythagoras; yet he would find a most powerful predisposition to truth and virtue, and there would be every thing to hope from the accuracy of his logic, the comprehensiveness of his views, and the beauty of his moral sentiments. But, perhaps, it will be explained, that the Philosopher does not mean to visit all those people in person; but that having first secured the *source* of influence, having taken entire possession of princes, nobility, gentry, and clergy, which he expects to do in a very short time, he will manage *them* like an electrical machine, to operate on the bulk of the community. Either way the achievement will be great and admirable; the *latter* event seems to have been predicted in that Sybilline sentence,—' when the sky falls, we shall catch larks.'!

Take the following, as an instance of close, and conclusive reasoning. Vol. 1, p. 44.—

"I will imagine only one case more, on which you would emphatically express your compassion, though for one of the most daring beings of the creation, *a contemner of God*, who explodes his laws by denying his existence. If you were so unaquainted with mankind, that this character might be announced to you as a rare or singular phenomenon, your conjectures, till you saw and heard the man, at the nature and extent of the discipline through which he must have advanced, would be led toward something extraordinary. And you might think that the term of that discipline must have been very long; since a quick train of impressions, a short series of mental gradations, within the little space of a few months and years, would not seem enough to have matured such supreme and awful heroism. Surely, the creature, that thus lifts his voice, and defies all invisible power within the possibilities of infinity, challenging whatever unknown being may hear him, and may *appropriate* that title of Almighty, which is pronounced in scorn, to evince his existence, if he will, by his vengence, was not, as yesterday, a little child, that would tremble and cry at the approach of a diminutive reptile. But indeed it is heroism no longer, if he *knows* that there is no God. The wonder, then, turns on the great process, by which a man could grow to the immense intelligence, that *can* know that there is no God. What ages, and what lights are requisite for THIS attainment! This intelligence

involves the the very attributes of divinity, while a God is denied. For, unless this man is omnipotent, unless he is, at this moment, at every place in the universe, he *cannot know* but there may be in some place manifestations of a deity, by which even *he* would be overpowered. If he does not know absolutely every agent of the universe, the *one* that he does not know, *may be God.* If he is not, *himself*, the chief agent in the universe, and does *not* know what is so, that, which is so, *may* be God. If he is not in absolute possession of *all* the propositions that constitute *universal truth*, the one, which he wants, *may* be, that there *is* a God. If he cannot with certainty assign the *cause* of all that he perceives to exist, *that* cause *may* be a God. If he does not know every thing that has been done in the immeasurable ages that are past, some things *may* have been done by a God. Thus, unless he knows *all* things, that is, precludes *another* deity by being *one* himself, he *cannot* know that the Being, whose existence he rejects, does *not* exist. But he *must* know that he does *not* exist, else he deserves equal contempt and compassion for the temerity, with which he firmly avows his rejection, and acts accordingly. And yet a man of *ordinary* age, and *ordinary* intelligence may present himself to you with the avowal of being thus distinguished from the crowd; and if he would describe the manner, in which he has attained this bad eminence, you would feel a melancholy interest in contemplating that process of which the result is so portentous."—

In vol. 1, p. 53—you will find the following strain of nervous and manly eloquence.

"In recounting so many influences that operate on man, it is grievous to observe that the incomparably noblest of all, *Religion*, is counteracted, with a fatal success, by a perpetual conspiracy of almost all the rest, aided by the intrinsic predisposition of our nature, which yields itself with such consenting facility to every impression tending to estrange it still further from God. It is a cause for wonder and sorrow, to see millions of rational creatures growing into their permanent habits, under the conforming efficacy of every thing, which they ought to resist, and receiving no part of those habits from impressions of the Supreme Object. They are content that a narrow scene of a diminutive world, with its atoms and evils, should usurp, and deprave, and finish their education for immortality, while the *Infinite Spirit* is here, whose transforming companionship would exalt them into his sons, and in defiance of a thousand malignant forces attempting to stamp on them an opposite image, lead them

into eternity in *his own* likeness. Oh why is it so possible that *this* greatest inhabitant of every place where men are living, should be the *last*, whose society they seek, or of whose being constantly near them they feel the importance? Why is it possible to be surrounded with the intelligent Reality, which exists wherever we are, with attributes that are infinite, and not feel, respecting all other things, which may be attempted to press on our minds and affect their character, as if they retained with difficulty their shadows of existence, and were continually on the point of vanishing into nothing? Why is this stupendous intelligence so retired and silent, while present, over all the scenes of the earth, and in all the paths and abodes of men? Why does he keep his glory invisible behind the shades and visions of the material world? Why does not this latent glory sometimes beam forth with such a manifestation as could never be forgotten, nor ever be remembered without an emotion of religious fear? And why, in contempt of all that he *has* displayed to excite either fear or love, is it still possible for a rational creature so to live, that it must finally come to an interview with *him*, in a character completed by the full assemblage of those acquisitions, which have separately been disapproved by him through every stage of accumulation? Why is it possible for feeble creatures to maintain their little, dependant beings, fortified and invincible in sin, amidst the presence of divine purity? Why does not the thought of such a Being strike through the mind with such intense antipathy to evil as to blast with death every active principle that is beginning to pervert it, and render gradual additions of depravity, growing into the solidity of habit, as impossible as for perishable materials to be raised into structures amidst the fires of the last day? How is it possible to forget the solicitude, which should accompany the consciousness, that such a Being is continually darting upon us the beams of observant thought,—(if we may apply such a term to omniscience)—that we are exposed to the piercing inspection, compared to which the concentrated attention of all the beings in the universe besides, would be but as the *powerless gaze* of an infant? Why is *faith*, that faculty of spiritual apprehension, so absent, or so incomparably more slow and reluctant to receive a just perception of the grandest of its objects, than the *senses* are adapted to receive the impressions of theirs? While there is a *Spirit* pervading the universe with an infinite energy of being, why have the few particles of dust, which enclose *our* spirits, the power to intercept all sensible communication with it, and to place them, as in a vacuity, where the sacred Essence had been precluded or extinguished?"

In vol. 1, p. 12, we are presented with the following sentiments, which none but an amiable and a tender heart could have produced.

"We may justly wonder how our minds could pass away successively from so many scenes and moments, which seemed to us important, each, in its time, and retain so slight an impression, that we have now nothing to tell about what once excited our utmost emotion. As to my own mind, I perceive that it is becoming uncertain of the exact nature of many feelings of considerable interest, even of later years; of course, the remembrance of what was felt in early life is exceedingly faint. I have just been observing several children of eight or ten years old, in all the active vivacity which enjoys the plenitude of the moment without looking before or after; and, while observing, I attempted, but without success, to recollect what I was at that age. I can indeed remember the principal events of the period, and the actions and projects to which my feelings impelled me; but the *feelings* themselves, in their own pure juvenility, cannot be revived, so as to be described and placed in comparison with those of maturity. What has become of all those vernal fancies, which had so much power to touch the heart? What a number of sentiments have lived and revelled in the soul, that are now irrevocably gone. They died, like the singing birds of that time, which now sing no more. The life that we then had, now seems almost as if it could not have been our own. When we go back to it in thought, and endeavour to recall the interests which animated it, they will not come. We are like a man returning, after the absence of many years, to visit the embowered cottage where he passed the morning of his life, and finding only a relic of its ruins."

And again, in vol. 1, p. 14, he shows his power of touching tenderly, yet deeply, the chords of the human heart.

"Places and things, which have an association with any of the events or feelings of past life, will greatly assist the recollection of them. A man of strong associations finds memoirs of himself already written on the places where he conversed with happiness or misery. If an old man wished to animate for a moment, the languid and faded ideas, which he retains of his youth, he might walk with his crutch across the green where he once played with companions, who are now probably laid to repose in another spot not far off. An aged saint may meet again some of the affecting ideas of his early piety in the place where he first thought it happy to pray. A walk in a meadow, the sight of a bank of flowers, perhaps,

even of some one flower, a landscape with the tints of autumn, the descent into a valley, the brow of a mountain, the house where a friend has been met, or has resided, or has died, have often produced a much more lively recollection of our past feelings, and of the objects and events which caused them, than the most perfect description could have done; and we have lingered a considerable time for the pensive luxury of thus resuming, if I may so express it, the departed state of our own minds."

"But there are many, to whom local associations present images, which they fervently wish they could forget; images which haunt the places where crimes have been perpetrated, and which seem to approach and glare on the criminal as he hastily passes by, especially, if in the evening or the night. No local associations are so impressive as those of guilt. It may here be observed, that as each one has his own separate remembrances, giving to some places an aspect and a significance, which he alone can perceive, there must be an unknown number of pleasing, or mournful, or dreadful associations, spread over the scenes inhabited or visited by men. *We* pass without any awakened consciousness by the bridge, or the wood, or the house, where there is something to excite the most painful or frightful ideas in the next man that shall come that way, or, possibly, the companion that walks along with us. How much there is in a thousand spots of the earth, that is invisible and silent to all but the conscious individual.

I hear a voice you cannot hear;
I see a hand you cannot see."—

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, in London, has honoured Mr. Foster's Essays with the foulest torrent of abuse and censure, that could be raked from out of the sink of its own puny and ineffectual malignity. The Gentleman's Magazine, as all the world knows, was first started by Cave, the book-seller, who raised it into reputation, by employing the talents and the learning of S. Johnson to support its claim to public applause and patronage. Johnson, whose very abberrations bore the stamp of a mighty mind, infused into the pages of this periodical publication, the doctrines of sound morality, the principles of just and comprehensive criticism, and examples of energetic and lofty composition. Such *was* the Gentleman's Magazine. But Johnson has long since, ceased to adorn its numbers with the illuminations of his intellect; and no successor has been found to follow in the footsteps of this giant of En-

glish literature. What the Gentleman's Magazine, therefore, now *is*, we may reasonably infer; but in order to appreciate its merits we need not have recourse to *inference*, *for that* critic and scholar, who now lives one of the brightest ornaments of British literature, has left upon record, for the information of all the remotest ages of posterity, his most decisive detestation of the execrable character, which this miserable spawn of dulness, ignorance, and malice has long borne, and now *bears*;—His words are these.

"Weston.—This indefatigable gentleman has been attacking the moral character of Pope in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, with all the virulence of Gildon, all the impudence of Smedley, and all the ignorance of Curl and his associates. What the views of the *immaculate Sylvanus*—(ie, the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine,)—may be in standing cap in hand, and complacently holding open the door of the temple, for near two years to this "*execrable*"—(such is the epithet applied to Pope by the virtuous indignation of this amiable traducer of worth and genius, this Weston!)—Erostratus, I know not. He cannot sure be weak enough to suppose an obscure scribbler, like this, has any charges to bring against our great poet, that escaped the vigilant malevolence of the *Westons* of the *Dunciad*. Or, if ever, from the natural goodness of his heart, he cherished so laudable a supposition, he ought, whatever it may cost him, to forego it: when, after twenty months, nothing is produced but an exploded accusation, taken from the most common edition of the Dunciad; which, as nothing but *Westonian* rancour could first make, so nothing but *Westonian* stupidity can now revive. It has been suggested to me, that this *nightman of literature* designs to reprint as much as can be collected of the heroes of the Dunciad.—If it be so, the dirty work of traducing Pope may be previously necessary; and prejudice itself must own, that he has shown uncommon penetration in the selection of the blind and outrageous mercenary now so laboriously employed in it. Whatever be the design, the proceedings are by no means inconsistent with the plan of a work, which may not unaptly be styled *The Charnel-house of Reputation*, and which, from the days of *Lauder* to the present, has delighted to asperse every thing venerable amongst us;—which accused Swift of lust, and Addison of drunkenness; which insulted the ashes of Toup, while they were yet warm, and gibbetted poor Henderson alive; which affected to idolize the great and good Howard, while idolatry was painful to him; and the moment he fell, gloriously fell,

in the exercise of the most sublime virtue, attempted to stigmatize him as a *brute* and a *monster!*"

MY POCKET-BOOK; *or hints for a "ryghte merrie and conceitede" Tour, in quarto: to be called "The Stranger in Ireland," in* 1805—*by a* Knight Errant.

———Animæ quales, neque candidiores
Terra tulit, neque queis me sit devinctior alter.
Motto for 4to from Horace.

Ne'er woman, child, nor full grown trav'lling man did
See land, that sprouted souls so meek and candid:
Baltic and *France* not *more* my love exacted
For just from each *one quarto* I've extracted!

New-York: printed for Ezra Sargeant, *No.* 39 *Wall-street, opposite the Branch Bank.* 1807.

THIS little book which, but a few months since, made its first appearance in London, the *American Editor* tells us, bears strong intrinsic marks of being the production of the pen of Mr. Canning, the present secretary for foreign affairs to his Britannic Majesty;—and, what is much more interesting to us, as anxious and zealous for the rising literary reputation of *this* country, that it also bears a striking resemblance to the effusions of our own *Salmagundi*, with whose spirit, taste, wit, and genius, we are all so highly delighted.

It is but justice, however, to remark, that the American Editor farther observes, that although Sir John Carr,—(whom the *ci-devant* lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the present Duke of Bedford, actually converted from a *simple* gentleman into a *Knight*, ie, made *Mr. John* Carr, into *Sir John* Carr, for having manufactured this very book, which is so keenly ridiculed in the pages now under review)—at whose *Stranger in Ireland* this *Pocket-Book* laughs so unmercifully, and so dexterously, is often quaint and affected in his style, tame and feeble in his jokes, flimsy and superficial in his remarks, and very dismally propense to bespatter every body and every thing, which he sees, feels, hears, touches, or describes, with the coarse and untempered daubings of uniform, and indiscriminating praise, yet that his book contains much pleasing information, and much of that light amusement,

which cannot fail to interest and to gratify the generality of readers.

With these sentiments of the editor we most heartily accord, and to prove, that our assent is not unfounded, we shall transcribe, as a specimen of the wit and humour of *My Pocket Book* the dedication of its Author.

" *Dedication to the Paper Manufacturers.*

GENTLEMEN!

To you I inscribe this work, which has certainly, in prospect, the advantage of our respective manufactories. I have often been actively employed in your service, and you have most essentially contributed to the *great* figure, which I have made in the world. Grateful myself, I cannot doubt your gratitude, and, please the book-sellers! we will, hereafter, do much more for one another.

" The place whence I date this dedication perpetually reminds me of the *Bank of England*, and the *present wealth** of this country, which, without a compliment stretched beyond the line of truth, have their foundation in your mills! To mention, after such an eulogium, your imperial, hot-pressed, wire-wove, *foolscap*, and other *becoming* virtues, would be idle: but let no author henceforth be ashamed of *the badge of all our tribe*,—RAGS!—since in them we behold the substance of the actual riches of the British Isles.

I am, *dear* gentlemen!
And shall ever be, while I have a drop of—ink in my horn,
Your devoted
KNIGHT ERRANT

* *Paper-Buildings*, March, 1807.

FOURTH SECTION.

COMMUNICATIONS.

AS the *Reviewing* department for this month has unavoidably occupied so much space in the present number of the Monthly Register, we must postpone the insertion of the concluding remarks of our friend *Exetastes* on the state of Engraving in America, to a future opportunity. For the very able and spirited comments on the law of *debtor* and *creditor*, as it now prevails in the state of Pennsylvania, which we have received from a much respected correspondent in the city of Philadelphia, we thus publicly announce our gratitude, and shall gladly give it a place in our pages, the moment that a convenient season occurs.

The following communication, however, we cannot refrain from inserting this month, for two most potent reasons ;—first because it is short ;—and secondly,because we desire most earnestly and sincerely, to compliment our friend *Blunderbuss*, who has long since, generously offered, and does now gratuitously give, and will always continue to volunteer his large *body* (to *mind* the *Great Blunderbuss* never pretended to lay any claim, for he is a mighty lover of *truth*, and mortally abhors all *false pretensions*, whether in himself or others,)—as a very convenient *butt*, at which every *wit* shoots his arrows, well-knowing that shooting poor Barnard through and through, is productive of no evil, because a thorough, genuine, true-born, home-spun, ready-made *Block-head* serves just as well for a *butt* to men of genius and learning, whether it be *full* or *empty*, *dead* or *alive*.

To the Editor of the Monthly Register, Magazine and Review of the United States.

SIR,

IF you will admit the following observations into your periodical work, you will greatly oblige me, and highly honour

and flatter your friend *Blunderbuss*, who tells me, that he is determined to give you every opportunity of laughing at him, that he can, because says he,—" I will continue to write on, and by my own efforts, and the aid of my *brother Boobies*, I will produce by degrees, a work, in which no imaginable *absurdity* and *nonsense* shall be omitted."

In order however that *Blunderbuss*, and his small friend *Timothy Turnspit* may be enabled to understand the *full-force* of the compliment, conveyed to the *heavy inditer of dismal doggrel*, I take leave to inform them, and your *other unlearned* readers, that philosophers have long disputed about the existence of a *plenum* and a *vacuum;* that is, whether all the universe be *full* of matter;—or there be some parts of it, which contain only *empty space*. This dispute is not yet ended on the other side of the water, though, happily, here, in America, all discussion on the subject is decidedly terminated. It is necessary, also, to inform Messrs. *Blunderbuss* and *Turnspit*, that *plenum* and *vacuum* are two Latin words; that *plenum* means, in English, *full*, and that *vacuum* signifieth—*empty*.

Tune, " O I am a *Blunderbuss*,"—Air, by the *Learned Pig*.

Of *plenum* much, and *vacuum* more,
Philosophers have taught;
And yet in spite of all their lore,
Their lessons teach us nought.

2

But Blunderbuss, whose skull is *lead*,
Past all dispute the question puts,
You'll find the *vacuum* in his *head*,
The *plenum* in his *guts*.

I have the honour to be,
Your obedient servant,

Boston, July 3, 1807. MORO-CLASTES,

which, being interpreted, for the benefit of *the mere English* reader, means,—*A Breaker-up of Block-heads;*—or as the original Greek has it,—*Fools*.

FIFTH SECTION.

HISTORY OF THE PASSING TIMES.

(Continued from Vol. 3—No. 2—p. 130.)

WE have next to notice as another, among the many flagrant proofs of the insolent conduct of that forlorn and degraded government, which calls its subjects, the Spanish nation, towards the people of the United States, whom the Spaniard oppresses and persecutes, because he considers himself as thereunto invited by the pusillanimous imbecility of our Executive, who wastes that time, which ought to be spent in decisive action, and in rendering America beloved at home, and revered abroad, in all the idle and childish sophistry of unintelligible and contemptible *verbiage*, the communications of the Governor of the Mississippi Territory to the Secretary of State.

Governor Williams, in a letter to the Honourable James Madison, dated Missisippi Territory, town of Washington, 14th September, 1806—says, that he encloses in his letter eleven affidavits, certifying as to *some* of the outrages committed by the Spaniards, within the territory, entrusted to his jurisdiction; that he has taken certain steps to gain redress for these wrongs;—that he sent a messenger with his letter to Governor Grand Pre, but that his messenger had not returned, although he was requested, and had undertaken to be back by the morning of the date of the American Governor's letter. Mr. Williams, then, grows vigorous, and patriotic, declaring, that if he is to *risque* any thing on this occasion, it shall be in defence of the liberties and the prosperity of the citizens, and in support of the *honour* and *independence* of his *government;* and he hopes that the measures taken and devised by him will not be found adverse to the views of the executive, or to the interests of the United States.

The affidavits, eleven in number, and all relating to the taking of the Kempers, it is needless to insert. These documents were referred to the consideration of Mr. John Randolph, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. John C. Smith, Mr. Mumford, Mr. Williams of South Carolina, Mr. Bidwell, and Mr. Brown.

A brief abstract of Governor Williams' letters to Mr. Madison shall be given, in order to show the promptitude of dispatch, and the *energy*, with which *efficient* measures are always taken by every member of our present *Jacobin* administration from the executive down to the lowest officer of our government, through all the ramifications of ministerial courage and ministerial capacity.

In a letter bearing date, Town of Washington, Missisippi Territory, September 6th, 1805, and addressed to his excellency Charles de Grand Pre, Governor Williams, says,—he has been informed that a number of armed men, subjects of the king of Spain, on the 3d instant, entered the territory committed to his, Mr. Williams' care, in the neighbourhood of Pinckneyville, and there forcibly seized three persons, by the names of Kemper; abused them most inhumanly, tied and carried them into the Spanish territory, and threatened considerable outrages to others in the same neighbourhood, which conduct,—Governor Williams *hints*,—does not comport with that good understanding and friendly disposition *supposed* to exist between the governments of the United States and Spain; neither is such a conduct to be tolerated by a government—(meaning the *Jefferson administration*) —which is influenced in *all* its relations with others, by a regard to *justice* and *national* faith, especially, one so ample in *resources*—(namely *gun-boats* and *Presidential proclamations*.—Oh these paper-quillets of the brain! how efficacious are they in repelling the insults of the *British ships*, which hover round our coasts, and murder our citizens;—and in punishing the impertinence of the *Spanish Jackall*, that bides the bidding of his imperial lord, and tramples beneath his polluted hooves the national honour of what once *was*—America!) to do justice to itself, and to command *respect* from others, as the United States.

This letter,—adds the effectual Governor Williams,—this letter, Sir, is dispatched to you by a *special* messenger, in order that your excellency may be speedily advised of this *unaccountable—(how unaccountable*—will not the *uniform* conduct of the Washington cabinet, since the year 1800, *account* for *any* violence and aggression that *has been*, or *is*, or *shall be*, offered to the territory and the citizens of the United States) —transaction, and provide against *similar* outrages, and their consequences; as, also, to afford *me*,—(ie, Governor Williams)—some explanation of the one, which has given rise to this letter.—Whereupon, Mr. Williams signs himself *with great respect*, &c. &c.

And to shew, that the *energy* of Governor Williams is not, like that of his great master, confined entirely to *words*, he, forthwith, indites the following letter.—The Governor of the Missisippi Territory to Lieutenant Wilson, commandant at Point Coupée,—Washington, M. T. Sept. 9, 1805.

Sir,—I this moment received your dispatch, dated the fifth instant, informing me of your having taken and confined a Spanish party, which had on the night of the 3d instant, forcibly taken from this territory, the three Kempers, whom the party had in their possession, when you took them. Your conduct, Sir, on this occasion, merits approbation, as far as I am informed of it.

I *request* that you will, with all possible dispatch, have conveyed to this territory the whole of the offending party to be delivered over to the civil authority; also the Kempers. I *request* you will deliver them at Fort Adams, where further orders will remain. Captain Sparks has informed me the reinforcement he sent you, will act, also, as a guard for the above purpose. I enclose for your information the copy of an order, which I have this day issued, in consequence of these outrages, and others committed eastwardly from Pinckneyville.

Thus endeth the letter of his Excellency, R. Williams, the Governor of the Missisippi Territory, to Lieutenant Wilson, commandant at Point Coupée.

(To be continued.)

MONTHLY LIST

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS; OF WORKS IN THE PRESS; AND NOTICES OF WORKS ANNOUNCED.

ORIGINAL WORKS.

The Voice of Truth; or Thoughts on the affair between the Leopard and Chesapeake. In a Letter from a gentleman at New-York to his friend.—"Tros, Tyriusve, mihi, nullo discrimine agetur."—8vo. pp. 55. 50 cents. New-York, J. Osborn.

The "Ænigmas of C. Symposing," by Lucius M. Sargeant. Boston, Belcher & Armstrong.

The Parnassian Pilgrim, or the posthumous works of the late Mr. William Lake, with a sketch of his life. Hudson, H. Croswell.

A Sermon preached in Putney, (Vt.) June 15, 1807. at the ordination of the Reverend Elisha D. Andrews, over the congregational church and charitable christian society in that town.—By Joseph Lathrop, D. D. pastor of the church in West-Springfield. Brattelborough, Vt. Wm. Fessenden.

Militia Law of Maryland; to which is affixed, Baron Steuben's Manual Exercise—price 25 cents. Baltimore, Warner & Hanna.

The Decrees vindicated: or reconciled with Free Agency and Accountability. By John W. Smith—"And as many as were ordained to eternal life believe."—*Acts* 13, 48. Poughkeepsie, Nelson & Son.

Pieces of Irish history, illustrative of the condition of the Catholics of Ireland, of the origin and progress of the political system of the United Irishmen, and of their transactions with the Anglo Irish Government—by William James Mac Neven, and Thomas Addis Emmett. 8vo. price 2 dollars in boards. New-York, Bernard Dornin.

Letters concerning the Constitution and order of the Christian Ministry, as deductive from Scripture and primitive usage; addressed to the members of the United Presbyterian Churches in the City of New-York. By Samuel Miller, D. D. one of the Pastors of said churches. 12mo. pp. 355 price one dollar 12 1-2 cents bound. New-York, Printed for the author by Hopkins and Seymour.

The Christian's Magazine No. 3. New-York, J. and T. Ronalds.

Sermons on various subjects, by Joseph Lathrop, D. D. pastor of the First Church in West-Springfield. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 400. Price $ 1 75, bound. Springfield, Henry Brewer.

Vols. I. II. and III. of the Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, from November 28, 1780, to February 28, 1807. With the Constitutions of the United States of America and of the Commonwealth prefixed. To which is added, at the end of the 2d volume, an Appendix, containing acts and clauses of acts from the Laws of the late Colony, Province, and State of Massachusetts, which either are unrevised or respect the title of real estate. Published by order of the General Court. 8vo. Vol. I. pp. 520. II. 1073; III. 404. Price $ 12 in law binding. Boston, Thomas & Andrews, and Manning & Loring. June, 1807. [Vols I. and II. are new editions.]

REPUBLICATIONS.

An Essay on Man, in four Epistles to Hon. St. John Lord Bolingbroke. To which is added, the Universal Prayer, by Alexander Pope, Esq. first Vermont edition—price 20 cents. Brattleborough, Vt. Wm. Fessenden.

The Novice of St. Dominick, by Miss Owenson. 2 vols. price $2 50 cents. Philadelphia, T. S. Manning.

My Pocket-Book; or, Hints for a "Ryghte Merrie and Conceitede," Tour, in quarto; to be called "The Stranger in Ireland," in 1805,—by a Knight Errant.

Animæ, [illegible]les neque candidores
Terra tulit, neque queis me sit devinctior alter.
Motto for 4to. from Horace.

Ne'er woman, child, nor full grown trav'lling man did
See land that sprouted *souls* so meek and *candid:*
Baltic and *France* not *more* my love exacted,
For just from each *one quarto* I've extracted!

12mo. pp. 150—price 75 cents in boards. New-York, E. Sargeant.

Part 2d of Peake's Law of Evidence, containing the proofs required in those actions which most ordinarily occur in nisi prius. Philadelphia, P. Byrne.

East's Reports of Cases argued and determined in the courts of King's Bench, vol. 7. Philadelphia, P. Byrne.

Miseries of Human Life, the second American edition—price one dollar in boards. New-York, E. Duyckinck, and P. A Messier.

Essays in a series of Letters to a Friend. By John Foster. First American, from the 3d London edition. Two vols. in one, 12mo. Price $1 bound. Hartford, Lincoln & Gleason.

A Supplement to the Life of Richard Cumberland; written by himself. 12mo. pp. 40. Boston, David West, John West, and O. C. Greenleaf.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Macanulty and Maxcy, of Salem, have in the press, Abbot on the Law of Shipping, in one volume octavo.

Daniel Johnson, of Portland, is printing a Treatise on Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes. By Joseph Chitty, Esq. of the Middle Temple.

The Life of George Washington, commander in chief of the armies of the United States of America, throughout the war which established their independence, and first president of the United States. By David Ramsay, M. D. author of The History of the American Revolution. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 400. Ornamented with an engraved Head of Washington. Price to subscribers, in boards, $ 2 50. Providence, Rhode-Island, E. S. Thomas.

The 2d edition of "A new system of Domestic Cookery," &c. by a Lady. 12mo. Boston, Andrews & Cummings, and L. Blake.

Boswell's Life of Johnson, vols. I and II. 8vo. Boston, Andrews and Cummings, and L. Blake.

Burke's Works, vol. IV. Boston, J. West, and O. C. Greenleaf.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

Adam's Roman Antiquities, 1 large vol. 8vo. 640 pages, $3. To be published in the fall, by Matthew Carey, Philadelphia.

A volume of Sermons on important subjects: by the late Rev. and pious Samuel Davies, A. M. some time President of New-Jersey College. This is an additional volume, collected from the author's manuscripts, never published in America. To comprise 550 pages 8vo. $1, 75 to subscribers. Northampton, S & E Butler. 1807.

Messrs. Andrews & Cummings, and Lemuel Blake, of Boston, propose to reprint by subscription, A Dissertation on the Prophecies, that have been fulfilled, are now fulfilling, or may hereafter be fulfilled, relative to the great period of 1260 years; the Papal and Mohammedan apostates; the tyrannical reign of Antichrist, or the infidel power; and the restoration of the Jews. By the Rev. George Stanley Faber, B. D. vicar of Stockton-upon-Tees. In one 8vo. volume, containing upwards of 600 pages, at $2,25, boards.

T. B. Waite, of Portland, is about putting to press, Blackstone's Commentaries.

An elegant edition of Cowper's Poems, in 3 vols. comprising many of his poems, which have not hitherto been included in his works. Boston, Manning & Loring, E. Lincoln, and J. Cushing.

THE

MONTHLY REGISTER, MAGAZINE, AND REVIEW, OF THE UNITED STATES.

FIRST SECTION.

THE WANDERER, NO. X.

REMARKS ON THE PRINCIPAL BRITISH REVIEWS.

THE *Imperial* Review I have not seen; and, as far as I know, the *Oxford* Review has not yet reached this country; at least, I am, as yet, utterly unacquainted with it. My design, at present, is merely to give the outline of the general characteristic features of the principal British Reviews; premising, however, that I do not mean to offer any disrespect to those literary journals, the mention of which I omit; because the omission arises solely from this simple circumstance, that I never obtain a sight of them, in consequence of their not being able to endure the fatigue of travelling so far from the place of their nativity, as to cross the billows of the Atlantic deep.

My attention will be directed to the Monthly Review, the Antijacobin, the British Critic, the Annual, the Eclectic, and the Edinburgh Reviews, each in the order in which they are now placed.

It is difficult to speak in terms of sufficient respect and admiration of the services, which the *Monthly* Review has rendered to the great and important cause of science and literature; the greater portion of a century has now elapsed since this periodical publication has established its high intellectual reputation, which it now continues to uphold and

to support; some of the greatest and the ablest men, who have adorned the British empire, as philosophers, as statesmen, and as scholars, have employed their pens in its service. Its chief excellencies are now, what they have always been,—an ample fund of information both scientific and literary, upon the subjects, which fall under their censorial inspection;—in general, a full and a flowing style, with occasional flashes of merriment, and not unfrequent flights of lofty and impassioned composition;—a spirit of liberal and indulgent criticism, which fosters and encourages the timid efforts of youthful and inexperienced intellect, while, with a manly vigour it represses the impudent, but abortive struggles of impenetrable stupidity, of hardened ignorance, and of self-sufficient frivolity.

In politics the *Monthly* Review has always adopted the good old *whig*-principles, whose generous, and independent spirit steers equally clear of the foul, and fiend-like deformity of *Jacobinism*, and bloody anarchy, on the one hand, as it does, on the other hand, of the oppressive soul-benumbing influence of *individual* despotism. Lately, indeed, its political tenets, from a wholesome hatred, a laudable abhorrence of the enormities of *Gallic* profligacy, both public and private, national and personal, have leaned more towards the support of the existing British administration, than they were wont to do in other times, ere the foundations of civil society had been shaken to their very centre, and all the relations of life, social and domestic, had been mildewed and withered by the blasts of *Jacobin-atheism*, which have long blown, and still continue to blow from the accursed shores of the *Sodom* and the *Gomorrah* of our days; even from the polluted coast of *France*, whose people have shaken off all allegiance to their God, and are now waging eternal war with every virtue that can adorn, and every amiable quality that can endear the human character to our hearts.

Its *religious* opinions are either *Socinian* or *deistical;* it is not my purpose to enter into any controversy upon these matters; and I shall therefore only observe, that to the *Evangelical Christian* it cannot but be a source of deep regret, that a periodical publication, which ranks so highly in the common-wealth of letters, should give its sanction to tenets,

which *he* believes to be destructive of all present peace, and all future hope. It must not, however, be forgotten, that the *Monthly* Review resolutely reproves every publication, whose *immoral* tendency threatens to break, or to untie the ligaments, which bind man to his fellow in the bonds of social harmony, and reciprocal confidence.

The very extensive circulation of this admirable work proves, most conclusively, that the public duly appreciates its great merit; and that to ensure the support and the patronage of the public it is only necessary to *deserve* it by the proper application of the combined forces of a vigorous intellect and abundant knowledge.

All those, who have hearts that feel, and heads that perceive, and understand, and reflect;—all those, who have cast their view broad and expanded over the eventful series of human actions and of human crimes, which has laid waste the fairest portions of the earth, and caused *that* century, which, in its beginning, wore an angel form, to assume, towards its close, the features of a demon, and then to vanish in a shower of blood;—will unanimously attribute all the horrors, that have lately darkened, and which now darken the horizon of our existence, to the efficient agency, of *one* foul and feculent source of all iniquity;—even *Jacobinism*;—for *Sin* and *Jacobinism* are convertible terms.

It is *Jacobinism*, which first taught its votaries, primarily, in France, and then in the other countries of the globe, to cherish and to disseminate all that wild and audacious licentiousness of opinion, which spurns at the influence of habit, discards all the experience of former times, and rends asunder and annihilates all the sacred associations, all the tender and all the dignified feelings and emotions of the human heart; which, abolishing the standard of moral obligation raised by the hand of God himself, presumes, on every question, political, moral and social, to decide, merely according to the dictates of personal convenience, and individual appetite: which justifies the means by the end, prefers *atheism* to *christianity*, and subjects every individual, on whom it can lay its unrelenting, iron grasp, to the desolation of rapine and of murder—and all for the *general* good; good *so very general* that it destroys all *individual* happiness.

The fire of *Jacobinism* had long been pent up in the bowels of France, till, at length, after having, in secret, consumed the bands of religion and of honour, it burst forth into that tremendous volcanic explosion, the *French revolution*, which has shaken all the civilized earth to its basis; has changed the aspect, the bearings, the relations, the dependencies, the connections of the moral and political world; and has made all things human and divine to become confusion worse confounded. With a lie in her right hand, and the fellest malignity rankling in her heart, she declared, and even now has the impudence to declare—(for what can raise the blush of shame on the brazen, hardened front of Jacobinism)—that *France*—the land where the milk of human kindness over-flows—never did, nor does now, entertain *any desire of foreign conquest*—that all the schemes of general aggrandizement, of universal domination, supposed to have influenced the views of Cardinal Richlieu, of Louis the fourteenth, of Napoleon—are all falsehoods and calumnies invented by the enemies of France and peace;—that France always did, and does now abhor every intention of disturbing other countries, of subverting their established governments, of destroying their national independence, of annihilating their rights and privileges, both civil and absolute.

If we may believe the fair speeches of *Jacobinism*—(and who so incredulous as not to place implicit confidence in all the assertions of the great father of falsehood, of *him*, who was *a liar from the beginning?*)—by the *revolution* France *has secured* unto herself the most profound internal tranquillity, the *purest* and the *most exalted* domestic happiness, the highest public faith, the most elevated private virtue, the most perfect, the *mildest*, the *most equitable* system of government, the most universal, the *tenderest* spirit of philanthropy, that can cheer and dignify the human heart, which has been too long saddened and degraded by the corrupt and tyrannical institutions of *all* societies, hitherto constituted—(except that of France)—among the children of men. And yet,—(such is the illimitable nature of her benevolence!)—to *other* nations France imparts the most uncontrouled kindness,—a friendship liberal and enlarged beyond all mortal

conception,—*eternal peace*,—the *sublimest morality*, and the *purest religion*.

Such we are told are the fruits of the *French revolution*, founded as it is upon the successful struggles of a virtuous people to ameliorate the condition of afflicted and suffering humanity; founded, as it is, upon principles, that *cannot fail* to produce and to ensure the immediate and the permanent happiness, not only of the French people, but of *all* the nations of the earth. And when we ask, how it happens, that these marvellous and exalted principles have *not* produced this beneficial result, have *not* created nor established the social and domestic happiness of the human race;—but that this system of *eternal peace* has engendered a more extensive and a more bloody warfare, and that this *universal philanthropy* has given birth to a series of more general and complicated calamity and horror, than have ever been produced by *all* the combined effects of the *other* corrupted institutions of civilized society, ancient and modern;—we are told, with a ghastly grin of self-sufficient applause, that the *despots* of the earth *alone* are worthy of censure for not courteously and willingly accepting the *blessings* which *Jacobinism* and France proffer to them, and then we are insultingly bidden to cast our eye upon the *happy* state and condition, of Spain, of Holland, of Italy, of Switzerland, and of that part of the German dominions, which *enjoys* the *protection* and the more than maternal kindness of the Gallic empire.

A very slight examination of the subject will enable us to perceive, that *Jacobinism* rests on a wild theory, fallacious and impracticable, founded on an entire ignorance of the nature and end of man, and utterly subversive of the very existence of civilized society. A venerable statesman of *this* country, when in France, inquired into the views of the arch-leaders of *Jacobinism*, and was informed—that there was *no* future state—*no* God—*no* tie of moral obligation—but that the community was to be holden together by the *enlightened self-interest* of the *philosopher*, for that the *mob*, the *canaille* were merely beasts of burden, that were to be driven or led by their passions, and their ignorance, whithersoever the *en-*

lightened philosopher should choose to direct them, according to his own personal views of individual expediency.

Accordingly, we have seen in France all the elements of human society cradled in blood; and as the only means of restraint, in the absence of all law human and divine, a *military despotism* enforced in all its rigour; a military despotism, which sports with the lives, and plunders the property, and manacles the speech of the French people, in a far greater degree than befalls the wretched beings that groan under the lash of the Sublime Porte and all his hordes of murderous Janissaries. And, joined to the most unqualified, unrestrained tyranny at *home*, the Gallic despot exhibits the most boundless and destructive schemes of foreign domination; enabling him to render the country, on which he tramples, as it were the dust of his feet, at once, the instrument of its own internal desolation, and the curse and the destroyer of the surrounding nations.

In this *forced* state of society—this phrensied condition of Jacobinical infatuation, France, although streaming with the blood of her own people, yet possesses, in the midst of her own convulsive agonies, great power of plunging other countries into the gulf of her own misery, without having the least tendency to lighten the burden of her own anguish. It is well known, that the *foreign system* of France, on which she has acted, with little or no variation, excepting what was occasioned by the feebleness and indecision of some of the administrations of government under the old *regime*, ever since the commencement of the reign of Louis the eleventh, and on which she *now* acts with more open and avowed daring, and with more fell and malignant industry than ever, forbids *to every other country on the globe*, any hope of safety from the moderation or the forbearance of the *Great Nation*. Wherever she can act by force, or fraud, by allurements or by terror, by menaces or by blandishments, she will not be withholden by any obligation of treaties, present or future, nor be diverted by any law of God, or man, from pursuing her fatal schemes of establishing a *universal sovereignty* over all the earth.

And let it never be forgotten, that her *foreign system* of aggrandizement by conquest must always bear along with it

her *domestic system* of rapine, violence, and bloodshed; and that every nation, which either bows its head in battle before her sword, or receives her protection, as *a friend*, must see entombed, in one common grave of indiscriminate ruin, all its institutions, religious, civil and political—all the privileges and distinctions of the different orders of the community—all the most sacred and endearing relations of social and domestic life—the personal security, the property, the rights, the conveniences, the comforts of every individual—in a word, all that can render existence dignified or desirable will be swept away into the charnel-house of death.

Such being the full conviction of every wise and every good man, as to the direct, the inevitable tendency of *Jacobinism* towards the *universal desolation* of the whole human race, can we hesitate for a moment in bestowing the homage of our applause and honour upon the decided efforts of the *Antijacobin* Review to resist the progress of these baleful principles?—Shall we not praise, without reserve, its cordial and ardent attachment to the British government, as standing in the gap between France and the destruction which France furiously breathes out against the other countries of the earth? Every man of common sense and of common honesty knows that there are many abuses in the British government, which cry aloud for amendment; but *this* is *not* the moment for such amendment:—let the vessel of state ride out the storm, which is now buffeting her sides, and when the billows of the perturbed ocean shall have once again subsided into a calm, shall yet once more be lulled to repose, then it will be seen that the British people *themselves* possess sufficient virtue and energy to remedy all the little deficiences in their great and complicated scheme of government;—but doubly accursed be every child of Britain, that would suffer the swinish hooves of *Gallic Jacobinism* to tread into the mire all the glory, honour, virtue, integrity, power, and happiness, of the British empire, brightened and burnished as they are by the continually progressive augmentation of their splendour through a long succession of ages!

As a very important and efficient portion of the British government the national ecclesiastical establishment, the *Epis-*

copal Church of England finds a vigilant and a strenuous advocate in the *Antijacobin* Review. Of course, we expect to find,—(nor are our expectations disappointed)—more of declamation than of argument in many of the remarks of the *Antijacobin* Review, which are intended to uphold and to support the cause of the hierarchy; and loud lamentations are sent forth in many of the later numbers of this literary journal about the rapid declension of the number of candidates for the ministerial functions of the English church. Upon this subject it is my intention to offer a few observations, merely in a *political* point of view, keeping quite clear of mingling in any of the disputes upon the topics of controversy among the different sects of the Christian church. I consider the *Antijacobin* Review as the professed champion of the British national church, and, consequently, as liable to be a little warped in its views upon the subjects, which involve a discussion of its interests and privileges.

Last winter in the British Senate upon a great national question the speakers on both sides of the house were very vociferous about *partiality* and *impartiality*, when at length a Scottish member arose, and said, that for his part he meant to be *neither partial nor impartial*.—Now although I certainly do not mean entirely to copy the example of the honest Scotsman, yet I do mean to say that I am neither an advocate for nor an enemy to the Church of England, considered merely as a part of the British system of government.

In a late publication, on the other side of the Atlantic, a Clergyman of the Church of England thus unequivocally expresses himself upon the subject now before us.—" One of the grand causes of *Christianity's losing ground* so rapidly, certainly is the *numerous* sects and divisions by which its professors are distinguished. A *cable* is capable of sustaining the weight of a large ship at anchor, but when untwisted, the single threads are very easily to be broken. A *Methodist* of a more enlightened mind and liberal sentiments than most of the same persuasion, lately observed in conversation, that he attributed the rapid increase of dissenting congregations in this kingdom, in a great measure, to the *ill conduct* and *carelessness* of the clergy of the established church. It must be

acknowledged, that too many divines of the present day indulge in luxury, pride, and dissipation, in a manner that is highly derogatory to their sacred function, and afford themes for the advocates of *the modern philosophy* and the *Age of Reason* to display their malignity on, and direct their ridicule at; and in some degree reflects disgrace on the whole body of the British clergy. Nevertheless candour must allow that the number of ill-conducted clergymen bears no proportion to those who do honour to their profession, many of whom afford by their examples striking evidences of the dignity of the master they serve; and whose eloquent and learned labours in the pulpit and the study instruct and delight. To the dissipated portion of the clergy of the united kingdoms the following may be addressed with great propriety. The unbounded luxury of the French and Italian ecclesiastics should be a warning to the priests and ministers of *all* Christian altars, however dignified or distinguished, of whatever church or of whatever persuasion. Mankind will know and value them by their fruits. For *now* is the ax laid to the root of *the trees*, and *every tree*, which bringeth not forth good fruit will—*(most assuredly)*—be hewn down. This is the warning voice, which should be heard, and heard *aloud* in assemblies frequent and full, in all churches and in all cathedrals; but chiefly in those twin sisters of learning, the universities of England, Oxford and Cambridge, which can be supported on *those principles alone*, on which they were founded, and *by which* they *have flourished.*"

Analogy is, at best, but a very slippery ground of reasoning, and as there is not even the semblance of the shadow of analogy between a *cable* and *Christianity*, we shall be readily excused from stooping to notice this part of the reverend writer's argument.

Whether the maintenance of a *national church* has a tendency to accelerate or to retard the progress of Christianity among mankind; and whether or not it be necessary to the promotion of good order, harmony, a wise and an equitable *form* of government, are political problems, which the experience of mankind has now had sufficient time to solve. That *such* an establishment does *not* accelerate the progress of Christianity

amongst mankind is plain from the greater abundance of religion and of *pure morality*,—(which last is indeed the inseparable companion, and the surest evidence *to men* of the influence of a Christian spirit over the heart)—in those countries, where the religious sects are *most numerous ;* and the example of *America* sufficiently proves, that the establishment of a national church is not essentially necessary to the constitution of a good government.

But that the national church of England adds splendour to the British crown by always keeping up a body of prelatical nobles and of ecclesiastical dignitaries in the pay of the government, and in constant readiness to obey all the commands of the *cabinet* of St. James, and to direct the voices of their pulpits at the will and the bidding of the Sovereign of the British empire, cannot be denied. The great importance, also, in the hands of the British government, of a political lever so powerful as that of a numerous body of ecclesiastics stipendiated and kept in pay by that government, must readily appear, when we reflect, that scarcely a single town or parish, or village, or hamlet, in England and Ireland—(in Scotland the established church is of the Calvinistic, in Ireland and in England of the Lutheran persuasion)—is without one or more clergymen of the established church. And these gentlemen are generally men of liberal and polished education.

Consider, then, for a moment, what a weight of influence is thrown into the scale of the British Government by directing to its own views such a mighty mass of ecclesiastical intellect, all regularly classed and arranged under fixed, determinate, and appropriate heads, rising in regular order and gradation, from the simple village curate up to the empurpled metropolitan and primate of all England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who ranks as the highest subject in Britain, out of the pale of the Monarch's family, and takes precedence of all, except those of the royal blood. These men, coming into continual contact with by far the greater portion of the British people must have a very considerable influence in guiding them to sentiments of loyalty and of personal attachment to their king, and of prompt obedience to, and

of ardent affection for the constituted authorities of their country.

This vocation, accordingly, is so much encouraged, and in such great request in Britain, that the ecclesiastical market has been alway considerably over-stocked, so that the laborious part of the clerical service is performed at a very cheap rate, is sold at a very low price; and the *curates*, the deputy-clerks, the journeymen-parsons, receive, in consequence of the great number of competitors for such an employment, very scanty wages; their *salaries* often amounting only to *ten* or *twenty pounds sterling*—(that is about *fifty* or a *hundred* dollars of American currency;—now a common day-labourer, with his spade and shovel, in the United States, can earn full *four hundred dollars* a year if he be but ordinarily industrious)—for preaching and reading prayers, and burying, and baptising, and marrying and churching women—(see the *Rubric*, for the British Episcopal establishment)—at one church during a whole year.

It is a common complaint in England, among those who take a very anxious and trembling interest in the welfare of the British hierarchy, that the curates and smaller clergy are not sufficiently paid for their spiritual performances; but no effectual remedy can be applied to such a grievance 'till the number of ecclesiastical labourers shall be more accurately proportioned to the demand for such labourers in the clerical market; for while a rector or a vicar can hire any one to serve, or *do duty*, as the ecclesiastical phrase is, at his church living, for him, at the rate of *fifteen* or *twenty* pounds sterling, per annum, he will not often be induced, through mere benevolence, or passionate zeal for the gospel, to give another applicant *thirty* or *forty* pounds annually, for discharging the *same* functions. The fair statement of the case is this;—that, at present, the production of ecclesiastics in Britain so far out-runs the demand for them in the spiritual market, that the curates *bid against*, and *under-sell* each other's services, whence the general poverty, and extreme meanness in the habits, and manners, and appearance of the minor clergymen on the English church establishment; a circumstance, which very much lessens the influence of the church of England

over the minds and morals of the people in Britain; since men are not often very apt to reverence the precepts, or to listen with the most profound attention to the doctrines of those, whom they pity or despise.

And if there be now, as the Antijacobin Review most feelingly laments, a considerable declension, or falling-off in the number of those, who are crowding forward to enrol their names in the list of the spiritual soldiers, who fight under the British Episcopal banners, it is plain, that the evil is now about to find its own level, and that the malady has discovered a cure in the enormous magnitude of its own misery. In proportion as the labourers in the clerical vineyard become fewer in number, the *rectors* and *vicars*—(and not the *curates*)—will be compelled to bid against, and to out-buy each other in purchasing the services of their deputy brethren or will be obliged to perform their *own* duty; whence will result these beneficial effects, namely, that the revenues of the church of England will be more *equally* divided; the churches will be more regularly and more decently administered unto; and the main body of the English clergy will be more respectable, and dignified in its appearance, and consequently carry more weight, than it now does, in the scale of *political* power and influence.

The importance and the efficiency of the English national church is, also, much diminished by the more general diffusion of knowledge, and by the wide and rapid extension of a spirit of inquiry among the British people, inducing them to examine the grounds, on which the nationally-established ecclesiastics build their pretensions to superior wisdom and superior sanctity;—and also, by the flippant and the very indecorous mode of conduct in many of the clergy themselves; such as their flirting about at public places, at the theatres, balls, operas, oratorios, concerts, assemblies, routs, masquerades, drums, hurricanes, watering-places, and *other* haunts, still less reconcileable to the dignity and the purity of the ecclesiastical character;—and by their absurd and awkward apings and imitations of fashionable frivolity, and aristocratic absurdity;—and also, by the cruelty and injustice of the *canon-law*; the spiritual, or ecclesiastical court of judicature in England

differing, in little or in nothing, from the *inquisition* in Spain or in Portugal, but the want of power to inflict *bodily* tortures; an indulgence with which the British government hath not, as yet, blessed its national church:—the course of proceedings in the English *Spiritual* Court is arbitrary, mysterious, cruel and expensive, beyond all expression, and beyond all endurance.

But perhaps the *mode*, by which the established church in England is supported, contributes more than any other circumstance to lessen its authority and influence over the minds of the British people. The clergyman's claim to the *tythe*, or tenth part of all the net-produce of the landed property in England and in Ireland, is a continued, never-ending source of murmuring and of contention between the priest and his parishioners; and tends directly to discourage the progress of agriculture by deterring many of those, who till the earth, from cultivating their lands; lest when they have incurred a considerable expense in endeavouring to improve the soil, their clergyman, who has borne no share either in the labour or the expenditure, should come in and sweep away one tenth part of all the produce of the ground so manured and so ameliorated.

Most assuredly neither of these consequences which, as the experience of many ages has uniformly and invariably taught us, necessarily flow from this system of *ecclesiastical decimation* can tend to increase either the moral or the physical strength of the British empire; but, without peradventure, whatever measure bears directly against the physical and the moral power of a country; whatever measure tends to unbind or to relax the sinews, and to loosen the joints of the loins of a people, must be in itself, radically and irremediably bad. It is a very important and awful duty incumbent upon the British legislature to adopt some *other* means of providing for her established church;—to find some other mode of support than that of *tythes*;—some mode less fertile in engendering mischief, and less efficient in alienating the minds of the English people from the religious instructors and the moral teachers, who are appointed to watch over them by the government of Britain.

Why not parcel out to the established clergy of England

landed estates throughout their respective districts; or affix a given quantity of corn annually, as the stipend of each church living; since the price of corn always bears a more steady and determinate value, as to the continually-shifting exigencies of the times, than does that of money;—or why does not the British Government take them, at once, upon the *civil list*, or provide for them permanently, and effectually, as it does for its other officers and servants, throughout the departments of its other establishments, political, naval, and military.

It cannot be dissembled, that the allowance of a tenth part of all the net-produce of the *real* property in England and in Ireland, to the established episcopal clergy is paying an enormous price, and laying a very heavy burden of taxation upon the people for the sake of keeping up a national church. Yet the church of England is so intimately interwoven with the frame and texture of the British government that it cannot be well torn off, without, *perhaps*, at the same time, pulling to pieces, the whole fabric of the English constitution. It resembles the envenomed robe of Nessus, which arrayed the colossal limbs of Alcmena's son; it wrapped him round in the folds of death, and when in convulsive, and conflicting agony, the great Alcides endeavoured to rend the Centaur's robe from off his giant-frame, he tore away his life; and together with the destruction of that envenomed robe, his indignant spirit fled from earth amidst the fiercest pangs of anguish and despair.

(To be Continued.)

SECOND SECTION.

MEN AND WOMEN.

A MORAL TALE: BY THE WANDERER.

(Continued from Vol. iii. *No.* 3. *page* 155.*)*

CHAPTER V.

Edward staggers into the wrong *place at Glasgow—account of a* spiritual *procurer—Edward's interview with a* great Greek scholar *at Glasgow—Edward's interview with William, at Glasgow—William's history—three poems on Mary le More—Edward proceeds towards Edinburgh—scenery of the country—David Dale—Edward's patience tried—he muses on Mary—he feels the* contempt *of a dog—he sees the sun rise—is nearly exhausted—reaches Edinburgh.*

EDWARD journied onward, and now saw that the river Clyde began to assume the office of ministering to the pleasures and the wants of Caledonia's sons. The scenery around was pleasant; it had dropped the rough and rugged form, to which he had, for some weeks past, been accustomed, and had assumed a softer and a milder aspect: the hills were no longer lost in the clouds, nor were their summits destitute of verdure; the plains were cultivated, and adorned with many an elegant mansion, the ground was sufficiently wooded, and the Clyde rolled along its gentle and beneficial stream, on whose clear and unruffled surface glided numerous vessels freighted with the productions of commerce, or carrying in gay and gallant, gilded trim, with youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm, the silken sons of fortune's prosperous train.

Into the town of Glasgow Edward marched about one o'clock in the afternoon of a Sunday, as the people were issuing out from their kirks: he asked a decently-dressed elderly man to direct him to a house where he might procure a comfortable lodging. The old man looked at him gravely, for half

a minute, and, without altering a single muscle of his countenance, directed him to a goodly-looking house in ——street. Edward stopped a while at the door, and listened to a clear and well-toned male voice, which was then in the act of singing the thirty-seventh psalm.

At length, he knocked at the door, and a decent, venerable matron appeared, and immediately showed him into a well-furnished room; she spoke not a single word, but departed; during her absence Edward, again, heard, very distinctly, the same psalm-singing voice pray, and read portions of the scriptures aloud. Presently, thereafter, came into him a young, buxom girl, ruddy and blooming, very slenderly clad, and looking full wantonly withal; she sate herself down by his side on a sofa, and began to run over the usual round of airs, and looks, and smiles, and gestures, which are generally supposed to be fascinating in women of a *certain* description.

Edward, now, perceived that he had staggered into a *bagnio*, a place of entertainment not exactly calculated for him in his present situation; he, therefore, decamped from the house with all speed, the wench very devoutly damning him for a pitiful, sneaking rascal, that had no spirit; and the holy man still continuing his petitions to heaven; so that it was a strange contrast caused by his praying and singing psalms, and the drab's cursing and swearing, sinking and blaspheming.

This appeared to Edward so strange an occurrence, that he did not leave Glasgow before he had inquired into the history of this pious male bawd, which, as he learned, was this —early in life he had been a farmer in the west of Scotland; but not liking that kind of life, he went to Edinburgh, and there set up a bagnio, by which laudable employment he, in a few years, amassed a considerable sum of money. With these wages of iniquity, he again, stocked a farm in the country, upon which he lived for some years, and was deemed a prudent, thriving man; but at length he grew tired of rural occupations, and once more betook himself to the calling of a procurer at Glasgow, where he now resided.

His manner of spending the day was this—when he rose in the morning he bawled out prayers, and read the scriptures

aloud in his room ; and repeated the same exercise of his lungs in the evening. The remainder of the twenty-four hours was spent in eating, and drinking, and sleeping, and super-intending his domestic œconomy. The same routine was run on a Sunday ; only then the prayers, psalm-singings, and portions of scripture-reading were repeated four times in the day. Whenever any one visited his house, in the way of business, during the time of his devotions, the old matron went in to tell him, that such a person, describing the visitant's appearance and apparel accurately and fully, was in such a room. Whereupon this hoary sage ceased a while from prayer and thanksgiving, and ordered some particular girl to be sent in to the gentleman ; and then, forth-with resumed his pious office of presenting his adorations at the throne of God. This man was a character of great notoriety, and had carried on his trade several years at Glasgow ; doing much greater disservice to religion by his affectation of piety, while he grew rich upon the destruction of virtue, than is done by the abandoned profligate, who openly avows his disregard of all the ties of sanctity and of honour.

Edward now betook himself to the first decent inn which he saw, and after resting himself a while, sallied out to admire the town, whose noble buildings and spacious streets, proclaim the taste and opulence of its inhabitants. He called upon a Mr. R—e, a well known character in Glasgow, and reputed to be one of the best Greek scholars in Scotland ; he went down a very dirty little wynd, or alley, at the end of which, on the left hand, stood the Grecian's room, for he had but one. Edward climbed up some crazy wooden steps, and gained admittance into his apartment, which was in the shape of a Greek delta, so that you could stand upright only in the middle of the room.

This apartment contained some very valuable classical books, and a small table, together with a broken chair, but every thing was so covered with dirt and filth, that Edward was almost poisoned. The learned Grecian's bed was in a small hole at one corner ; it did not appear to be three feet in length ; Swift, himself, could not have found words to pourtray the nastiness of this couch of erudition. The great Gre-

cian, himself, was somewhat short, and thickly set; his countenance hard, rugged, ill-favoured, deeply scarred with the small-pox, and abundantly begrimed with dirt and snuff; for no rabid creature ever laboured under a greater degree of hydrophobia, than did this learned animal.

His neck-cloth, perhaps, was once white; it now was black. Shirt, at first, Edward thought he had none; for none was to be seen at his wrists or his neck, which was securely grasped by a close black-brown waist-coat. At length, however, for Edward scrutinized him strictly, while he was descanting on the merits of Warton's Theocritus, which he held in his hand, and whose critical notes he highly praised, Edward espied a corner sticking out behind his neck, over his coat-collar; and was convinced from its appearance, that if it ever was clean, it had not been so lately; indeed, a gentleman, to whom Edward mentioned the circumstance afterwards, told him that R—e's shirt was, then, just *five months dirtier*, than when he, himself, was last at Glasgow, in the month of March.

I have been informed, that it is customary with the Austrian soldiers, to dip, each man his new canvass shirt in oil, put it on, and never take it off again, till time and age have worn it piece-meal from their bodies; whence the great terror of their attack, if the wind blows full in the teeth of their enemies.

Perhaps this profound scholar had adopted the Austrian custom; his coat, waist-coat, stockings, and shoes, were all once, peradventure, black, but not so now. Edward asked this man to come and spend the evening with him at his inn. They conversed abundantly together; R—e displayed much learning, commonly so called,—praticularly in the Greek language; but Edward thought him more of a verbalist, a *word-digger*, well acquainted with modes and tenses, various readings, and different editions, than one, who entered, at once, into the whole spirit and meaning of the author. He quoted long passages from memory, but it was, only, to settle the text, or descant on some little vile particle, not to explore its beauty, elegance, or sublimity.

R—e was pretty decisive in his strictures on men, parti-

cularly, as to their knowledge of Greek, on which ground he deemed *himself*, as Edward easily perceived, the lord paramount over all other mortals. He roundly asserted, that Robertson, and Hume, and Gibbon, and Reid knew nothing about Greek, altho' they were tolerable Latinists. Edward smiled inwardly at this declaration, for he knew full well, that most of these men had displayed in their writings a knowledge of the Greek tongue, which would remain a monument to their fame, when R—e's name was forgotten among the inhabitants of the earth.

In the heat and ardour of conversation, while R—e was in the very midst of bawling out lustily a passage from the *Seven Chiefs, against Thebes*, of Æschylus, Edward over-turned a large bowl of scalding hot punch upon the Grecian's breeches, which burned him so dreadfully, that he grinned like a mad-dog, and roared out—Ω μοι αναιδην επτειμενε—which being interpreted, is—you little rascal, what do you mean by scalding me in this miserable manner?

In the midst of this uproar and confusion, the door of the apartment opened, and presented to their view the fat landlady, filling up, and closely wedged into the door-way; behind her, and actually half upon her back, her husband, and at his rear, riding upon the skirts of his coat, a lusty, strapping servant-maid, in her shift-sleeves; all wearing countenances full of dismay and astonishment, and with their mouths wide open. At this unlooked for exhibition R—e ceased to grin, and swear in Greek, and Edward stared with amazement. At length the hostess, first by an agile shake of by far the largest portion of her body, dislodging her husband from his seat, cried out—*wae is my heart*, why do you make such a terrible crying? we are all sober people here, and serve the Lord faithfully; our neighbours will think that we are wicked sinners, and unbelievers, for making such ungodly noises of a sabbath night.

As Edward well knew, that R—e's noises had been rather ungodly, he pacified the good woman, by assuring her, that they would be very quiet for the future, and deport themselves as became sober people on a sabbath night; the woman, her husband, and servant now with-drew. R—e, who still felt the

rueful effects of the punch, which had gone the *wrong* way, assumed a stern and rugged look of sagacity, and of self-importance, and said—I am wise, you are young and foolish; I could make much more noise than I have already done; but the people in this town are very religious, and think that all noises which do not proceed from psalm-singing and praying, are very wicked, wherefore I will go home directly, and read the play of the *Clouds* in Aristophanes.—The Grecian, now, rose abruptly, and would not listen to Edward's request that he would stay a while longer, but left the room manifestly offended at having been burned with the punch.

The next morning, as Edward was sauntering on the banks of the Clyde, he met an intimate friend of his, whom he had not seen for some years before. To a most elegant, engaging exterior William (for that was the name of Edward's friend) joined the most finished fascinating manners, and a mind most extensively acquainted with the ample page of knowledge, rich with the spoils of time. After the first salutations were over, Edward said—William what brought you hither? William—I have been here some time, studying physic.—Edward—Studying physic! why, the last time that I saw you, you was in the king's guards.—William—True; and if you will have a little patience, I will tell you why I am, now, a medical student.

"My father, at the age of twenty-one, entered into the possession of a paternal estate of a thousand pounds a year, he soon married a most excellent woman; and if any thing could have saved the family my mother's prudence and management would have done it: but her husband's indolence, timidity, and carelesness have involved all his house-hold in ruin. His estate is mortgaged for more than its value, his creditors are pressing, and all the horrors of impending destruction are open to the view of him, and his wife, and twelve children, eight of whom are girls.

"From my father nothing can be expected; his understanding, originally good, has been actually starved for want of use, so that he is now very little better than an idiot; one half of his time is consumed in sighing, whining, groaning, and lamentations at his *own* misfortunes, (for the misery of other

people never touches him ; he has a sufficient stock of philosophy to bear up against the evils of every one but himself ;) and doling out complaints, that he has not a single friend on earth, and that all the world is his enemy ; and the other half of his time is spent in lapsing into the most furious and ungovernable passion and rage, for little indeed, generally for no cause ; and when he is in these maniac fits of anger, he most heroically bullies his wife, and frightens his daughters, and storms about, kicking the tables and chairs, and breaking the windows, and smashing the glasses, and threatening that he will murder himself ; a menace, that will never be put into execution, for he is such an arrant, complete coward, as to be afraid, and run away, even from his own shadow.

" Add to all this, that about six years since, an ignorant vagabond *anabaptist* preacher persuaded him, that he and all his family were to be irrevocably and eternally damned. To this hour he firmly believes in the truth of the assertion of his itinerant, spiritual friend ; and, acting upon this comfortable conviction, he says that it matters not how wicked he is, for as no exertion of his can save his soul from hell, so no iniquity can do more than send him thither ; whence he reconciles to himself the continuance in a mode life, which has already conducted him to the very verge of a gaol, has destroyed the happiness of all his family, has broken down the spirit of his wife, has beggared all his children, and rendered himself truly odious and contemptible.

" Upon me, therefore, rested the sacred duty of supporting my mother, and rearing her numerous family ; but that was impossible while I continued in the army, for my captain's pay would not even have supported myself in the mode of living to which I had been accustomed. I, therefore, after thinking long and deeply upon the subject, determined to become a surgeon, and go down and settle in the town, where my father has always lived. The sale of my commission in the guards raised me a few thousand pounds, which will support us 'till I can begin to procure a revenue by my professional labours ; my connections and acquaintances in the neighbourhood will soon introduce me to practice, and my industry and exertion will ensure success in my career. Well, Ned, what do you think of my scheme?"

Edward.—Your scheme, my dear fellow, requires all the most patient, self-denying philosophy, that can be found recorded in the calendar of the saints. You have no notion of the condition of a country surgeon; I mean, the condition into which it must plunge one that has been bred as you have been. Your exquisite sensibility, (such as would adorn and render still more lovely even the tenderness of an acute and susceptible female heart) your elevated and dignified notions of honour; your profound and extensive knowledge, your taste for painting, poetry, and music; in a word, all the solid acquirements, and all the elegant accomplishments, which you so eminently possess, and which so admirably qualify a man to enjoy all the refined pleasures, which wealth and influence can bestow, only unfit you the more to be a country surgeon. Many of the squiralty and clergy, in your neighbourhood, who formerly treated you with the most profound respect, as a captain in the guards, will take the liberty of being civilly insolent to you, whenever their ignorance or petty passions shall prompt them so to act; and you will not dare to resent such conduct, and put the nose of the offender in a *parenthesis*, because, by so doing, you will infallibly lose all your practice, and consign your mother and sisters to inevitable destruction. Add to all this, the numberless mortifications and causes of disgust, which will be continually obtruded upon you by the familiarity, the ignorance, the obstinacy, and the prejudices of your patients. Nevertheless, if you can endure all this, I think it is the speediest mode, by which you can obtain the means of existence for your family.

William.—Nothing in the shape of difficulty or of personal mortification shall deter me from persevering in my resolution to carry this plan into execution. I am, now, just entered on my twenty-second year, and if my health does not fail me, by the time that I am thirty, I expect to have established myself in an extensive practice, to have cleared away some of my father's embarrassments, and to have begun to lay the foundation of a permanent provision for my sisters, by vesting a portion of my annual income in the public funds.

Edward.—Your courage and resolution, William, make me ashamed and abashed at my own littleness and inferiority;

pray, permit me to be a sharer in the great and excellent undertaking, which you are about to fulfil; my father's allowance to me is liberal, and abundant, far beyond my wants; suffer me to dedicate two thirds of this allowance to the pious purpose of administering to the execution of your generous enterprise; the remainder will be fully sufficient for me; I have only to dismiss my servant, and to sell my horses, and, then I shall live exactly as I do now, with regard to my own personal expences, and shall be rid of all incumbrances.

William.—upon my honour, I will not suffer you, or any one breathing on earth, to advance a single shilling for the support of my family; I will trust to the blessing of Providence on my own individual exertions for their maintenance and protection; nevertheless because I prize and esteem you, Edward more than any other person, whom I know, I will promise you this, that if ever that hour arrives, when I shall really be in want of pecuniary aid, I will, without scruple, apply to you.

Edward turned round to hide the flood, that was swelling in his eyes, and while his back was turned towards William, he wrung his friend by the hand most affectionately.

When the feelings of William and of Edward had somewhat subsided, William said,—I have lately been in Ireland, and while there, was made acquainted with the following facts. A Miss Mary M'—y, a young lady of great beauty, and of excellent accomplishments, lived with her father, a respectable country gentleman, near the town of Cork. The political opinions of this gentleman were suspected to be in opposition to those of the existing administration in Ireland. Some soldiers were sent to apprehend him, and they, instead of obeying their orders, murdered the father, and committed violence on the daughter; the consequence of which outrage was, that the daughter's brain withered, and she for some time, wandered a maniac over the common of Cork; she was perfectly harmless, passing all her hours, excepting a very short period given to sleep, in roaming up and down the borders of the waste, and lamenting, in tones the most pathetic and piercing, the murder of her father, and her own dishonour; she would receive but a very small portion of nourishment, and gradually wasted away her existence; she died a few weeks since, as

she lay on the green turf, that decked her father's grave. Three little poems have been written on these tragical deeds by a man, who was once a common sailor in the British navy, but is now aged and blind; I believe he resides at Liverpool, in what capacity I know not, but I fear by no means in affluence. I have a manuscript copy of these verses, which are at your service. It is to be hoped, that the author will be induced at some future period, to publish these and other poems, which I understand, he has written on a variety of interesting subjects. William then read the following stanzas to Edward.

1

"Oh, soldiers of Britain, your merciless doings,
Long, long shall the children of Erin deplore;
All sad is my soul, when I view the black ruins,
Where once stood the cabin of Mary le More.
Her father, God rest him! lov'd Ireland most dearly,
All our wrongs, all our suff'rings, he felt most severely,
And with freedom's firm sons he united sincerely,
But gone is the father of Mary le More.

2

"One cold winter's eve, as poor Dermot sat musing,
Hoarse curses alarm'd him, and crash went the door;
The fierce soldiers enter'd, and straight 'gan abusing
The brave but mild father of Mary le More.
To their scoffs he replied not—with blows they assail'd him;
He felt all indignant—his caution now fail'd him,
He return'd their vile blows, and all Munster bewail'd him,
For stabb'd was the father of Mary le More.

3

"The children's wild screams, and the mother's distraction,
While the father, the husband, lay stretched in his gore,
Ah! who can describe, and not curse the foul faction,
That blasted the rose-bud, sweet Mary le More.
Oh! my father! my father! she cried, wildly throwing
Her arms round his neck, while the life's stream was flowing,
She kissed his cold lips, but poor Dermot was going,
He groan'd—and left fatherless Mary le More.

4

" With destruction uncloy'd, this infernal banditti,
Tho' the rain fell in sheets, and the wind it blew sore,
These fiends of the castle, these foes to all pity,
Set fire to the cabin of Mary le More.
The mother and children, half naked and shrieking,
Escaped from the flames, where poor Dermot lay reeking,
And while the sad victims for shelter were seeking,
Ah! mark what befel the sweet Mary le More.

5

" From her father's pale cheek, which her lap had supported,
To an out-house these ruffians the lovely girl bore,
With her prayers, her entreaties, her sorrows they sported,
And by force they dishonour'd sweet Mary le More.
And now a poor maniac she roams the wild common,
'Gainst the soldiers of Britain she warns every woman,
And she sings of her father in strains more than human,
'Till tears often fall for sweet Mary le More.

6

" Ye daughters of Ireland, your country's salvation,
While the waves of old Ocean shall beat round your shore,
Remember the woes of your long shackled nation,
Remember the wrongs of poor Mary le More.
And while your blue eyes are with pity o'erflowing,
Or with strong indignation your white bosoms glowing,
Oh! reflect that the tree of delight may yet grow in
The soil where now wanders poor Mary le More."
And while your hearts swell, and with spirits all fire,
Your lovers, your husbands, your brothers inspire,
Till an union shall make all oppressors retire
From the soil where now wanders sweet Mary le More.

II.

1

" As I stray'd o'er a common, on Cork's rugged border,
While the dew-drops of morn the sweet primrose array'd
I saw a poor female, whose mental disorder,
Her quick-glancing eye, and wild aspect betray'd.
On the sward she reclin'd by the green fern surrounded,
At her side speckled daisies and crow-flowers abounded,

To its inmost recess her poor heart had been wounded,
Her sighs were unceasing,—'twas Mary le More.

2

" Her charms by the keen blasts of sorrow were faded,
Yet the soft tinge of beauty still play'd on her cheek;
Her tresses a wreathe of pale primroses braided,
And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck.
While with pity I gazed, she exclaimed,—Oh my mother!
See the blood on that lash!—'tis the blood of my brother!
They have torn his lov'd flesh; and they, now, strip another,
'Tis Connor, the friend of poor Mary le More.

3

" Tho' his locks are as white as the foam of the ocean,
Those soldiers shall find that my father is brave;
My father!—she cried, with the wildest emotion,
Ah! no, my poor father now sleeps in his grave!
They have toll'd his death-bell, they have laid the turf o'er him,
His *white locks are bloody;* no aid can restore him,
He is gone, he is gone, and the good shall deplore him,
When the blue wave of Erin hides Mary le More.

4

" A lark from the gold-blossom'd furze that grew near her,
Now rose and with energy caroll'd his lay,
Hush! hush! she continued—the trumpet sounds clearer,
The horsemen approach—Erin's daughters away?
Ah Britons! 'twas foul, while the cabin was burning,
And o'er her pale father a wretch had been mourning,
Go, hide with the sea mew, ye maids, and take warning,
Those ruffians have ruin'd poor Mary le More.

5

" Away! bring the ointment! oh God! see those gashes!
Alas, my dear brother! come dry the big tear,
Anon we'll have vengeance for these dreadful lashes,
Already the screech owls and ravens appear!
By day the green grave, that lies under the willow,
With wild-flowers I'll strew, and by night make my pillow,
'Till the ooze and dark sea-weed beneath the curl'd billow,
Shall furnish a death-bed for Mary le More.

6

"Thus raved the poor maniac, in tones more heart-rending,
Than sanity's voice ever pour'd on my ear,
When lo! o'er the waste, on their march towards her bending,
A troop of furr'd cavalry chanc'd to appear.
Oh the fiends! she exclaim'd, and with wild horror started,
Then through the tall fern, loudly-screaming, she darted,
With an over-charg'd bosom I slowly departed.
And sigh'd for the wrongs of sweet Mary le More."

III.

1

"To the cliffs, while below the huge surges are foaming,
No more with wan cheek shall poor Mary retire,
'Mong the dark-waving fern shall no more be seen roaming,
Nor chaunting wild strains o'er the grave of her sire.
Ah no! the straw-shed in which Dermot delighted,
And Dermot, whose vows to poor Erin were plighted,
And Dermot's sweet rose-bud so shamefully blighted,
Like the blue mists of morn are all melted away.

2

"Yes, Erin's fair daughters, the love-beaming Mary,
Whose bosom had nothing of snow but its hue,
Who was once, like yourselves, all attractive and airy,
Has bow'd her sweet head, and bade outrage adieu.
No more the unfeeling despoiler shall harm her,
Nor the blood-sprinkled scythe of oppression alarm her,
Nor can all the soft joys of the cabin now charm her,
For the winds deeply moan, as they weep o'er her grave.

3

"Tho' her cheek grew more wan, and more languid each motion,
Yet still to her haunts she would daily withdraw;
Would climb to the verge of the blue-rolling ocean,
Or roam the wide heath with her basket of straw,
And, still, from those scenes, with the day-star descending,
A few whispering children her footsteps attending,
She would hie to the willow, and mournfully bending,
Would scatter fresh flowers over the grave of her sire.

4

" Like the pale frosted flow'ret, to earth slow returning,
Thus the sufferer droop'd whilst her relatives mourn'd,
Yet still the hoarse rage of the elements scorning,
To the grave of her father she duly return'd.
When lo! at the close of a day dark and dreary,
From the sea-fowl's bleak craigs, came the once beauteous Mary;
All drench'd were her clothes and her steps faint and weary;
Yet in tones wildly sweet thus she sung o'er her sire,

5

" Ah! view the long grass, see it waves as in sadness,
It sighs in the blast, and its green head is low;
When, when, shall I wing to the regions of gladness,
Dear mother, come strip me this 'kerchief of snow.
I saw the red arm, saw the steel's dreadful gleaming,
Oh! how cold were his lips, while the life's blood was streaming,
On the verge of yon cloud, see his bright form is beaming,
He beckons,—and hark,—oh! 'tis Mary he calls.

6

" 'Twas thus her sad soul, while the bleak winds swept o'er her,
On her father's cold grave sigh'd its being away;
And long shall thy daughters, oh Erin! deplore her,
And deck the green turf, that now mantles her clay,
And at eve, when the spoiler's dark doings are stated,
The fate of poor Dermot shall oft be related,
And the cabin's brave tenants with fire unabated,
Shall brand thy destroyers, sweet Mary le More."

These poems have since been published by their author; but as yet, they are not generally known in America, and are too exquisitely interesting, to be omitted in this little narrative.

William's mind had in early life, been clouded, and rendered wretched, by the baneful effects of doubt and uncertainty, as to the doctrines of revealed religion. During a visit, which William made to Edward's father, when Edward was in his

thirteenth year, after many and long discussions between these two youths, Edward enjoyed the supreme felicity of fixing William in a firm belief of the great and sublime truths of Christianity. The integrity of his honour, and the dignified purity of his intentions, the more readily inclined William to listen to the arguments of his companion; and the result of William's conviction was a most ardent and lasting affection for each other, which augmented in its strength and delicacy, in proportion as their minds expanded, and acquired force by the accession of knowledge. Their intercourse however, owing to some uncontroulable circumstances, had been interrupted, during the two last years, the period of time which William had chiefly passed in Glasgow.

The hours unheeded sped away, and Edward forgot, that he had promised his father to reside some months in the metropolis of Scotland, and then return to England, so entirely was his soul absorbed in delight, while in company with William, who was now his inseparable companion, and imparted to his mind an incalculable augmentation of strength and vigour. At length, however, a letter from South-Britain rendered William's immediate departure from Scotland necessary. The separation between him and Edward, altho' it wrung the heart of both with anguish, was softened in its aspect of agony by the interchange of mutual vows of eternal friendship, the promise of frequent epistolary intercourse, and the ecstatic, ardent hope of again meeting, at no very distant period of time.

To be continued.

THIRD SECTION.

AMERICAN LITERATURE REVIEWED.

A VOYAGE TO THE EASTERN PART OF TERRA-FIRMA, OR THE SPANISH MAIN, *in South America, during the years* 1801—1802—1803—*and* 1804, *containing a description of the territory, under the jurisdiction of the Captain-General of Caraccas, composed of the provinces of Venezuela, Maracaibo, Varinas, Spanish Guiana, Cumana, and the Island of Margaretta; and embracing every thing relative to the discovery, conquest, topography, legislation, commerce, finance, inhabitants, productions, of the provinces, together with a view of the manners and customs of the Spaniards, and the savage as well as civilized Indians. By F. Depons, late agent of the French government at Caraccas; in three volumes, with a large map of the country, &c. Translated by an American Gentleman.* New-York, printed by and for I. Riley & Co. No. 1, City Hotel, Broadway. 1806.—3. Vols. 8vo. pp. 898—For sale by Brisban and Brannan. No. 1. City Hotel, Broadway, New-York.

EVERY American *satesman*—(and there *are many* statesmen in America, notwithstanding the present *Jacobin* administration of this country betray not the least symptoms of any knowledge, or acquaintance with even the first and the simplest elements of state-policy, or œconomical science)—will, at one glance of his mind's eye, perceive the importance of a work, which *professes* to unfold the situation and the condition, the physical and the moral resources of a country, which the blind and mistaken policy of that infatuated, forlorn, and beggarly government of Spain has hitherto industriously shrouded from sight under the impenetrable veil of the profoundest secresy, and the most mysterious silence;—because every American statesman knows, that at some future period, whatever in the mean time may be the changes and the revolutions in our *form* of government, the whole of the southern American continent must fall into the hands of the people who

wield the power of the United States ; for it cannot fail but that the intellect, the courage, the hardihood of enterprise, the adventurous spirit, which so emphatically characterize the inhabitants of our northern continent, will, one day, subject the effeminate slavery of a miserable, and an effete despotism to their own controul, bind them in the ties of their own political institutions, or give unto them the blessings of national independence, and of personal freedom.

The work, now, under review is ushered into public notice by the following letter from the honourable S. L. Mitchill to the publishers.

New-York, September 18, 1806.

Messrs. I. Riley & Co.

Having *heard*, that you intend to publish a translation of Mr. Depons' Voyage to the Eastern part of Terra-Firma, published in Paris a few months ago, I send you a *hasty version* of the author's introductory remarks. In these his objects are so far unfolded, that the reader may form a tolerable opinion of his opportunities to collect information, and of his talent to communicate it. I hope you will soon give the three volumes to the public in an English dress: For the seasonableness and importance of a work, written with the *ability* manifested in *every* part of this on the provinces of South-America, belonging to the Captain-Generalship of Caraccas, cannot fail to recommend it to the notice of statesmen, merchants, and the lovers of general knowledge. The perusal of this performance, which discloses to our view some of the most favoured countries, which, though but moderately distant from us, and situated in the same quarter of the globe, have been kept out of our sight for three hundred years by the *care* and *prudence* of Spanish policy, has given me more than usual pleasure and instruction. I doubt not, that many of my fellow-citizens will receive from it equal gratification ; for it displays many new and curious particulars, which lose nothing by the manner of telling. To many it may be a matter of recommendation that the author writes more like a man of business than a man of science. SAM. L. MITCHILL.

To this mode of literary quackery, this fraudulent puffing of a book, we cannot too frequently and too strenuously object ; because it injures the best interests of literature by prejudicing the opinion of the public, and diverting the judgments of the readers to the authority and name of the quack, who puffs, from the contents of the book itself, by whose *in-*

trinsic merit *alone* every publication *ought* to stand or fall. In the present instance it is very amusing to see Dr. Mitchill gravely beginning his epistolary puff, with the words—"*having heard*"—whereas all those who know any thing of the arts and mysteries of literary *scavengerizing*, are well aware, that Messrs. I. Riley & Co. having it in contemplation to publish a book, whose sale, of course, they wish to make as rapid and as extensive as possible, cast about in their wisdoms to find a man, whose literary reputation, however acquired, might, according to the mistaken notions of that *smuggling* spirit, which has unhappily pervaded and palsied the literature of this country, by degrading and debasing it from a liberal and a lofty pursuit into a mere dirty calculation of tare and tret, into a mere balance of pecuniary profit or loss, into a shuffling system of petty barter and traffic, *help on* the the calculation of their projected volumes, by a letter full of the amplest encomiums, and stuffed with recommendations to fellow-citizens, forthwith to become readers, or, at all events, to become *purchasers* of the said volumes. The *same* process takes place in the ingenious artifices, by which Drs. Solomon and Brodum, and Church, and Mr. Packwood, induce the public to buy their cordial balm of Gilead—restorative vegetable syrup—cough-drops—patent razor-strops—and shaving paste. And in *this* manner did Messrs. I. Riley & Co. and the *honourable* Dr. Mitchill, a *senator* and a *statesman* of the United States, lay their heads together and devise and indite a preliminary puff for certain books, which the said Messrs. I. Riley & Co. were desirous to *sell*, in order to defray the expenses of printing, and publishing, and money advanced to the translator, and also to leave a balance of profit in favour of of the politic publishers.

Notwithstanding, however, the great *literary sin*, which the publishers have committed in thus fradulently endeavouring to forestal, and to prejudge the opinion of the public, as to the merits of their book, we shall, now that we have vented our indignation and contempt at such pitiful chicanery, proceed to examine the work, now under consideration, solely, on its *own* claims to praise or censure, as if the honourable Dr. Mitchill had *not* written a single syllable in its favour.

In the introduction to the first volume the author tells us, that the work, which he offers to the public, has no other foundation but truth, and no ornament, save that, which is derived from correctness;—that the country, which he takes upon himself to describe, namely, that which forms the captain-generalship of Caraccas, that is to say, the provinces of Venezuela, Varinas, Maracaibo, Cumana, Spanish Guiana, and the Island of Margaretta, extending from the 12th degree of north latitude to the equator, and from the 62nd degree of longitude west of the meridian of Paris to the 75th, exceeds every other part of America in the fertility, variety, and richness of its productions.

M. Depons calls it the *Eastern part of Terra-Firma* to distinguish it from that part of Terra-Firma, which lies farther westward, and depends on the vice-royalty of Santa Fe, having for boundaries on its northern extremity Cape de la Vela to the east, and the Isthmus of Panama on the west. This eastern part of Terra-Firma abounds in all sorts of Colonial produce of a very superior quality, as,—cocoa, indigo, tobacco, sugar, coffee, vanilla, the wild cochineal, dying woods, barks, and plants, gums, resins, balsams, and medical oils, medicinal herbs, roots, and barks, such as, sarsaparilla, sassafras, licorice, squill, storax, cassia, gayac, aloes, quinquina, &c. &c.

There are few or no useless trees in the numerous and extensive forests of the eastern part of Terra-Firma;—they are either fruit-trees, or trees adapted to every species of building and cabinet-work, both useful and ornamental. Several sorts of wood are fit for inlaid work of the most exquisite polish, far surpassing in beauty the finest specimens of mahogany, after it has received all the aid of the most dexterous artist. Among these woods one, called *chacaranday*, found on the mountains of Perija in the province of Maracaibo, surpasses all the rest in beauty.

Neither are the productions of the animal kingdom, in this land of promise, inferior, either in quantity or quality to its vegetable stores;—in Venezuela, and Barcelona, Spanish Guiana, the western side of the lake Maracaibo, &c. there are 1,200,000 neat cattle; 180,000 horses and mares; and

90,000 mules scattered over the plains and vallies; sheep without number; and an abundance of deer, particularly, in the jurisdictions of Coro, Carora, and Qucuyo.

M. Depons now indulges himself, at great length, in reprehending all the other writers, who have treated on this subject, *all* of whom, it seems, are so incorrect, that to have written nothing would have been better than to have treated the subject as they have done. But to abuse preceding writers, and to tell us how marvellously wise the author himself is, can, at best, be but a trifling employment; since no one can rise into esteem and honour merely upon the ruins of another's reputation; M. Depons must submit to the common lot imposed upon the children of men; and if he hopes for literary fame he must seek it, where only it can be found, from the ostensible display of his own good sense and knowledge; for, whatever he may think he will never be able to obtain it by calling his predecessors in the intellectual career, which he now runs, dolts and block-heads.

In this sweeping censure of all former writings upon the Eastern part of Terra-Firma M. Depons includes Mr. Mentelle, whom he very vigorously reproves for saying—the province of Venezula, or little Venice, is so called because the chief place is but *little* above the water level;—whereas according to M. Depons, it is *far* above the water-level.—In addition to this grievous sin poor Mr. Mentelle has fallen into a blunder about the *province* of *Oronoko*,—whereas there is no *such province* as *Oronoko*;—neither is Mr. Mentelle better acquainted with the river *Oronoko*,—though as we believe Mr. Depons himself, admits that there *is such a river*, as the Oronoko.

Neither is the author of the *New Dictionary of Ancient and Modern Geography* more fortunate in escaping the reproofs of our terrible author for his inaccuracies, as to the *reasons why* Venezuela was called Venezuela;—and for not thinking and writing on Cumana and Guiana precisely in the *same* manner as he, M. Depons, chooses that all people should think and write, under the pain of incurring his high displeasure, if they presumed to differ from the rules, which he lays down as indisputably correct.

The *Universal Dictionary of Commerial Geography* next shares in the honour of being censured by M. Depons, who says, that although it was printed in five volumes 4to, in the eighth year of the Republic, and is a master piece of commercial knowledge, and the repository of almost every kind of information on every portion of the globe, which the geographer, statesman, or merchant, can require, is, however, so incorrect in *his*—(*anglicè*—its we do not often apply the word *his* to a *book*, even though it be the Universal Dictionary of Commercial Geography)—treatise upon the eastern part of Terra-Firma, that its value is thereby much diminished. This dictionary is reproved for calling—Caraccas a shore and town of South-America in Terra-Firma, province of Venezula!—whereas it should have added that Caraccas was the capital of the same province, the head-quarters of the captain-general, the seat of the royal audience, and the office of the intendant whose authority extends ever Venezuela, Maracaibo, Varinas, Cumana, Guiana, and Margaretta.—Then again is the dictionary censured for saying—"there are Indian corn and plantations there; there are likwise fowls and hogs,"—which however M. Depons does not deny to be true, but is very angry, that the dictionary did not tell *how many* hogs and fowls there were, and that it suggested "the idea of a country, whose barren soil refuses subsistence to its inhabitants;"—which, we take leave to assure M. Depons, is *not* the case; for the production of *fowls* and *hogs* does *not* suggest the idea of a *barren* soil, which refuses subsistence to its inhabitants—at least, it does not suggest such an idea to any man, who is capable of putting two ideas together, and who knows that neither pigs nor poultry are the offspring of sterility.

Some other inaccuracies in this dictionary are reprobated, namely, respecting Cumana, and Guiana;—but M. Depons' fury rises to a most marvellous height, at finding, under the article *Porto Rico*, that that island was taken by the English, during the late war. And here the Frenchman explodes into all that mixture of bombastical egotism, national flippancy, and impudent falsehood, which so peculiarly characterizes a *Gallic Jacobin;*—he, roundly, asserts that in 1798 the English, stimulated by their *covetousness*, directed against Porto Rico

the *most formidable expedition* that had ever been made in the Antilles, under the command of Abercrombie, the most famous of their generals; but that the Spaniards, under the *protection* of *four or five hundred* Frenchmen, employed in cruising, whose privateers and prizes were in the road of Porto Rico, and who were themselves embodied under the command of the French commissioner M. Paris, and displayed the most incredible dexterity and courage, so *terrified* the English, that they resolved to raise the siege precipitately and embarked on board their vessels, leaving behind their heavy artillery as the pledges of their failure.

Then follows an account of the *gratitude* of the Spaniards to their *deliverers*, the French;—how the two people united in the *most brotherly embraces*;—(in *this* country we all know what the *fraternal hug* of a Frenchman means)—how the French were called *saviours* of Porto Rico;—and how the English would not have had a "*better bargain*" of the Spaniards than of the French, if they had *come near enough*—(the English, as all the world knows, are very apt to keep themselves at a *great distance* from their enemies, particularly upon the *ocean*)—to engage with them;—and how the captain-general promised to give to the King of Spain an account of the obligation, under which the town was laid by these brave allies, the French;—how a scanty account thereof was published in the Madrid Gazette, without making *any mention* of the French;—and, lastly, how M. Depons is determined, that posterity shall know, if his, M. Depons', work shall live so long, that the commanding officers of the French privateers covered themselves with glory in this memorable action.—This French statement requires no comment; its own language is *sufficiently intelligible*.

We are then informed, that no correct statistical account has ever been given of the eastern part of Terra-Firma;—that this glory was reserved for the destiny of M. Depons, who overcame all difficulties by the principles, which have always served as the ground-work of his conduct in foreign countries; namely,—never ridiculing their ancient prejudices, respecting their usages, and conforming to local customs. And yet, in spite of all this easy pliancy of disposition, which re-

ceived no checks from the stubbornness of integrity, or the unaccommodating honour of a pure conscience, M. Depons encountered many difficulties in procuring the materials of the work now under review; more especially from the *duplicity* of the Spaniards, who are very jealous of all foreign observers, and who, under the mask of apparent frankness and zealous affection, frequently give information, concerning the objects of inquiry, which *they know* to be false, and by which they *intend* to convey ideas directly contrary to those which would be imparted by the real statement of facts. Over all this, however, the lofty genius and the extensive knowledge of M. Depons, if we may believe his *own* assertion, have completely triumphed, and he flatters himself, that the distribution which he has made of his materials will make the *same* impressions on the minds of his readers, in looking over his pages, that his own mind received in travelling and studying the eastern part of Terra-Firma.

M. Depons' distribution is, as follows;—The first chapter treats of the discovery and conquest of the country. In the second chapter succeeds a summary description of the country, such as it was at the epoch, when the Spaniards established themselves in it, namely, its temperature, soil, native productions, forests, mountains, lakes, rivers, and harbours. The third chapter is devoted to a statement of the population of the country both European and African; wherein are explained the means, by which an annual statement of the number of each of these classes is obtained; the rank assigned them in society by their laws; the pains taken by the Spaish government to prevent the unpeopling of the mother country by emigration to America; the severity of the laws against the admission of foreigners into the Spanish possessions; the manners which the European Spaniards carry thither; the manners and customs of the creoles; the condition of the slaves; and of the freedmen, &c. The fourth chapter treats solely of the Indians; and the ineffectual means hitherto employed to exalt them from their savage condition into a state of civilization. In the fifth chapter is detailed the form of government, which Spain has devised for her colonies; together with the kind of connection con-

trived to keep them dependant; the functions and prerogatives of the principal officers appointed by the king; the tribunals and general police; and the organization, number and distribution of the troops destined for the defence of the country.

The sixth chapter examines the state of religion in the Spanish colonies, its intimate connection with politics; and concludes with an examination of the question whether or not churches ought to be asylums?—The seventh chapter relates to the agriculture of the eastern part of Terra Firma. The eighth chapter is devoted to considerations on the commercial system pursued by Spain towards her colonies; and closes by an inquiry into the consular establishment at Caraccas, and a statement of the rates of duties on imports and exports. The ninth chapter comprises an account of the financial system, and gives a general table of receipts and expenditures. In the tenth chapter we are informed of the resources and special subjects of industry in each department of the captain-generalship of Caraccas; of the situation, temperature, and population of each town, the character of the inhabitants, the quality of the adjacent lands, the employment of labour, the course of trade, the species of spontaneous productions, the crops which are artificially raised, and the rivers which water the respective regions, &c. &c. The same course has been pursued in respect of the division of the provinces of the eastern part of Terra Firma into cabildos, erected in each town, whose jurisdiction embraces all the adjoining villages as far as the boundary of the neighbouring cabildo. Whence a circumstantial description of the seat of each cabildo and its territory, constitutes the most complete and instructive topography, which can be given of the country.

The eleventh chapter describes Spanish Guiana, which, watered by the Oronoko, that runs through it a distance of five hundred leagues, and receives in its course a prodigious number of considerable rivers, and appears to be destined by nature to become the most productive province of America, the commercial centre of its produce, as well as of that of the neighbouring provinces, and whose navigable streams empty

themselves into the Oronoko, the navigation of whose waters, hitherto a secret confined to a few pilots, is traced and explained with much minuteness of detail, from its mouths to St. Tomé.

M. Depons concludes his introduction by acknowledging his obligations to General Leclerc for his assistance in enabling him to prosecute his undertaking, with regard to exploring and describing the condition of the eastern part of Terra-Firma. M. Depons wrote to General Leclerc, immediately on his arrival at St. Domingo, at the head of the army, submitting his remarks on the Spanish colonies, and explaining to him his literary project, and received the following reply, dated 10th Thermidor, 10th year.

"I regret that the wants of the army, which I command, do not enable me to appropriate at this moment, to the furtherance of natural history, the necessary sums. The time is certainly not remote, when I shall have it in my power to do all that I wish in this respect. In the mean time I beg you to accept of one thousand dollars, which I have remitted on your account; I hope this sum will give you the means of continuing your useful labours. I shall not suffer the minister of the interior to remain ignorant of the fact, that on the American continent there is a Frenchman occupied in useful inquiries."

This letter reflects great honour on General Leclerc, as a gentleman, and one desirous of promoting the cause of knowledge. Indeed, it must be acknowledged, that the French nation in general, and the officers of its government, in particular, have always been justly celebrated for the earnest zeal, with which they encourage their *savans* in their intellectual researches; and also for the assiduous dexterity, with which they continually send able and intelligent agents to obtain information respecting the manners, the condition, and the political bearings of foreign nations; whence their great superiority over all other people, in state-chicanery and fraud, in the readiness with which they accommodate themselves to the customs, the passions, the weaknesses of those, whose views they wish to spy out and penetrate, in order to convert them to the purpose of promoting the advantage and the aggrandizement of themselves individually, and of the Gallic empire generally. France has in all ages, gained much more of dominion and of

power by the subtlety of her fraudulent policy, than she has ever acquired by the force of her arms, and the open daring of her valour in the field of battle.

M. Depons adds, that this pecuniary assistance was not repeated, owing to the disastrous event of General Leclerc's death.

Subjoined to this introduction is an ample map of the captain-generalship of the Caraccas, comprising the provinces of Venezuela, Maracaibo, Varinas, Cumana, Guiana, and the island of Margaretta, engraved by Maverick of New-York.

To be continued.

A LETTER *to the respectable citizens, inhabitants of the county of Orleans; together with several letters to his Excellency Governor Claibourne, and other documents relative to the extraordinary measures lately pursued in this Territory. By James Workman, Esquire, late Judge of the county of Orleans and of the court of Probates for the territory of Orleans.* New-Orleans, printed by Bradford and Anderson, corner of Chartres and Toulouse streets. 1807—8vo—pamphlet pp. 44.

THE subjects of these letters, namely the late strange contest between the military and civil authorities of this country, which ended in the complete prostration of the latter, and the total ejection of justice from her legitimate temple, the courts of civil jurisdiction, are so well and so generally known, as to need no comment from us. Mr. Workman, in the letter now before us, strenuously endeavours to justify his own conduct, as a staunch advocate for the rights and liberties of his fellow-citizens, and to criminate the behaviour of Governor Claibourne and General Wilkinson, as being the audacious, and cowardly oppressors of a defenceless and an insulted people. To this letter are subjoined copies and abstracts of certain letters and official documents, all tending to the same purpose, namely, that of proving the ardent patriotism of Mr. Workman, and of directing the stream of popular indignation against their two excellencies Messrs. Wilkinson and Claibourne.

This publication is, undoubtedly, the production of a vigorous mind, labouring under the influence of very strong and violent passions, wrought up to the highest pitch of resentment by the full conviction of having experienced the grossest insults combined with the most flagrant injustice. Mr. Workman's style is throughout replete with force and energy, frequently careless, and occasionally coarse; the reader is presented with the following passages, from the letter, page 5. as a favourable specimen of the bold and spirited manner, in which the *ex-judge* can chastise his antagonists.

"In the mean time, however, I cannot forbear to notice the wretched and infamous libel fathered upon me by its stupid authors, and published together with the President's official message. It is stated as the ground of suspecting me for being connected with Mr. Burr in his conspiracy, that I declared that—"the *republican* who possessed power and did not employ it to *establish a despotism* was a fool."—Without deigning to dwell upon the intrinsic incoherency and absurdity in terms, which this vile morsel of nonsense contains, I may remark, that if men's opinions can be inferred from their conduct, the sentiment which *would* have been expressed in that sentence, if those who wrote it, *knew how*, may be fairly imputed to General Wilkinson himself. The instant I saw the paragraph, I ventured to particularize its authors. The miserable folly of the thought, and the bombast in the expression, induced me to believe, that it must be the *joint* manufacture of *both* their civil and military excellencies. The imbecile driveller, who in a solemn state-paper declared his apprehension of the arrival of persons charged with the fulfilment of a *treasonable duty* might well conceive the bright idea of *a republican* establishing *despotic* power. And as for the *General's* share in the mock heroic composition, it has appeared to me, that there is a strong analogy between his warlike and his literary atchievements. His campaign on the borders of the Sabine resembles most of the performances, with which he hath enriched the literature of America. He wields his pen and his sword in the same style;—THE CRONONHOTONTHOLOGOS of LETTERS and of WAR.—Great God!—how degrading it is to be engaged in a contest with *such* adversaries. Ten years ago I ventured to encounter the eloquence of Burke and Pitt; now I am obliged to write against a *little, nameless brigadier*, and an *underling clerk* of Mr. John Beckley's."

This pamphlet is printed on very villanous paper of the coarsest and dirtiest quality, such as to disgrace the press, from

which it issued. It were much to be wished that our printers and publishers could learn, that the cause of literature can never be promoted by employing nasty and vulgar materials as the medium of its effusions, and as the vehicle of its lucubrations.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, *an heroic poem. Read to the Literary Society of Belfast, by the Reverend William Hamilton Drummond.*—Charleston, S. C. printed at the Courier office, No. 1, Broad-street. 1807—Small 8vo.—pp. 84.

POETRY must be judged of altogether by the *effects* which it produces;—by the emotions, tender, pathetic, or indignant, which it raises in the heart;—by the calm, the pensive repose, which it spreads over the faculties of the mind, or the wild, delirious enthusiam, which it excites in that princely and paramount power, the imagination.

In order to produce emotions of the *sublime*, it is necessary that elevated sentiments be expressed in the utmost simplicity of style, unobscured by the affectation of frequently introducing terms of art, and unincumbered by redundant and superfluous words; witness the Scriptures throughout, and Shakspeare, Homer, Milton, Young, and some others, very generally, with occasional exceptions. A late writer, who united in himself, the rare excellencies of correct criticism, and interesting poetry, has left his decisive judgment, as to this position, upon record for all posterity, down to the remotest periods of future time.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous show
Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
Through ardour to adorn;—but Nature now
To his experienced eye a modest grace
Presents, where *Ornament* the second place
Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
Subservient still.—*Simplicity* apace
Tempers his rage:—he owns her charm divine,
And *clears* the *ambiguous* phrase, and *lops the unwieldy line.*

Blair, whose *Lectures on Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres* are very little else than a dull compilation of all the common-

place criticism, which before his time, had been scattered up and down in various volumes, ancient and modern, without even an attempt to trace the emotions of the heart and mind, which must ever be the *immediate* and *proximate* causes of sublime sensations in us, up to their springs and sources; and which can only be done by an intense study of the science of metaphysics; a science, of which the reverend Doctor shews himself to be most profoundly ignorant, whenever he attempts to touch upon even the elements of the philosophy of the human mind;—Blair, after many others, tells us,—that it is among *ancient* authors, that we are to look for the most striking instances of the *sublime;* because the early ages of the world, and rude states of society, are particularly favourable to the strong emotions of sublimity. Meeting with many *new* and *strange* objects must keep their imagination glowing. In the progress of society the genius and manners of men undergo a change more favourable to accuracy than to strength or sublimity.

These observations, however, do not appear to be founded upon the most accurate inquiries into nature and truth. Milton's *Paradise Lost* contains more instances of the sublime than do the writings of all the poets of antiquity put together. The merely meeting with objects *new* and *strange* may create surprize, but will not necessarily produce sublimity. The *imagination*, upon the force and vigour of which depends the power of receiving sublime impressions, must be strengthened, like every other faculty of the mind, by exercise; and it has more abundant opportunities of being exercised, in proportion as cultivation advances, and knowledge increases.

This subject demands some minute and careful consideration; and is of the more importance, as we can never hope to arrive at any correct notions upon even the very elements of criticism, unless we have recourse to metaphysical research, as the basis of our inquiry.

The human mind is formed by nature to be altogether dependant on *imagination* for its most pure and refined enjoyments. The contemplation of the *mere realities* of life cannot afford a resting-place, for a principle, which is adapted to grasp at infinity. The majestic mountain and the roaring

which it issued. It were much to be wished that our printers and publishers could learn, that the cause of literature can never be promoted by employing nasty and vulgar materials as the medium of its effusions, and as the vehicle of its lucubrations.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, *an heroic poem. Read to the Literary Society of Belfast, by the Reverend William Hamilton Drummond.*—Charleston, S. C. printed at the Courier office, No. 1, Broad-street. 1807—Small 8vo.—pp. 84.

POETRY must be judged of altogether by the *effects* which it produces;—by the emotions, tender, pathetic, or indignant, which it raises in the heart;—by the calm, the pensive repose, which it spreads over the faculties of the mind, or the wild, delirious enthusiam, which it excites in that princely and paramount power, the imagination.

In order to produce emotions of the *sublime*, it is necessary that elevated sentiments be expressed in the utmost simplicity of style, unobscured by the affectation of frequently introducing terms of art, and unincumbered by redundant and superfluous words; witness the Scriptures throughout, and Shakspeare, Homer, Milton, Young, and some others, very generally, with occasional exceptions. A late writer, who united in himself, the rare excellencies of correct criticism, and interesting poetry, has left his decisive judgment, as to this position, upon record for all posterity, down to the remotest periods of future time.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous show
Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
Through ardour to adorn;—but Nature now
To his experienced eye a modest grace
Presents, where *Ornament* the second place
Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
Subservient still.—*Simplicity* apace
Tempers his rage:—he owns her charm divine,
And *clears* the *ambiguous* phrase, and *lops the unwieldy line.*

Blair, whose *Lectures on Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres* are very little else than a dull compilation of all the common-

place criticism, which before his time, had been scattered up and down in various volumes, ancient and modern, without even an attempt to trace the emotions of the heart and mind, which must ever be the *immediate* and *proximate* causes of sublime sensations in us, up to their springs and sources; and which can only be done by an intense study of the science of metaphysics; a science, of which the reverend Doctor shews himself to be most profoundly ignorant, whenever he attempts to touch upon even the elements of the philosophy of the human mind;—Blair, after many others, tells us,—that it is among *ancient* authors, that we are to look for the most striking instances of the *sublime;* because the early ages of the world, and rude states of society, are particularly favourable to the strong emotions of sublimity. Meeting with many *new* and *strange* objects must keep their imagination glowing. In the progress of society the genius and manners of men undergo a change more favourable to accuracy than to strength or sublimity.

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ocean owe their grandeur and sublimity to combinations of images *analogous* to, but *different* from, the objects which are presented to our senses. The imagination of man is only capable of forming new combinations of images, that are already known; whence its power is limited by the stock of ideas, which the mind, through the medium of the senses, has acquired. To increase the stock of our ideas, and to render more energetic, by proper and judicious cultivation, that faculty of the mind, by which new combinations can be formed, are the only means, by which ardour and vigour can be imparted to the imagination.

Our stock of primitive ideas is most rapidly increased by an extensive acquaintance with the various objects that are offered to our more refined senses. Nature, in all her visible shows and forms; the champaign, well-cultivated country; the barren heaths; the pines that wave their dark tops o'er the hills; the rugged mountain, which hears unmoved the tempests blow, and unmoved sees the raging billows break beneath; the roaring of the cataracts; the rifting of the rocks when lightnings play; the crash of desclation, when mad tornadoes sweep the Indian isles; the rolling of the thunder echoing from rock to rock amid the heights of the Andes; the howling of the storm, as it sweeps over the agitated ocean, when the midnight hour breathes a darker horror on the deep, and the tumultuous roar of conflicting waves, at whose every tremendous pause, and every dreadful interval, the shrieks of the dying, as they descend to be entombed in the billowy gulf, borne along the sighing of the sullen gale, smite upon the saddened ear, and pierce the agonizing heart;—all, all conspire to fill the soul with the most sublime and solemn emotions, and to bear it aloft above the confines of humanity.

All these must have been seen, and heard, and felt; all these must obey the magic power of imagination, and, at her mighty bidding, arise, and display their radiant visions, and present their fleeting forms.

1

" *Inspiration* hears the call;
She rises from her throne above,
And sudden as the glancing meteors fall,
She comes, she fills the grove.

High her port:—her waving hand
A pencil bears;—the days, the years,
Arise at her command,
And each obedient colouring wears.

2

"See!—where *Time's* pictured band
In hues ethereal glide along;
O mark the transitory throng!
Now they dazzle;—now they die;—
Instant flit from light to shade.
Mark the blue forms of faint futurity,
O mark them, ere they fade!"—

To a mind, of which we can truly say, that lonely wastes and frowning skies are fraught with rapture, poetry, painting, music, and oratory, can *alone* impart their strongest impressions of tenderness and of sublimity. For how can a person imagine, that which he has *not* seen or felt? And to what purpose shall that man behold these grand objects of nature, whose mind is only accustomed to receive and to retain impressions made upon the more *gross* and *degraded* organs of sense? with *what* effect shall *such* a miscreated wretch survey the wonders of creation, and look upon the glories of the universe? with *what* emotions shall he hear the gentle whispering of the breeze, or listen to the awful voice of God speaking in thunder, as it rolls along upon the wings of the wind?

In order that we may be able to strengthen the imagination; or, in other words, render our power of associating similar simple ideas and of combining dissimilar images, more rapid and more energetic, perhaps, the most effectual and ready method is the *study of language*. By attributing definite ideas to arbitrary signs, and by forming abstract, when definite notions cannot be obtained, the faculty of imagination, like all other powers of the mind, must by use and exercise, be abundantly invigorated. In a word; this purpose is most effectually answered by those means, which enlarge and illumine the power of *reasoning*.

We may, also, arrive at the same conclusion *a posteriori*; by recalling to our recollection those known instances, where

the faculty of imagination has appeared in its greatest strength. It is *not*—(with all due deference to the authority of Dr. Hugh Blair, and also to the authority of the writers, from whom he so sedulously copies his morsels of critical conjecture) —it is *not* in the rude and uncultivated condition of barbarity, that the *imagination* possesses the greatest energy. Whence in the poems of Ossian,—(by whomsoever written, whether by the bard of the days of Caracalla, by the son of Fingal, or by the redoubtable Mr. James Macpherson, to which last opinion, we ourselves, most resolutely incline, upon the strong testimony, and the cogent reasoning, adduced by Malcolm Laing, in his edition of Ossian, in two vols. 8vo. printed at Edinburgh, in 1805, and which proves, at least entirely to our satisfaction, that the said James Macpherson was one of the greatest *literary impostors* that has appeared in modern times) —we find alike the greatest imbecility of the ratiocinative faculty, and the utmost sterility of the imagination. A few solitary scattered images are perpetually recurring in almost every page of this barren performance, which professes to present to us the *most sublime* specimens of the state of the Scottish people in the ruder ages of their incipient civilization ;— it must never be forgotten that Blair, the Lecturer on Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres, actually wrote a long dissertation to prove that the poems attributed to Ossian, were written in the earlier days of Caledonian antiquity, by the son of Fingal, and that, moreover, these poems *surpassed* in *sublimity* the *united* efforts of the genius of Homer, Virgil, and Milton ;— thereby evincing such depth and acumen of *critical sagacity*, as, without peradventure, entitles Dr. Blair's opinion on all matters of taste and learning to be received as the dictates of oracular wisdom, as the effusions of more than *Delphic* inspiration!—

Let any one fairly read the poems of Ossian, and, then ask himself, whether or not a man possessing any great grasp of intellect, or fire of genius, could produce a literary offspring, so deficent in images, and so barren of incident? The mere circumstance of the poems, which are attributed to Ossian, being very extensively circulated, affords no conclusive argument, as to their excellence; for some of the vilest and most

absurd books, that ever issued from the conjoined efforts of malignant dulness and impenetrable ignorance, have been swept through several editions, and have passed through the hands of numerous readers. *Twenty thousand* copies of a sixpenny pamphlet, called *Aristotle's Master-piece*, a production full of the coarsest and the most disgusting obscenity, are *annually* sold in Britain, for the entertainment and improvement of the British people, chiefly, of servants, both male and female, and readers in the lower classes in society; this is a fact, which can be corroborated by the testimony of any book-seller in London. And do we not all know what an extensive circulation has been given to Thomas Paine's *Rights of Man*, and *Age of Reason*,—and Thomas Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia* ;—books, which go directly to destroy all the principles of *Religion* in the human heart, and to annihilate all the foundations of human society *civil* and *domestic?*

That the imagination increases in strength as the reasoning faculty becomes invigorated, is abundantly proved by the lofty flights, which have been obtained by the genius of Homer, of Pindar, of Shakspeare, of Newton, of Milton, and of Young.

A mind cultivated by an habitual acquaintance with the great objects of nature, and whose faculty of association is rendered more rapid and facile by an extensive knowledge of language, or, indeed, by any other means, that enables it to acquire clear and comprehensive views upon the subjects of its contemplation, possesses within itself inexhaustible sources of delight, far surpassing, in splendour and in duration, all the pleasures, which the dull realities of life can ever, in their happiest moments of combination, impart. It is in the contemplation of these ideal forms, which imagination embodies, giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name, that the human mind enjoys the most refined and the most exalted felicity.

It only, now, remains to be proved, that *all our sublime emotions are owing to the efforts of our imagination.*

That the impression, which we derive from the contemplation of those objects, which are addressed to our *more*

refined senses,—(namely of *sight* and of *hearing*)—is capable of imparting pleasure to the mind, no one will have sufficient hardihood to deny. This pleasure, in a great measure, takes its rise from *novelty*, by which objects are more fitted to give that strong impression, and energy to the mind, which renders it conscious of its own exertions, a never-failing source of pleasure to that divine part of our constitution. Hence we find, that children receive the greatest delight from the impressions made by sensible objects. As life advances novelty gradually vanishes, the pleasurable impression made by external objects is lessened, perhaps in time annihilated, and the mind, by degrees, becomes accustomed to and capable of drawing its pleasure from a *different* source ;—for we are not designed to derive our enjoyments for ever from the casual influence of the material world.

The pleasure, which we receive from the contemplation of *beautiful* objects, chiefly depends upon the *impression*, which these objects make upon the *senses ;* but the *ideas*, arising from this source, when stored up in the mind, become refined, and purified and exalted by the exercise of that divine principle ; whence they form the proper materials for the exertions of the imagination ; and from the collection and combination of such purified, refined, and exalted ideas arise our chiefest enjoyments, the *flights* of *fancy*, and the *emotions* of *sublimity*.

That the sublime emotions which we feel, in contemplating the grander objects of nature, arise from the exertions of our imagination, we may be satisfied by applying this general proposition to particular instances. The agitated ocean is universally allowed to be a sublime object ;—but here our *two* most refined senses are impressed at the *same* moment; the roaring of the waves strikes upon our ear, and the tumbling of the billows presents itself to our sight ;—and, as, even the rawest students of metaphysical science know, that the mind can only attend to *one single* impression at the *same* time, it is impossible, that we can receive a *distinct sensible* image of all these various impulses at *one* and the *same* instant. Our *attention*, which is altogether necessary to acquire clearness of perception, cannot be arrested by any particular object in a continually rolling body of waters, whose indeterminate extent and loud-resounding roar add to our uncertainty.

In this case the mind, wrought into a state of irritable irksomeness by suspense, calls up those images, which correspond to the impressions; and the *imagination* finishes the picture, which the senses had rudely and imperfectly sketched.

Those objects also, which are of vast magnitude, are sublime; but in the contemplation of such objects it is utterly impossible, that we can receive a *distinct* image of the *whole*. The sublime objects of the Alps or the Andes present to our senses a vast variety of subordinate images, of light and shade, of woods, rocks, snow, a continual succession of lofty towering summits, the outline of which can only be indistinctly defined, can merely be dimly discerned in the distance. Such objects are in very deed sublime; and they actually owe their sublime effect to the *indistinctness* of the images, which we receive from contemplating them; for could we, *at once*, take in and comprehend clearly and satisfactorily *all the different* parts of which such objects are composed; could we receive from them such a determinate and distinct impression as to arrest and fix the attention, *beauty* might remain, but *sublimity* would vanish.

Hence we see why those colours, whose impression is the weakest, and consequently the most unfitted to engage the attention, increase the sublimity of natural objects; hence also a mass of dark clouds, incumbent upon the horizon, and the obscure, solemn shades of night add to the sublimity whilst they diminish the beauty of nature; because they suffer the imagination to supply the deficiency occasioned by the feeble exertion of the organs of sense. Perhaps the sublime flights of imagination and of fancy, which Homer and Milton attained, could never have been realized by them, unless in consequence of their attention being deprived of its greatest cause of excitement, *visible* nature, their imagination, by being proportionally more exercised, had arrived at its highest possible perfection.

But it is needless to exemplify our general assertion in its application to any more *visible* objects; any one, who is accustomed to call up in his mind combinations of ideas,—(and for those who do *not* it is in vain to write, or to labour; *nothing* can profit *them*, and they can *only* be of use, when they fatten

the earth with their miserable carcases)—will see the justice and the universality of its application.

Yet before this principle, upon which we have endeavoured to explain the cause of sublimity, arising from the contemplation of visible objects, can be admitted as altogether just, we must also inquire whether or not the sublime emotions, which are raised by *sounds*, can be developed by attempting to trace them up to the same great general cause.

Sounds may, perhaps, be properly divided into two classes, articulate and musical; to produce the perfection of articulate sound, distinctness, and that abrupt energy which rouses the attention, are necessary; but musical sound is either a combination of various sounds, delicately and imperceptibly blended together, which we call *harmony*—or a simple succession of various notes, melting slowly into each other, which is denominated *melody*.

In articulate language, in order to make a strong impression upon the attention, the different sounds of which it is composed are never imperceptibly blended together, but each individual effort of articulation is suddenly checked, and expectation awakens the exercise of attention. Whence articulate language, though often beautiful, can never *of itself* be sublime. The roll of the Grecian thunder, whether of Homer, or of Æschylus, or of Demosthenes, can only be the cause of sublimity by exciting the imagination to call up and to embody those images, by which sublime emotions are produced.

In musical expression however the case is altogether different. Attention is lulled to rest, and the pleasing impressions, which are imparted to the mind, call up into exertion the energies of the imagination; and the delicate, soft blending of the notes, though it may renovate the pleasure arising from the impression, is yet too faint and indistinct to dissipate, by rousing the attention, the aerial forms of waking fancy.

> "And ever against eating cares
> Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
> Married to immortal verse,
> Such as the meeting soul might pierce;

In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton head, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."—

Among all the various objects, which are capable of exciting in the mind emotions of sublimity, none, perhaps, acts with equal energy as does exquisite poetry incorporated in appropriate musical expression; but in such a case it is impossible to receive any *distinct* images from the various impulses, which are made upon the senses at the same time. With regard to musical expression, those who endeavour to excite *sublime* emotions by a rapid succession of well-defined and distinct notes, totally mistake the means, by which they attempt to attain the end, which they have in view. A *pretty* composition and a masterly execution may, and do indeed, deserve the praise due to manual dexterity, and ready ingenuity, but can never demand or extort the homage of applause, which is tributary to *sublimity alone*.

Harmony again, whose effect, still more than melody, tends to lull the attention to rest, excites in us the most sublime emotions, from the same general principle; namely, that of rousing the imagination into exertion. All those who are capable of analyzing the emotions which arise in their minds, know full well, that music interests and agitates all the tender and all the dignified passions of our nature; that it raises us to joy, or steeps us in all the softened pensiveness of melancholy; that it melts or inflames us; that it calls forth all the sweetest feelings of compassion, or lashes our hearts up into all the fury and tempest of indignant wrath; yet the shades of its impulse are so delicately blended together; its gradations of emotion are so imperceptibly fine, and so nicely varied, that the extremes of its pleasures and its pains come into mutual contact;—the passions which it wounds are yet pleased; its very sorrows delight; and its indignation elevates and charms.

The taste and the perception of the force and the effect of harmony must vary in different persons in proportion to the different degrees of the ardour and the energy of passion, which

they possess; and the passions of men are uniformly energetic and ardent directly in the ratio of their sensibility, and their acuteness of perception and of feeling. Music may, with great propriety, be considered as a language directed to the passions; the lowest and the coarsest of which, indeed, assume a new and a more elevated nature, when touched and called into action by the powers of harmony; which powers also create, or, at least, awaken some high and exalted passions that do not appear in the ordinary intercourse of life, nor in the common exercise of our intellectual and our moral natures.

The most elevated rapture occasioned in our minds by the excitement of music arises from the phantasmal forms of ideal glory, which the heated imagination calls into a momentary existence, but whose shadowy and fleeting visions, can never be recognized by us, as the subjects of accurate investigation and of permanent knowledge. The bliss which is imparted to us by music, though real, in that it is most forcibly *felt* by us, is yet too visionary, and too subtle to be concentrated into any *distinct* image or idea, so as to be acted upon by those faculties of the mind, which rest upon *attention* as the permanent foundation of their exertions; namely—the *memory*—the powers of *association*—of *judgment*—and of *reasoning*.

The force of *harmony* is always understood and acknowledged by those, whose hearts are full of sensibility and of feeling, and whose imaginations are ardent and lofty; but *mere mechanical musicians*, who, for the most part, follow the casual, the capricious taste of the existing fashion, with all the blind servility of dulness and of ignorance, devote all their time and attention solely to the acquisition of a little manual dexterity, which can be of no use, but as it serves to call forth those combinations of the rays of sound, which excite the passions into energy of action, through the influence of the imagination.

Music, in order to produce its fullest effect, must prompt the audience to feel forcibly, to think impetuously, to have their imaginations hurried into action with a tumultuous violence, a turbulent delirium of extasy.—Spare your sneers, reserve your carpings and your gibes, ye petty peddling *would-*

be critics; we write not for those miscreants that are cursed with cold and frozen hearts, with weak and ineffectual heads; —ye *middle-men*, and ye *block-heads*, we write not for you!— we appeal to all those, who *can feel;* we confidently ask *them* whether or not they have ever experienced the full effect of the powers of harmony or of melody, to be excited in their bosoms by the laboured affectation of the present conceited mode of musical execution?—They all answer with one accord—No.—But we feel these rapturous effects in listening to the native wood-notes warbled wild of many a simple bard of Caledonia's ancient days;—in listening to all the swelling, solemn sounds, that clothe us in ideal grandeur, and array our souls in imaginary pomp;—to all the tender, plaintive tones, which endear sorrow to our hearts, and make us brood, with melancholy pleasure, over the accents of wo;—to the notes that record the lover's raptured joys, or tell the lover's bleeding cares;—to the strains, that raise to height of noblest temper the hero arming to battle, and, instead of rage, breathes firm and deliberate valour, unmoved by dread of death to flight or foul retreat;—to the tender touches, which charm our griefs to rest, sooth our troubled thoughts, and chase anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain from our labouring hearts;—or in listening to those animating moods, which take the soul prisoner and lap it in elysium, as it glances over the radiant but rapid visions of its confused joy.

Music and poetry are kindred arts, are twin sisters;— but music is the elder:—they are both employed in conveying the sublime conceptions of genius to feeling hearts, and cultivated minds. Of these music exerts the greatest influence;—posseses the most extended sway. For impressions made upon the ear do not arrest the *attention* so forcibly as do those, which are made upon the organs of vision. The dashing of the torrent, the far-resounding roaring of the main, and the soft breathings of affection, excite in us sensations, and emotions, which cannot be received without delight, neither can they be remembered without rapture. The attention, which the exercise of sight requires, tends to diver tthe mind from enjoying the rapturous indulgence of the imagination, and to direct it to the mere perception of sensual impressions.

Whereas in the act of hearing almost no exertion of attention is necessary. In languor, in sickness, and in melancholy, the powers of melody and of harmony sooth and cherish the heart, when objects of sight cannot be attended to nor enjoyed.

"———Sitting on a bank
Weeping again the king my father's wreck
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air."——

The power of music is thus less limited than that of poetry, because its influence upon the imagination is greater. By the peculiar organization of the sense through whose medium its impressions are conveyed to the mind, the imagination is less restrained by an attention to realities. Nay, if poetry were conveyed to the mind by the same organ of sense, as that which carries music to our hearts, yet the language of music would produce a much greater effect upon the imagination than could that of poetry. Musical sound is the language of the heart, and is readily understood by all acute and sensible minds; the language of poetry is that of art, to comprehend which the exercise of attention is more particularly necessary.

From these considerations it seems necessarily to follow, that the power of music is not only more extended in its influence, but also, that its nature is more peculiarly adapted to convey and preserve the glowing impressions of enraptured genius. Nevertheless poetry, although it falls short of the energy and power, which music exerts over the mind, has yet some advantages peculiar to itself. For it possesses not only the power of exiting the imagination, but also the faculty of *directing* its energy to certain given points of impassioned emotion. The ideas, which are raised in the mind by music, are vague and undetermined, bearing no strict and definite relation to their particular nature and kind, but receiving their complexion from the present prevailing disposition of the mind; but poetry directs the imagination to call up certain classes of ideas, which are analogous to those, that its own images present to the senses; and the imagination obeys the command of the muse.

From this source appears to flow the great number of the peculiar advantages, which poetry possesses, when we desire to melt the heart into pity and tenderness, poetry has power to accomplish precisely the effect, which we have in view; while soft and tender music might produce pity, or melancholy, or anguish, or sorrow, or despair, in proportion as the mind might be previously disposed. Poetry can, at will, inculcate and awaken into exercise the calm and the tranquil virtues, which music would rouse the imagination to neglect, and prompt it to soar into the higher regions of enjoyment; even those of admiration, of enthusiasm and of devotion. Thus music powerfully excites, but cannot direct and controul the exercise of the passions, with the same precision and accuracy, as is done by poetry.

The power of preserving, and of presenting to the mind *a succession of events* is common to music, to poetry, and to prose; but this circumstance adds little or nothing to their influence, as a mean of stimulating the imagination into action; because, in order to comprehend the accurate relation, and the strict connection of this succession of events, it is necessary that the *attention* be incessantly vigilant; but the exercise of the attention and of the imagination, at *one* and the *same* time is impossible; and when the imagination is at rest sublime emotions invariably slumber in profound *repose*.

(To be Continued.)

FOURTH SECTION.

COMMUNICATIONS.

ON THE STATE OF ENGRAVING IN AMERICA.

(Continued from Vol. iii. *No.* 2. *page* 125.*)*

I CANNOT quit this article without giving that praise to one artist in the *Cyclopedia*, to which, from his superior talent, he is so justly entitled. Need I mention the name of *Murray ?*

The notice, which you have already taken of the engravings in *Collins and Perkins's Bible*, and of those in the *Echo*, in your reviews of those works, renders it almost unnecessary for me to add my feeble testimony to their respective merits.—Yet, permit me to make one or two remarks, respecting those in the *Echo*, which may probably have escaped your notice. The stupid surprise, and vulgar astonishment of the old hag *in Echo* 7 ; the cowardice, revenge, and impotent rage of the figure under the hands of the barber ; with the idiot terror, and vacant gaze in *Echo* 19, have all an accuracy of expression, and a point in satire, which does equal honour to the original designs, and to the engraver, who has so faithfully conveyed that design to the copper. Indeed the whole of these plates are executed with a taste and neatness, which makes me consider *Mr. Leney*, as an artist, a valuable acquisition to our country.

In engraved Portraits, our artists have not been either distinguished, or prodigal. I have seen few which lay claim to much merit. *Rittenhouse* by *Savage* is undoubtedly the best. Next follow *Cathrine 2nd* and *Lorenzo de Medicis*, by Edwin —these last, (as is every production of this artist) are respectable. Last of all are those of HAMILTON, by *Rollinson* and *Field*, which are assuredly of inferior workmanship ; and they leave one to lament, that a portrait of so distinguished a

character, should not have been executed in a manner equally honorable to his memory, and to the skill of the artists who thus endeavoured to perpetuate it.

There is however one excuse, which ought in fairness to be made—and that is, the impatience of the public, to be put in possession of the portrait. By this means the engravers were probably prevented from doing that justice to the picture, which their abilities would otherwise have accomplished—yet they should not have suffered themselves to have forgotten, that a few years hence this circumstance will be unknown. The engraving must then be judged only by its intrinsic merit, and unless the engravers have subsequently produced some works of superior value, their talents by the portraits in question, will be fixed for ever.

Having for the present finished my notice of our native engravers, as well as of those from Europe, who have taken up their residence among us, I proceed to give a few general remarks, calculated to promote the encouragement of the graphic art, as also to unfold the means, by which its ultimate success may be secured.

A profession, says Prince Hoare, is liberal, or mechanic, in proportion as it is studied as an art, or only practised as a trade; and indeed, if only the last is the case, we must not expect that the artist will soon arrive at any considerable degree of improvement. The wants of the moment must be supplied; the rewards of labour must not therefore be proportioned to the skill of the workman, but to the demand for that labour, such as it is, in the market—and if the demand be greater than can be supplied by men of science in their profession, the inducements to study that profession scientifically, must be lessened, and that labour, which will produce the greatest *quantum* of revenue, in the least given time, will always be preferred to that, which is obliged to travel through the tedious process of midnight studies; painful investigation, and long continued research, with no better prospect of remuneration, than falls to the lot of the veriest block-head, that ever handled the graver, or attempted to guide the pencil.

Before then we have any right to expect much proficiency in the arts, there must be evinced a fixed taste in the public;

who by increasing the demands for its productions, give sufficient encouragement to induce men of talent to call in the aid of science to that of mechanic process—to induce the engraver for instance, to study the parent sciences of painting, drawing, and perspective, together with the collateral aids of anatomy and physiology—and thus to show at one view the accuracy of the mechanic, with the taste of the artist, and the elegance of the scholar.

Until a favourable change shall have taken place in the general taste, the engraver should not postpone the desirable event, by ineffectual attempts of his own at excellencies which he cannot reach. One unsuccessful effort to execute a subject above his powers, will lessen the confidence of the public, even in those to which he is equal. When one failure has been exposed, it will require ten successful efforts to restore him again to favour.

One great mean of improving the art, is emulation between the artists. That kind of emulation which does not carp at every other production, and by exposing in them what are at most but trivial defects, attempts to depreciate their real merit; but which places the production of art in view for the sole purpose of excelling it, or of adding to it one beauty, which might have escaped the attention of every other artist. It should be the laudable emulation—the dignified friendship, of *Domenichino* and *Albano*, who each excelled in their respective departments; admired and esteemed; and at the same time sought every opportunity of commending the works of each other; and in return had awarded to them the meed of universal approbation.

Another mean of improvement in the graphic art, as well as a powerful excitement to imitation, is that of the artist's being possessed of the best specimens in the line of his own particular study. The high price, however, of the best productions precludes him, in general, from the advantage, which the study of the peculiar excellencies of these productions would give. To point him to the works of a *Virtue*, a *Hogarth*, a *Strange*, or a *Beauverlet*, is only to mock his curiosity, and to excite his envy, unless we also direct him to the means of making these works his own—or at least, of bringing these so near him, as to

enable him to examine them at leisure. It is therefore the *public*, and the *public* only, which can at once gratify the artist, and thus improve the art. A *society* might, at a small annual expense, soon collect a number of works by engravers of first repute, and place them in a situation accessible to all. To the individuals the expense would be trifling indeed; but the benefit to be derived by the artists from such a collection would be incalculable; nor would the society itself lose its reward. About three years ago, a young engraver called on me for the purpose of examining a few engravings which I had just received. Among the number was that of the *Greyhound* by *Scott*, one of the most exquisite engravings that has perhaps ever been produced. At the first sight of it I observed the young artist involuntarily to start. Admiration, and astonishment, sate visibly on his countenance. A wish, suppressed indeed by delicacy, but silently effective, intimated a strong desire to make it his own. For a moment I enjoyed the triumph of possession; I then presented it to its admirer, who received it with a burst of gratitude which I shall never forget. Let the public to whom I address myself make the application.

But perhaps the most effectual aid, which the engraver is ever likely to derive, must arise from the enterprise of the *Print* and *Booksellers*. For even allowing a correspondent taste in the public with the talent of the artists, there must still be some organ through which the one can be called forth, and the other gratified: and none are so likely as those whose interest it is to act. Nor let the timid be permitted to throw cold water on these remarks, by either cowardly surmises, or ill-timed objections. For in spite of all their unguarded fears, I hope the period will soon arrive, when the gentlemen to whom I have alluded will be emulous in their endeavours to show who can excite the best talent, by giving the greatest encouragement to *native* productions.

I feel happy on this occasion in being able to present to them one example, well worthy of their imitation, who, from small beginnings, raised to himself an ample fortune, and a permanent fame. I imagine that your readers have already anticipated the name of BOYDELL—a name as dear to the

fine arts, as it was valued by artists while living, and as it will be revered and esteemed to the latest posterity.

At the time when BOYDELL, then twenty years of age, left his surveying line in Shropshire, to bind himself to Mr. Toms, the engraver, the number of good engavers was very few, and the patronage afforded even to these was very small. The nobility and gentry of Great-Britain were not destitute of taste for good prints, but they procured them from France, Germany, and Holland. Indeed large sums of money were annually sent out of the country for this purpose. This was the effect of fashion, or prejudice, or both. The native artists were left to starve; their works were in general looked upon with contempt, or neglect; and with every effort palsied, and every hope extinguished, they appeared at length more inclined to amuse the middle and lower classes of the people, by paltry, coarse engravings, which gained them a ready subsistence, than by wasting their time on works, which might have produced them posthumous fame; but which during life, left them little besides a brown crust, and a rusty coat, with an empty pocket and a ruined credit.

It was under such circumstances that BOYDELL, conscious of his superior talent, and probably impatient of restraint, purchased one year of his apprenticeship from Toms, and very soon introduced himself to the public, as an engraver who rested solely on his own merit. At first his success was small; but his persevering industry, and talent, triumphed over every discouragement. He saw himself gradually stealing into notice. His income was not great, but it was sufficient for all the purposes of convenience, and comfort; and when the profits of a five guineas folio of prints exceeded his calculations, the only use he made of the money, was to hold out inducements to young artists for the trial of their skill. From this time we must contemplate him rather as a publisher, than as an engraver. Determined upon the advancement of the art, he sought out artists of real merit, and engaged them. His offers were always liberal; there was nothing like the *barter* of the *mere tradesman* in any of his transactions with them. If the artist excelled, or even equalled his expectations, he *doubled*, and sometimes *trebled*,

the price originally agreed for. By this liberal policy he attached to himself all the best engravers of his time. They looked up to him as the great support of their favourite art. WOOLLETT was among the first whom he engaged; whose *Niobe*, *Winter Piece*, and *Phaæton*, soon convinced BOYDELL that his own country contained engravers, not at all inferior to any of those which the continent of Europe could boast.

The state of the graphic art now took a decided change in Britain. The capital heretofore employed in importing prints from the continent, was now expended on native artists. Their works found their way into the galleries of men of the first taste; and instead of large sums being annually remitted to the continent, for the purpose above mentioned, the works of British artists were exported in large quantities. The revenue drawn from this source was immense; and to this must be attributed the great increase of engravers which Britain has acquired, as well as her evident superiority in the art itself. And then, let it be remembered, that this change, great and singular as it may appear, was entirely atchieved by a solitary individual, who, without either property, or any influence, save what his personal character gave him, managed to turn the current of a lucrative business from long established channels, to flow in those of his own country. And with such an example before them, let those of our own country, to whose department it seems most properly to belong, learn that however unpromising may be the prospect, a rich reward is held out to that man, or those men, who will *first* make the necessary trial.

EXETASTES.

New-York, 8th May, 1807.

As the interest of sound and wholesome learning lies very near our hearts, we with pleasure admit the following communication, because we are convinced that one very effectual mode of promoting the welfare of erudition is to expose and to chastise the impudent but frivolous attempts of *would-be wits*, and empty pretenders to literary honours, to pass off upon the public their tawdry beggarly tinsel as true sterling gold. We

therefore insert in our number for this month the following description of A DABBLER IN LITERATURE, which we have received in the letter hereunto subjoined.

To the Editor of the Monthly Register, Magazine and Review of the United States.

SIR,

I am very sorry to have it in my power to tell you, that this city of New-York is, unhappily, too much infested by a species of small vermin, called—*dabblers in literature.*—At the head of these little reptiles stands your minute friend *Tim Turnspit*, of whose physical, intellectual, and moral nature take the following account, as a true index, by which you will be always able to discover *a dabbler in literature* the moment that you see *it*;—for little Timothy possesses all the qualities of this tribe of animals in a superlative degree of perfection; so that, if you know Timothy, you may with safety rest assured that you know all the rest. Wherefore, *ex uno disce omnes*,—which means in *English*, for I wish to render myself *intelligible* to little Master Turnspit, and his brother dabblers—from this faithful portrait of a literary dabbler, you will easily understand the likenesses of all other boobies of the same gender, and person.

The component parts, then, of one of these vermin are as follows, namely,—that *it* is a very small reptile made and mixed up in *other* respects, pretty much like a male human biped, saving and except, that *it* hath *no brains* in that which *seems* its head; and that of its *shape* you cannot speak, for shape it hath none;—neither can you describe its *substance*, for it is all *shadow*;—one Jonathan Swift however, has left upon record for our edification a slight sketch of a certain *insect* of this class, with laughing at and despising which he amused himself in his day;—"*It* is"—says the grave dean of St. Patrick—"*It* is a little, two-legged, forked, straddling animal, with a dun-hide, and a pot belly."—You will perceive with what careful industry Swift has omitted to make any mention of *the head*, in this description of *a dabbler in literature*;—and very properly; for Swift, who was a great advocate for truth, could not prevail upon himself even to make the most distant allusion to that, which did *not* exist.—Wherefore, as you

must necessarily understand,—a dabbler in literature hath, literally speaking, and without the use of a figure,—*no head.*

A much greater man, however, than Swift has given us a more full, though certainly, a somewhat different portrait of a dabbler in literature. Indeed; he has some faint allusion to *its head*;—but, not, if I rightly comprehend his meaning, in order to hint that *it* has any *understanding*;—nay rather the reverse; as you may judge by looking at the likeness, as it stands immediately subjoined.—

" I do see to the bottom of this same *dabbler in literature*, (thereby meaning the said *Timothy Turnspit*)—*it* hath done nothing but prate to me of the *quickness* of *its* youth, and the feats *it* hath done about *Columbia College;* and every third word a lie duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember *it* here in New-York, like the resemblance of a man made after supper of *a cheese-paring*; when *it* was naked *it* was, for all the world, like a *forked radish*, with a *head*—(here, you see, our author alludes to the *head* of the creature; but it is only in a *very slight way.*)—fantastically carved upon it with a knife. It was so forlorn,—(that is, when naked)—that *its* dimensions to any thick sight were invisible; *it* was the very genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkey, and the wh—s called *it* mandrake;—*it* came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-skutched housewives,that *it* had heard the *Car-men* whistle, and swore, that they were *its own* fancies, or *its* own good-nights.—And now does this *Vice's dagger*—(N. B. *Vice's dagger* was always made of *lath* and *plaster*)—And now does this *Vice's dagger* set *itself* up for a *critic.*—A *critic!*—did you say? Yes,—a *critic.*—What!—*Timothy Turnspit* a *critic!*—why to form a *critic* requires all that the tenderest sensibility can feel, and all that the loftiest imanation can create, together with all that the most profound and comprehensive reasoning can conclude."—

The ruling passion of a *babbler in literature* is a mortal hatred to all men of genius, wit, learning, and virtue; against whom *it* is continually venting all the impotent abuse, which *its* spleen and malignity can suggest, and which *its* dulness and ignorance can supply. And in order to carry this laud-

able purpose into the completest effect *it* runs about, all the day, and every day, (except *Sunday*, when *it* commits *its* effusions of absurdity to paper for the information of *its long-eared* brethren,) from book-store to book-store, with an ink-horn and pen in the button-hole of *its* coat, and *its* breeches-pockets stuffed with little scraps of paper, and peeps into indexes, and pores over tables of contents, and learns a short paragraph of a news-paper by rote, and by dint of hard spelling masters a sentence in a British Review; and when *its* ink-horn is empty, and *its* breeches are full of all this petty plunder, *it* returns home laden with spoils, and, after much labour and time employed in disfiguring and mangling, what *it* hath smuggled, and in rendering *its* own folly as apparent and as broad as possible, *it* manages, through the medium of some publication, belonging to *its* own tribe of reptiles, and there are many such here in New-York, to retail *its* own malignant dulness, whereby *it* infallibly earns the contempt or the compassion of all wise and good men, and passes for a prodigy of sense among *its* kindred vermin, whether male or female.

This, you will say, is very marvellous,—I can readily believe that *Tim. Turnspit* infallibly earns the contempt or the compassion of every wise and good man; but that he passeth for a *prodigy of sense* with any created being, is, I must own, far above my comprehension.—Nevertheless Sir, this is true; and whether you believe it or not, I assure you, that there are block-heads in this city of New-York,which are even more dull and ignorant than little *Turnspit* himself is;—the fact is, that the greater portion of *dabblers in literature* in this country, can neither *read nor write*, wherefore, they must be contented to rail at *second-hand* against the efforts, which genius and wisdom make in favour of humanity and virtue;—now it so happens, that *Tim. Turnspit* can actually read off glibly all sorts of words, monosyllables for instance, and can by dint of severe spelling, and frequent guessing, make out many words of two and of three syllables in length; and moreover can write tolerable well in *German text*, wherefore *it*,—ie *Timothy*,—is a great treasure to *its* brethren, whom *it* edifies by reading to them *its* own foolish lucubrations—(lucubra-

ations now is too long a word for *Timothy* to be able to spell, wherefore a shorter one must be used)—*its* own foolish filth; and thereupon they all set up a loud shout, and all *braying* together declare, with the strictest truth, that although they themselves are all *prodigious asses*, yet that *Timothy Turnspit* is by far the *greatest* ASS among the whole heard.

Indeed all this tribe of vermin *deify* little *Tim;* in this respect resembling the ancient Egyptians, who built a temple, and placed therein a *monkey*, as their god.—See the account, given by the *father of history*, of this important deity, and his temple also.

These poor little wretches, the *dabblers in literature*, use books in the same manner that toad-eaters and led-captains use the nobility in the old countries, they learn their *titles*, and and then boast of them as being their *intimate acquaintance.*

N.B. I say *it*, and not *him* or *her*, because a *dabbler in literature* is certainly either of the *neuter*, or of the *epicene* or *doubtful* gender.

August 24th, 1807.
31 Greenwich-street, New-York.

I am,
Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Contemptor Simiarum Caudatarum,

Which, being a very long name, and also *Latin*, and, therefore utterly unintelligible to all *dabblers in literature*, I shall render into English for their benefit. The name, then, which I now subscribe to my letter, means—a despiser of *monkeys;* or, more literally, *of little apes with long tails.*

P. S. I have dwelt longer upon the *physical*, than the *intellectual* and *moral* properties of a dabbler in literature, merely for this simple reason, that a dabbler in literature hath really *no moral nor intellectual property.*

The species of insects, to which our correspondent alludes, and with which he hath made himself very merry, and entirely at the expense of the insects, has not altogether escaped our notice; for we have bestowed our animadversions on them before, under the more general name of *block-heads*, in our essay upon the utility of that order of animals;—see 2d

vol. of the Monthly Register, page 341. The only difference between our correspondent and us, in this respect, is, that he uses the *specific* term *dabblers in literature*, and we use the *generic* term *block-heads*. We deem it meet, however, to offer a few *serious* remarks upon the observations of our correspondent, who hath contented himself with laughing heartily at the objects of his contempt, and left it to his readers, or to us, to draw the moral for the benefit of those, whose tender minds require a guide to direct their intellectual steps, until they shall have acquired sufficient strength to tread alone the path of honourable and virtuous improvement.

We might, with equal propriety, expect that a man could become learned—(even if he had any *brains;* a sin under the imputation of which no *dabbler in literature* ever rests)—by running about from book-store to book-store, and peeping and prying into all the lumber of these slop-shops of intellect, as we might conclude that the future state of the weather can be foretold by inspecting the naked, withered posteriors of an aged chief; a mode of divination, which is very devoutly practised amongst that most polished of all people the *Esquimaux Indians*.

For learning can only be acquired by intense and ardent solitary application;—by the giving our days and our nights to the calmer pleasures of the pen and of the page; together with the occasional intercourse of those exalted and virtuous characters, who can, at once, soften, purify, and elevate all the tender and all the more dignified feelings and affections of the heart; and, also, unroll and invigorate every more lofty and energetic faculty of the mind; and direct our every effort and every exertion to the promotion of all the best interests of humanity, present and future.

But the *dabblers in literature* are incapable of improvement; they give out all their little malignant strength at once, and having no internal resources, either of integrity or of understanding, the lapse of time only serves more and more to discover their inefficacy, and to augment the burden of contempt and ridicule, which is laid upon their impotent shoulders. And yet, so little aware are they of their own relative insignificance, that they are, for the most part, fondly infatuated

enough to lanch from their nerveless arm their feeble dart against the impenetrable shield of genius, whose admonitory voice might be profitably heard, as she thus speaks in the words of one of her most favoured children.

Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time,
Slides into verse, and hitches into rhyme;
Sacred to *ridicule his whole life long*,
And the sad burden of some merry song.

It is of the utmost importance to know, that even when accompanied with the possession of the higher and more vigorous faculties of the mind, shining in all the splendour of their power, no one can climb the painful steep of intellectual excellence *but by unwearied assiduity;* by directing all his exertions towards one great point of mental improvement; by concentrating all the divergent rays of his intellect into one focus. Many an African river rolls its impetuous stream, and tumbles its loud-resounding torrents, and deluges many a wide-extended plain;—yet soon exhausted by its wild and irregular efforts, is lost in the burning sands; or steals a silent, small, and creeping rivulet into some neighbouring lake; whilst the Nile holds on its course, deep, majestic, broad, and strong, increasing in power as it advances on its way, till having enriched itself with a thousand tributary streams, it disembogues its mighty mass of waters into the bosom of the boundless ocean.

Oh! let us bear in mind, that whatever is precipitately and rashly received, is generally as quickly and as foolishly discarded;—let us reflect, that in the prosecution of any great design cool and deliberate perseverance is necessary to command success; and not the wild aberrations of eccentric and capricious eagerness, not the momentary flashes of instantaneous ardour, whose rapid energies are immediately followed by pitiful listlessness, and contemptible imbecillity. Let us remember, that the eruptions of Etna are wild, irregular, of short duration, and destructive; while the splendour of the blessed sun is constant, bold, permanent, salutary. Let it never be forgotten, that the flame, which blazed upon the altar of the heathens was ardent, fierce, and momentary; but that the fire, which burned in the *Holy of Holies*, at the Temple of Jerusalem, was steady, temperate, and eternal.

FIFTH SECTION.

HISTORY OF THE PASSING TIMES.

THIS section is omitted for the present month, on account of the great abundance of other matter, which it was deemed necessary to insert.

MONTHLY LIST

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS, OF WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NOTICES OF WORKS IN HAND.

*** Authors and Booksellers in the different parts of the Union are requested to send their communications (post paid) to the care of Mr. E. Sargeant, no. 39 Wall-street, New-York, by the 25th of each month—later than this they cannot be inserted in the next succeeding month.

ORIGINAL WORKS.

The works of the Reverend Dr. Tappan, late Hollis Professor of Divinity in the University at Cambridge, never before published. One volume consisting of lectures on the Jewish Antiquities delivered at the University, and on the following subjects:—On Christian Zeal—On Brotherly Reproof—On secret Faults and presumptuous Sins—On the Love of God—On the Love of our Neighbour—On Christian Charity—On the Vices of the Tongue—The character of the Wise Man—On the Pleasures of Religion—The want of practical Regard to Religious Truth, the Cause of dangerous speculative Errors—Naaman the Leper—On the Love of the World—On the divine Preference of Mercy to Sacrifice—On Christian Hope—The Christian pattern—Religious Joy explained and recommended—On Prayer—The Spirit, Employment, and Design of the Christian Ministry—The Benefits of Affliction—On the Duty and Advantages of worshipping God—On Forgiveness—On the Connection between denying the Son and denying the Father—Religion the one thing needful.—To which is prefixed, Memoirs of the Life and Character of Dr. Tappan, and Dr. Holmes' Discourse at his Funeral. 2 vols. 8vo. Cambridge, W. Hilliard.

The Christian Hero, an Argument, proving that no principles but those of Religion are sufficient to make a great man. By Sir Richard Steele. Philadelphia: T. Dobson, price 50 cents.

President Nott's Address to the Baccalaureate of Union College, at the late Commencement. Albany, Bachus and Whiting.

An Address, delivered on the Gun-house Square at Gloucester, July 30, 1807, before the Field Officers of the Regiment, the Officers of the east and west Ward Companies, the Members of the east Ward Company, and a large number of Respectable Citizens—by the Rev. Thomas Jones. Salem, Macanulty and Maxey.

A disquisition on the observance of the Lord's Supper, with a view to the Defence of the Presbyterian plan of administrating that ordinance; with a short review of Mr. Mason's Letters on Communion. Price 75 cents. Carlisle, G. Kline.

The Rural Economist's Assistant, in the Management of Bees. Price 25 cents. Lancaster.

The Thistle, no. 1, vol. 1; an original work, containing a great many good things. By Roderick Rover, Esq. and others. Boston, Etheridge and Bliss.

A Journal kept at Nootka Sound, by John R. Jewitt, one of the surviving crew of the ship Boston, John Salters, commander, who was massacred on the 22d March, 1803.—With an account of the natives their manners and customs. Salem, Macanulty and Maxey.

REPUBLICATIONS.

Burlamqui on Natural and Politick Law, 5th edition corrected, 2 vols. 8vo. Cambridge, W. Hillirad.

Brown's Dictionary of the Bible, vol. 1. Harrisburgh, J. Wyeth.

Cumberland's Memoirs, 12 mo. price 12 shillings boards. Boston, John West.

An Inquiry into the nature and effect of the paper credit of Great Britain, by H. Thornton, Esq. Price $2 50. Philadelphia, James Humphreys.

WORKS ANNOUNCED AND IN THE PRESS.

In the University Press, at Cambridge, the second edition of President Webber's Mathematical Text Book.

Proposals have been issued in New-Orleans, for publishing by subscription the Body of the Civil Law, as contained in the Code Digest Institutes, Novels, and Edicts, of the Emperor Justinian. Translated by Edward Livingston, Esq. with Historical and explanatory notes. It will be comprised in 10 vols. 8vo. at $10 a volume to subscribers.

T. L. Plowman of Philadelphia has issued Proposals for publishing Arrowsmith's Map of the World on a globular projection; the size of the map will be upwards of six feet by three. Price to subscribers on cloth and rollers, elegantly coloured, will be eight dollars.

Proposals have been issued in Charleston, S.C. for publishing the Life, Character, and Secret History of Macbeth, King of Scotland; from authentic manuscripts, in the possession of the noble family of the Howards, and from original charters, papers and deeds, now in the hands of one of the most ancient families in North-Britain, the old family of Cummin, now Cummin of Altyre (with the original laws and statutes of King Kenethus the 2d; and a true copy of the oration delivered by the venerable Thane of Argyle, at the coronation of Malcolm at Scoon.) Price one dollar.

C. A. Conrad & Co. Philadelphia, have in the press Carr's Journey through Holland in the autumn of 1806.

The Modern Ship of Fools.

A new edition of Brackenridge's Modern Chivalry.

Town and Country, a comedy, by Morton.

Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, part second of the sixth volume.

C. A. Conrad & Co. have lately issued proposals for publishing, The American Artillerist's Companion, by Lewis Toussard; written at the request of Gen. Washington.

THE

MONTHLY REGISTER, MAGAZINE, AND REVIEW, OF THE UNITED STATES.

FIRST SECTION.

THE WANDERER, NO. XI.

REMARKS ON THE PRINCIPAL BRITISH REVIEWS.

(Continued from Vol. 3—No. 4—p. 202.)

AT a former period of time the British nation, or at least, some individuals, who represented the British nation in the great assembly of the country, the senate, agreed to allow their chief magistrate, their king, a certain annual revenue, amounting to nearly a million of pounds sterling, for the purpose of maintaining the regal dignity.

Very early in the history of England we find mention made of the payment of *tithes* to the clergy being enjoined *by law.* So early indeed as the year 786, a constitutional decree was made for the accomplishment of this purpose; and this decree has been sanctioned and established by many subsequent laws and ordinances; so that the *tithes* are now fixed as the birth-right and the inheritance of the English national church by *the same law of the land* which empowers the British monarch to draw his annual revenue from the contributions of his people. The existence and the preservation of the king,—(who is indeed, the head of the church of England, Harry the eighth of England having *succeeded the pope* in that sacred title and office)—are intimately combined with the existence and preservation of the English national-church-establishment.

Suppose, for a moment, that the church of England clergy were all at once deprived of their ecclesiastical emoluments, and turned out to roam over the waste and wilderness of life, in quest of shelter and of food, and finding no rest for the sole of their unblest feet;—what would be the consequence of the decided hostility of such a formidable body of men, amongst whom floats so great a mass of science and of erudition, against the British government?

There can be no doubt that the British government would richly deserve, and would infallibly earn, the decided hostility and opposition of all those men, who were *forcibly* and *unjustly* deprived of their means of subsistence for no valid reason;—I say, *forcibly* and *unjustly;* because no reason could be offered as a pretext for taking away the property of the English national church, *without rendering it an equivalent*, that would not equally apply as an argument in favour of sweeping away the whole British constitution from the face of the earth. Now we need no ghost to tell us, to what serious and awful consequences such an hostility and opposition would lead, when carried on with all the vigour of ability, stimulated to revenge, and stung to desperation by the bitterness of oppression and the lash of injustice.

At a time much less favourable to the progress of anarchy and blood, and desolation, than is the eventful period in which we now live;—a period pregnant with the impending fate of empires and of nations;—a period big with the destruction of all that is exalted and all that is valuable in human society;—did Charles the first of England, by listening to the dictates of a misguided, and a fatal temporizing policy, a policy of expedient, and of tricks, and suffering the bishops of his day, the existing pillars of his national church, to be cashiered and disbanded, in effect, *at that moment*, sign his own death-warrant, as Clarendon, his most liege and loyal servant, then told his regal master. And if any future monarch of the British empire should ever be induced to consent to the breaking down the barriers, and laying waste the strong holds, and levelling in the dust the towers and the battlements of the English national church, he will, in all human probability, soon exchange his earthly diadem for a heavenly crown; or at least he will speed-

ly find himself in a state of more unembodied existence, than that which appertains to the qualities of flesh and blood.

In Scotland the national clergy, whose church-government is of the presbyterian form, and whose religious tenets are supposed to be calvinistical,—are provided for by a tax laid upon the heritors, or proprietors of the land in each parish, that maintains a minister; no *tithes* exist in Scotland, and the yearly expence of keeping up its national church does not amount to a *sixtieth part* of the sums annually consumed in supporting the Episcopal church in England and in Ireland; for in Scotland no church-living produces *so much* as *three hundred pounds sterling*, per annum; and none *less* than *one hundred pounds sterling* a year;—whereas, in England and in Ireland the annual incomes of some of the higher mitred ecclesiastics amount to nearly *twenty thousand* pounds sterling; and the yearly wages of the clergy descend in various gradations down to *twenty* and even *ten* pounds sterling; whence in Scotland, the improvements in agriculture, in consequence of the absence of *tithes*, proceed much faster proportionally than in England, because the national church-tax is neither so heavy nor so injudiciously raised as in England and in Ireland,—and the Scottish clergy also, have more weight and influence, *as a body*, than have their English and Irish clergy, because they are *all on a par*, as to authority, and none of them are, or need be debased by poverty, arising from too scanty a stipend to afford even the *necessaries* of life;—an evil under which *several thousands* of the English and Irish minor ecclesiastics groan and are afflicted.

Thus far concerning the policy of establishing, the mode of supporting, and the danger of subverting the English national church. I would, however, proceed to remark, that although a national church be established in Britain, yet *ought* such an establishment to be altogether consistent with a full and perfect *toleration* of other sects of religious opinions. The church of England as an essential part of the British constitution of government, might still continue to reap the rich harvest of honours and emoluments, which is bestowed upon her, in all royal abundance, by that government; and, nevertheless, might allow *other* religious persua-

sions to worship the Lord their God, and his Christ, in the way, which seemeth best unto their hearts, and most satisfactory to their understandings; for what human being can with justice, presume to lay the iron grasp of his single domination, of his sole tyrannic authority upon the mysteries of faith, upon the hidden secrets of religious belief?

Faith, as Paul, the Apostle, observes—is the belief of things *not seen* ;—that is, not cognizable to our organs of sensation, to our bodily senses;—for who hath seen God at any time?—But as we derive all our *human knowledge* through the medium of our organs of sensation alone, and our *mere unasisted human reason* can only act upon those ideas, whose primary and component parts we have gained by the perception of the objects of the material world, it is evident that our reason, when unaided by light from above, when undirected by spiritual illumination, cannot assume to itself the province of deciding upon that, which was never offered to the cognizance of the senses, was never laid up in the only store-house of inteliect, from which it draws its materials of knowledge, on which to reflect and meditate. But the hidden mysteries of God have never yet been subjected to man's bodily organs of sensation; to his senses of touch, of taste, of smell, of hearing, or of seeing; the mere, unassisted, *unspiritualized* reason of man, therefore, cannot balance and poise these mysteries; cannot regulate and control their effects; cannot bind them down in the chains of obedience, and in the cords of subjection to its will and pleasure ;—for what man knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of a man which is in him?—Even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the *Spirit of God*, which is of God; that we might freely know the things, which are freely given us of God.

What then is TOLERATION?—I will tell you what toleration is.—The very term toleration bears upon its fiend-like features, the broad and the legible characters of absurdity and of wickedness. For what is its import?—Even this;—that a body of frail and feeble men, whose breath is in their nostrils ; who are but dust and ashes; whose birth, maturity, and age, are, in comparison with the infinitude of

eternity, as nothing, as less than nothing;—meet together, and take upon themselves to *permit* the Almighty God; the Lord of the Heavens and of the Earth; the High and the Lofty One; the King of Kings; the eternal, infinite, immortal, invisible, incomprehensible Jehovah; to be worshiped in the way, which his creatures are impelled to adopt by the influence of the *divine spirit*, which their *reconciled* Father and their God has himself breathed into their hearts.

But shall man presume to take cognizance of, and to control those things, which belong to the Lord our God; for unto HIM *alone*, from whom no secrets are hidden, is it given to explore and to know the inmost recesses of the human heart.

The duty of the civil magistrate is marked out by clear and precise limits, is determined by accurate, and distinctly defined bounderies; it is incumbent on him vigilantly to watch over and to guard the *temporal* welfare of the people committed to his charge, and to prevent or to punish any inroads made upon their social interests or happiness;—but *faith*, merely as such, and when confined to its own province, that of regulating our belief, and of purifying our moral conduct, can never endanger, though it might, and indeed, when *real*, always does promote and strengthen the temporal welfare of the community. If a whole sect of pietists were very devoutly to believe in the everlasting damnation of all their civil rulers, it would not in the least affect their social safety and interest, while confined to mere belief; while only whispered to themselves, during their flights of enthusiastic ardour, and in all the calenture of their brains, it would neither shake the President from his seat, nor lay his official creatures prostrate in the dust. For what relation is there here between the cause and the supposed effect?—How can the mere circumstance of my believing that a man is to be eternally punished for his impiety operate towards destroying or diminishing his physical force, or his civil power and influence?—unless, indeed, I am prompted by my belief;—unless, indeed, I am instigated by the ferocity of my mistaken zeal to endeavour by some *overt* act to lessen or to ruin his social happiness; but then, it is no longer the *faith* in me, the mere

spiritual warmth and fervour of devotion, but it is the *practice* of sedition or of treason, springing either from a mistaken head or a corrupted heart, or probably from both, which produces the mischief; and I ought to be punishable for that practice, from whatever *motive* it springs, for with the *motive* of an action human laws can have little or nothing to do, since the motive of our deeds lies hidden from our fellow men, and is known only to God and to ourselves; because the practice is the crime, and not the mere belief or faith, which is altogether harmless, and deserves either esteem or compassion, according to its wisdom or its folly; but certainly can never stand in need of the visitation of vindictive cruelty and persecution.

I must confess, that I am always apt to suspect, that those, who persecute others merely on account of some difference in the *forms* and *modes* of their external worship from those of the established national church, have really *no regard whatever for religion*, but merely seek to gratify their own unbridled lust of pride and power, which would not willingly permit any created being to presume openly and ostensibly to deviate from the path which they themselves condescend to tread, or at least, which they ordain to be trodden by others; but would cast the chains of their tyrannic sway over the human heart, and bind in the fetters of despotism the pure ethereal soul, whose earnest breathings after eternity, whose ardent aspirations of piety and devotion are continually rising in fumes of grateful incense before the throne of the most high God.

The avowed, open, shameless audacity of *atheism* is sooner tolerated by such narrow-minded, bigotted politicians, than any mere doctrinal difference, any mere external distinction as to the modes and forms of religious worship, from that which they maintain.—When Louis the fourteenth of France said to the Duc d'Orleans—Cousin, I must have you discharge General J— from the office which he fills in your household. Why, sire?—asked the Duke. Because—replied the King—he is a *Jansenist*, and my father confessor, a very devout *Jesuit*, says that I shall be eternally damned if I shew any countenance to those horrible schismatics the Jansenists; I

must therefore insist upon it, that you discharge this officer from your household. May it please your Majesty—rejoined the prince of the blood of the Bourbons—the officer to whom you allude is no Jansenist; he believes not in the existence of God, or of Christ, or of the Devil. If that be really the case—answered the monarch—and the man is no Jansenist, but *only an atheist*, you may still keep him; for he will make a very good officer of your household.

In these days of more liberal and enlightened policy the spirit of persecution, on account of the difference of religious opinions, is, in a great measure, allayed in Britain. But no one can forget the diabolical cruelties which have been heretofore inflicted on the dissenters of all denominations in that country—the Puritans, the Presbyterians, the Quakers, the Papists, &c. which have stamped a brand of indelible infamy on the memory of many of the British monarchs, who lived in the times that are past.

Religious intolerance can only produce iniquity.—If the prevailing sect *compel* a dissenter from that sect to conform to its ordinances and rules, it only makes that dissenter a hypocrite before men; for his heart still cleaves unto its own peculiar tenets; and his occasional conformity to the fashionable mode of worship is acting a lie towards men, polluting his own conscience, and dishonouring God. If the prevailing sect cannot compel the dissenter to conform, it makes that dissenter a direct enemy by the spirit of persecution with which it follows him, and gives birth to the evil emotions and the turbulent passions of anger, hatred, and a desire of revenge, together with other violent emotions of the heart detrimental to the community, and subversive of all religion. Every man therefore should be allowed to use his own religion in the manner which seemeth best unto his own heart.

Nor is it any excuse for the pious promoters of intolerance to say, that they persecute their dissenting brethren from *good motives*, and in order to render themselves more acceptable to God by *torturing the bodies*, and thereby saving the souls of those poor deluded creatures. For not now to dwell upon the broad absurdity of supposing that the salvation of the soul depends upon any mere external mode and form of

worship, or upon any bodily pains and tortures, that can be inflicted upon the miserable sinner by human agency, it is plain, that the community have nothing to do with a man's *motives* to action; but they must regard only the action itself. The motive, which prompts a man to act can only be *vaguely conjectured* by the circumstances attendant upon the deed itself, but can never be *correctly and accurately known*, except by God and the individual, in whose heart that motive springs. Between God and the individual then let it rest.—But the *action* of an individual speaks a loud and an intelligible language to the community; of this they can take cognizance, and this *alone* they ought to punish or reward, and never presume to attempt to dive into the human heart for the motive, which excited the performance of that action.

Hence we can never correctly decide upon the *moral* good or evil of any one; but we can only determine upon the degree of his *political* virtue or vice; for all moral good and evil, all that, which is pure or impure in the eyes of God, with whom alone our *thoughts* are *actions*, consists in the *motive* to the action being upright or corrupt; and all political virtue and vice, all that, which either benefits or injures the social and civil interests of the community, consists in the *action*, in the ostensible word or deed being productive of advantage or of injury to society. And as we can never know the motive, but can only take cognizance of the action, we must suspend our judgment as to the quantity of *religious* and *moral* virtue or vice resident in the heart of our neighbour, and content ourselves as statesmen, with observing whether his deeds and words,—(ie his political conduct)—benefit or injure the society, with which he comes in contact, and under the protection of whose laws and regulations he lives.

From our not attending to this truth we continually err in forming our conclusions upon the characters of men; and thus many people are considered by their neighbours—(and those neighbours by no means inclined to make uncharitable and malignant interpretations of another's conduct)—as very wicked and unprincipled, when before God, and in the sight of their own cleansed consciences, they are as pure and unspotted as the imperfections of their frail and perishable nature will suffer

them to be; and many a vile and hypocritical wretch is esteemed a very *devout, good Christian* by his friends and acquaintance, when before the dread tribunal of the Almighty, and in the sight of his Holy Spirit, he stands charged with the commission of iniquities, and with the perpetration of crimes, which blacken and deform the features of humanity.

It is therefore incumbent on every one, not only to be well assured that the motives of *his own* actions are, in themselves, exalted and honourable, but also to calculate coolly and correctly upon the *consequences*, which are likely to be produced upon himself, as an individual, and upon the community collectively, by such actions, before he ventures to perform a single deed of life. *Fanatics*, whether in religion, or in politics, never act thus, and hence the innumerable mischiefs, which they inflict and entail upon mankind.

Son—said his father confessor to the Duc d'Epernon, who was lying on his death-bed, and confessing his sins,—Son! do you say nothing of that black and bloody night of *St. Bartholomew* in the year 1572, when with your *own* hand you murdered nine protestants, and by your instigation and influence caused also, on that fatal night, three thousand more hugonots to be massacred?—Son, do you not confess *this* deed among your sins, and desire to have *pardon* and *absolution* for it *from me*, before you die?—Father,—replied the Duke, as he raised himself upon his pillow, and made one last, expiring effort to speak, —Father, on that blessed and never to be forgotten night, when so many protestant heretics fell by my arm and by my means, *God Almighty himself was obliged to me.*

The Reverend British Clerk, whom I quoted above at page 196, says expressly that—one of the grand causes of *Christianity's losing ground* so rapidly, certainly, is the *numerous* sects and divisions by which its professors are distinguished.—And the grave divine then proceeds to illustrate this profound position by a *cable, and a ship at anchor;*—upon which admirable illustration we have before sufficiently animadverted.

Now it cannot require many words to prove that the existence of a man's *Christianity* can only appear to us by the *greater purity of his morals* combined with his *outward profession* of faith in the doctrines of revelation. But it is a well-known

and a very important fact, that in proportion as religious sects *multiply* in any country, virtue and moral restraint, combined with the open and avowed *profession* of belief in the precepts of revealed religion, flourish and increase in that country. For where only *one* religious sect is permitted to exist in a country, since there is no possibility of binding the minds of *all* men down to *one* opinion, it follows, that many men in that country must be compelled to subscribe to doctrines, which they do not believe to be true and just; and hence the heart, when once tainted with the stain of systematic falsehood, is already prepared for the admission of other crimes, which it readily perpetrates, whenever a fair opportunity offers itself.

Indeed, in such countries, a *general scepticism, and a practical, atheistic unbelief* are found to prevail, amidst all the outward ceremonies, and all the external ordinances of religion; and the clergy of the established sect, knowing that the civil power is with them, grow careless in the discharge of their spiritual functions, and trouble not themselves as to what consolations fall to the lot of their flocks, so that they submit to be patiently and plentifully shorn at due times and seasons by their ecclesiastical shepherds. In all the countries, where that sect vulgarly, but improperly, called the *Roman Catholic church*, has been the established national religion, and has been aided by the arm of the civil power, to the full extent of its thirst for intolerance and persecution, morality and virtue have always been at a very low ebb.

Pope Sixtus the fifth sanctioned and encouraged the assassination of Lorenzo and of Giuliano de Medici at the moment of *the elevation of the host;*—that is, at the precise moment, when, according to the doctrines of the popish church, of which Sixtus was the infallible and the evangelical father, God Almighty himself is immediately and personally present to sanctify and to bless the sacramental ceremony. At this precise moment, the family of the Pazzi, a house of considerable influence in the city of Florence, engaged two *venerable ecclesiastics, dignitaries of the church*, to murder the only two remaining supports of the Medicean race. Giuliano was murdered at the foot of the holy altar, and Lorenzo was dangerously wounded; and because the murderers were punished for

this execrable deed, the pious pontiff Sixtus thundered out his anathemas breathing divine vengeance against the city of Florence, and very charitably consigned all its inhabitants to everlasting damnation for having been so profane at to hang up the two blasphemous ecclesiastical assassins.

But when religious sects are allowed to multiply in a country, virtue and moral restraint must increase; because in addition to the influence of the holy Spirit upon the heart, a circumstance which, undoubtedly, does *not* take place in *all* the professors of Christianity,—each sect consisting of a smaller number of individuals must be more immediately and directly under the inspection of their spiritual pastors and masters, and consequently more powerfully restrained from committing acts, which are repugnant to the rules of their sect, and obnoxious to the prevailing opinions of the community; and the great multitude of sects must necessarily produce a wholesome jealousy of each other's superior sanctity, and create a salutary competition among the different persuasions, each to keep up in his own sect a greater degree of moral decency and of ostensible decorum; and if there be also a national establishment, the vigilant suspicion of the established sect, and of the government, always upon the alert, compels the dissenting sects to be cautious how they deviate into any impropriety of conduct, and to act so as to give no occasion of offence, *except* in the *mode* of worshipping the Lord their God. And,more especially, in consequence of this religious competition among the different sects a greater quantity of knowledge is diffused among the people, and a spirit of inquiry and of thinking is more widely spread, and leads to an examination of the grounds, on which religious belief and moral obligation depend. Hence we uniformly find more real knowledge and virtue, more sobriety of conduct, and more essential reflection, among the generality of the people in the *dissenting* sects, than among those of a nationally established church.

The truth of these observations is abundantly proved by the history of all nations, which have made the experiment; for instance, Britain, since she has suffered the spirit of toleration to exert itself, and religious sects to multiply, has won-

derfully augmented the virtue and the knowledge of its inhabitants:—Prussia, France and Holland—(I speak of what these countries *were*, before the waters of desolation and of death had been rolled over all their hopes of happiness and of peace) —by the invariably beneficial effects resulting from their ecclesiastical toleration, all prove the political expediency of permitting religious sects to increase and multiply.

But the United States of America give the strongest and the most conclusive proof of the advantages, which spring from allowing full and ample scope to religious faith to indulge itself in all its different modes of appearance in different human beings: in this country the people are suffered to listen to the instructions of that minister whose precepts convey the most consolation to their hearts, and the most satisfaction to their understandings. It must be acknowledged, indeed, that in our great sea-port towns and cities, as it happens in such places all over the world, profligacy and impiety are carried to a very alarming and disgusting excess; owing to the gathering together of so many different people of various nations and various habits, making our great cities a large sink of the sweepings and refuse of human pollution. The *French revolution*, also, by pouring the foul and feculent flood of *Jacobinism* in upon our land, has poisoned the springs and sources of our religion and morality, and, by polluting the fountain-head, the *executive government*, has carried its streams of degradation and of impurity throughout all the classes of governmental venality, and through all the ramifications of governmental corruption.

But still, the majority of the American people are rather *deluded* than corrupted; their errors are rather those of the head than of the heart; and the great mass of the people, particularly, in the *interior* of the country, among the yeomanry and the peasantry, is full of active industry and exertion, of sobriety and decency of conduct, maintaining themselves and their families in plenty and in comfort by their own honest labour, the laudable efforts of their own toil; strict and decorous in their stated and regular attendance upon public worship, and in receiving the public ordinances of their religion; observant and conscientious in the full discharge of

their duties domestic and social; and sufficiently sensible of the blessings attendant upon their lot, they are always ready to stand, as a wall of fire, between their country and danger—always prepared to lay oppression low, whether that oppression comes from the open insolence of a foreign enemy, or the more insidious and secret approaches of a domestic traitor.

It should seem to follow, as a necessary consequence from the preceding arguments, that the majority of the people in every nation, which has an established government, are *politically virtuous;*—for the commission of every vice has a direct tendency, as far as the vice goes, to break asunder the links of that chain, which binds society together; and, if *universal*, must altogether destroy that chain. For instance, if all men were *liars*, or *thieves*, or *drunkards*, or *adulterers*, or arrayed themselves in the garb of any other character, which is incompatible with the good of the community, that community would soon fall to pieces; because mutual confidence between man and man, which is the *only* ground on which human society can ever stand, must then be entirely destroyed. If the majority of the people were possessed with any one vice, they would so preponderate in evil, as to crush the virtuous minority, and bury it in their own ruin; and if different men were influenced by different vices the same destruction would be accomplished; only it would be done by somewhat varying the instruments of destruction: in the first instance the weight of death would be lifted by one lever of corruption; and in the second case the same weight of perdition would be raised by many levers of iniquity.

It is the duty of every government to endeavour to *direct* the public opinion towards the desire of accomplishing those objects, which produce individual and national benefit; and if, in certain circumstances, the government cannot *lead*, it must submit to *follow* the popular opinion on any important point, 'till it can get an opportunity, either of convincing the people of its error, or can learn to correct its own mistake.

I, certainly, do not mean to cast the shadow of disrespect upon the Episcopal clergy of England, as to the *motives*, which impel them so strenuously to resist the *emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland* from their present civil pros-

cription and bondage. I am willing to impute it to the zeal of the protestant hierarchy for the purity of *reformed* religion. But since the incessant efforts of the English Bishops to prevent the Catholic emancipation in Ireland have been hitherto too successfully directed to alarm the conscience of the British monarch, and to make him resolutely persist in refusing his assent to this measure, I may be permitted to inquire into the *policy* of such a refusal.

All the world knows, that it has long been the decided opinion of the most profound and enlightened statesmen in Britain, that the emancipation of the Irish papists will affirm the British empire, and augment its strength and its resources, in a degree not easily to be calculated upon by those, who are not aware of the energetic exertions, that are incessantly made by the human animal to better his condition, wherever he is left free and uncontrouled to put his active faculties into full motion. As religious faith is a mere matter of *individual* feeling and sentiment it ought never to become the object of civil notice; and those governments always consult the happiness of the people most effectually, when, disregarding all religious controversy, they admit *every* sect of religion alike to a full participation in the civil rights, and in the official privileges of the state, in which they live.

Experience has sufficiently taught us, that no evil accrues from such enlightened and liberal policy. In Holland,—in her best days, ere she had with frantic folly flung the chain of Gallic despotism over her submissive shoulders; and for the bitter effects of which frantic folly she now mourns over the desolation of her lot in tears of blood;—In Holland, in her best days, individuals of all the different religious sects met in the Senate-house, at Amsterdam, and acted together in all public and national employments, without the least inconvenience. The same circumstance *did* occur in Prussia, before the Jacobin-destroyer had laid low her national independence and her national honour;—and here, in America, individuals of *every* religious persuasion, whether *clergymen* or *laics*, are permitted to fill public stations; to represent their fellow-citizens in Congress; or to administer public justice, and to perform public duties, in any and in all of their vari-

ous and numerous degrees and forms. And all this has been done with effects uniformly beneficial.

Why then, does the British government withhold from so great a portion of its people their inherent and prescriptive rights? Are the rulers of Britain afraid of the baneful influence of that bloody thing, called the popish superstition;—do they look forward with dismay and dread, lest the prevalence of popery among the British people should shatter and destroy the bulwarks of the British constitution, and yet once again cast the double chain of ecclesiastical bondage, and of temporal despotism around the necks of the inhabitants of Albion's isle?—If they fear this, they are taking the very steps, which are calculated to *perpetuate* and to *increase* the influence and the power of popery. For popery can only exist in all the plenitude of its fraudulent force, and in all the strength of its cruel, its unrelenting authority, over the minds of the people, while that people lie buried in the thick mist of *ignorance*.

Admit the people of Ireland to their just share of civil rights and of civil honours, and you immediately breathe into their minds that spirit of honourable ambition, whose noble fire is now quenched by despair;—you immediately rouse their minds to the energy of exertion and of reflection; which must, inevitably, although the previous habits of men be always strong, and deeply rooted in the feelings and the associations of the heart, destroy all blind and infatuated submission to clerical fraud and imposture.

If Britain would emancipate the papists throughout *all* her Empire, and admit *all her other* various religious sects *indiscriminately*, to a just and equal share of civil employments and civil emoluments, she would lift herself up to a height of permanent power and strength, which would do infinitely more towards averting the impending evil, that threatens the destruction of her national existence, than can possibly be effected by all the schemes of her mere financiering politicians, and by all the plans of her fiscal calculations.

By such a measure she would gain the affections of a great portion of her people, who are now compelled to view her with eyes of hatred and suspicion, on account of the cruelty

and injustice, with which a mistaken and a narrow policy has induced her to treat them. And it should never be forgotten, that it is the affectionate attachment of a brave and a loyal people *alone*, which can preserve the government of a country from crumbling into dust, and dissolving into air, when the day of danger comes, and the hour of *foreign desolation* approaches with the rapid foot steps of death bathed in blood.

To be continued.

SECOND SECTION.

MEN AND WOMEN.

A MORAL TALE, BY THE WANDERER.

(Continued from Vol. 3, No. 4, page 217.)

EDWARD proceeded slowly towards Edinburgh, musing deeply on the almost incredible heroism of William, who at so early an age, could sacrifice all of what is generally deemed pleasurable to young men, and devote himself to a toilsome, painful employment, in order to support all that family, which his father's misconduct had ruined; nay, and even that very father, who still continued, all that lay in his power, to endeavour to accomplish the entire destruction of his household, and considered his eldest son as his greatest enemy.

Edward marched forward till the Duke of Hamilton's splendid palace and spacious domains attracted his attention, and gratified his sight; the country was well cultivated and wooded; he saw the river Clyde, at intervals, wind its stream along the vale, and, then, hide itself amid the thick embowering woods, which over-hung its banks. The night, now, began to shroud all around in darkness, and he entered a small house, by the road side, and therein saw two young females, the eldest apparently about nineteen, with a little babe resting on her bosom. He asked if he could be provided with a lodging for the night?—The girls answered, no; that he must go on to Lanerk, the next town; or if he was too much tired to go any farther, he must sleep under a hedge.

Thus repulsed, he moved slowly onward, and threw himself down on the first bank that presented itself, and slept till the day began to break; he, then, went onward, and surveyed David Dale's little territory, where is erected a flourishing, lovely town, on a spot, which, but a few years since, did not present to the eye of the beholder one stone placed upon another. Dale's cotton mills constitute a sweet, little town,

called New Lanerk, placed in a valley, nearly surrounded on all sides by a romantic ridge of hills. The humanity and benevolence of Dale to all his manufacturers were such as to render their morals pure, and their condition comfortable. Dale has raised himself to respectability and opulence, from one of the lowest conditions, in which men can move in the present established forms of society, that of a journeyman-weaver.

From the territory of the philanthropic Dale Edward went to see the fall of Corallind, which is situate within the domains of a Scottish Baronet. He sate in a summer-house perched on the top of a lofty hill, and surveyed, at a little distance beneath him, the torrent tumbling down its rocky bed, in perturbed and broken sheets; the banks of the river were fringed with wood, and enamelled with vegetation's gayest-coloured herbs.

On the hill opposite to that, on which Edward was seated, stood a small, neat cottage, the residence of three, elderly, unmarried ladies, sisters, who could, at all times, as they sate in their little apartment, enjoy the unspeakable delight of beholding the descent of the whitened flood beneath, and of listening to the deepened roar of the ever-dashing stream. The scenery of the country round was lovely, and, for a time, Edward indulged the emotions of his heart, uninterrupted and undisturbed.

He pursued his journey onward, for some time, 'till it occured to him, that he stood in need of rest and food; for the first time since he left Glasgow he examined his pockets, and found that he had, with his usual carelesness, left his purse behind him; to go back to Glasgow was as long a journey as to proceed onward to Edinburgh; he, therefore, determined to get forward as fast as possible. But he soon grew so faint, from fatigue and inanition, that his soul was sick even unto death; life seemed to have no charms left for him; indeed he felt so completely sunken, both in body and in mind, that he desired to die; and would, certainly, have laid himself down, and perished quietly, without a struggle, had not his mind been gradually abstracted from all sense of external evil and pain, by musing on the memory of her, who had loved

him even in death; he listened and he thought that he heard his Mary's voice; but it was not his Mary's voice that he heard; it was but the sighing of the gentle breeze, which fanned the dewy eve; he upward turned his eye, and gazed upon the pale disk of the moon, if, haply, her thin light form, hovering on the air of heaven, might, once more, bless his sight; he gazed, but he gazed in vain; her thin, light form, riding on the viewless wings of the wind, came not to him; he sighed deeply from his inmost soul, and said,

1

"O, soon, to me, may summer suns
No more light up the morn;
To me no more may autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn.

2

"But, in the narrow house of death,
Chill winter round me wave,
And the next flow'rs, that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave."

He now sunk down on the ground, where he lay gasping for breath, and before he had recovered sufficient vitality to sleep, he was interrupted by some car-men, two of whom came and moved his body very roughly with their clumsily-shod feet, and asked him if he was drunk, and why he was lying there on the heath, now it was past midnight. To which he with great difficulty and pain replied, that he wished to go on to Edinburgh, but had not strength enough left to walk on any farther. At this they went on their way, without any other comment, than—O! that's it, is it?—not testifying the least concern for the state in which he was, nor offering to convey him in one of their carts, and three of them were empty, altho' they had just told him, that they were on the way to Edinburgh themselves.

Edward expected, that unless he could obtain some sleep, he should, in a few minutes, breathe his last; his present couch however, was not a spot favourable for procuring sleep; for almost every minute, he was interrupted, either by people coming up and kicking him, by way of salutation, and hallooing loudly to know what he did there; or by dogs approaching

to examine him, and making their remarks by snorting and growling in his ear. This last species of annoyance was more than he could bear; and he began to fear, that he should be torn piece-meal, before he was fairly dead.

At length, a large shaggy cur, after investing him for nearly a minute, and not finding that he moved, for he was too feeble to make any exertion, which was not absolutely necessary, seized hold of his neck-cloth and coat-collar with his teeth, and when Edward put up his hand, very faintly, to testify his disapprobation of such a measure, the beast it is true, relinquished his hold, but in order to shew his utter contempt for Edward, he lifted up his hinder-leg, and made a very plentiful observation upon Edward's body.

This little *jeu d'esprit*, this impromptu of the dog convinced Edward, that it was to no purpose to think of procuring any rest on the spot where he now was laid; he therefore crawled on a little farther, somewhat to the right, away from the road, and crept up a steep bank. Here he, almost immediately, fell into a deep and refreshing sleep; from which however he was soon awakened by a most painful and horrid sense of suffocation. He made an effort to rise, and presently found the cause of this sensation. In his sleep he had rolled off from the bank into a large ditch nearly full of water, and was in consequence almost drowned, as he had been entirely immersed, and perhaps, for a minute, completely under water.

It was vain to hope for any farther slumber or repose in his present condition: he, therefore, walked on; for his short period of rest had considerably recruited his strength, altho' he was nearly famished. Guided by the sound of the water, he descended, across some fields, to a river on the right hand, and a little removed from the road. Here he bathed, and altho' he had not sufficient strength left to swim; yet he found that his frame was newly-strung for action. While he was yet standing on the margin of the river, he beheld the rising of the sun.

It was a mild autumnal morning; the sky was clothed in the palest blue streaked with white; but was soon, imperceptibly, arrayed in the faintest red, which progressively deepened, 'till glowing with the utmost intensity of colour, the

whole of the eastern horizon was wrapped in fire. This beamy splendour, this dazzling radiance soon faded into tints of a softer hue, and retired into the mildest azure blended with virgin white. Suddenly, beneath these beauteous, but evanescent forms, in the nether sky, hung a globe of fire, full-orbed and round, which quickly melted into nothing; when emerging from its curtained veil burst the bright luminary of day.

Swelling and elevated were the emotions of Edward's heart, while he beheld the sun rejoicing as a giant to run his race; his soul was lifted above the earth, and all its miseries; she was humbled before the throne of God, and burned with a pure and holy flame of devotion towards the eternal author of her existence.

Edward moved on slowly, but in good spirits and cheerily; the country assumed a more cultivated and pleasing aspect, as he approached the metropolis of Caledonia; the joy of his soul rose on the wings of exultation, when he, once again, beheld the spires and the turrets of Edinburgh, which he had, during much of the preceding night, despaired of ever again seeing. All his heart danced with ecstacy, and prompted him to move with greater speed, and to use more exertion than he was capable of supporting, in his present enfeebled state.

He soon grew so faint, that, being unable to move on any farther, he laid himself down on a stone-bridge, which was thrown over a river, at a village a few miles distant from Edinburgh. While he was lying there some of the villagers came near, and commented on his appearance.—Who is that little laddy?—said one.—A poor wearied soul—replied another—who looks so pale and faint, as though he would die before he crawled on another mile.—Whether he dies or not —observed a third—it cannot be helped; for we have nothing to give him.—But if he should die—remarked a fourth —we had better push him off into the river, and his body will float down the stream to some other place, where the people will fancy he was drowned, and may, perhaps, give him a christian burial.

To all this very interesting conversation Edward listened patiently, till mention was made of quoiting his carcase into

the river; and as he had no inclination at that precise moment, for christian burial, he made a few gentle motions with his hand, to signify, that he was yet alive, and could dispense with their kind offices of drowning and interring him before his time. This had the desired effect, and the villagers departed, observing that as he was not yet dead, he might be able to crawl on a little farther before he perished.

Edward lay a while longer, and then proceeded to Edinburgh, which he reached about ten o clock in the fore-noon: and after a few day's rest had removed the effects of his fatigue, he began to enter into those modes of employment and amusement, which the metropolis of Scotland so abundantly affords to the pursuers of intellectual pleasure.

CHAPTER VI.

Edward becomes acquainted with Sir James Hardy—Hardy maintains the Trinity—Hardy professes himself an atheist—Absurdity of atheism shewn—Swift's definition of a free-thinker—Rousseau—The Dutchess of Kingston—Hardy's politics—An old woman and Voltaire—Lady Hardy's attacks upon Edward—Hardy's total disregard of all the obligations of marriage—Henry the 4th of France and the Arch-bishop of Soissons—description of Lady Hardy's person—importance and sanctity of the marriage-union—Hardy and Edward go to Rosseline—Hardy's sentiments as to killing men—Hardy and a Major at Dublin—Hardy and a waiter at Dublin—Hardy and a high personage *at Brighton—death of Hardy's brother—Hardy's absurd and impious behaviour thereupon—misery of infidelity.*

IN a few weeks Edward was completely settled, adapted himself to the manners of the people, and occasionally indulged himself in that kind of society, into which all those, whose exterior appearance, and habit of expense and living, denote them to be gentlemen, easily find admittance.

One morning as he strolled into a book-seller's shop on the South-bridge, he observed the inner room (where the more select customers and acquaintances of the bibliopolist were accommodated with chairs and tables, and were always sure of enjoying the delight of superior intellectual conversation) crowded with gentlemen, chiefly advocates, listening to an

Englishman, who was declaiming, with great vehemence, and in a style of the most impassioned, animated, daring, impressive eloquence, in favour of the *Trinity*, whch he maintained to be, at once, the most sublime and satisfactory of all doctrines.

Edward was particularly struck with the appearance of the orator, his commanding port and stature, his dark, black, piercing eyes, the dexterity and subtilty of his reasoning, the vivid flashings of his imagination, the fluency of his expression, and the swelling grandeur of his sentiments filled Edward's soul with delight and admiration. All the company present paid to the champion of revelation the willing homage of their applause and wonder, at the display of talents so extensive and transcendant. What, then, were Edward's feelings, when the gentleman, after he had finished his harangue, came up, and thus accosted him,—"Sir, I have been, for some time, very desirous of becoming acquainted with you, and have actually engaged our common friend, Mr. Professor Dugal Stuart, whose genius and whose writings are so universally admired and esteemed, to introduce me to you; but give me leave, now, to introduce myself, and to say, that Sir James Hardy wishes to have the honour of becoming acquainted with a gentleman, whose very superior talents promise to render him, at no distant period of time, a bulwark and an ornament to the British empire.

Edward bowed low at this unexpected compliment; and the baronet and he soon entered upon a great variety of political, literary, and philosophical subjects, on all of which Sir James's information and eloquence shone out with the most dazzling brilliancy and lustre. Two such powerful minds as those of Hardy and of Edward were peculiarly fitted to attract each other to itself in the closest bands of intimacy. Accordingly, scarcely a day passed, in which the baronet and he were not together. He was quite *en famille*, at Hardy's house; and Lady Hardy, a most stately, august, imperious woman, with a very fine person, and a commanding intellect, paid him particular attention.

When this intimacy had subsisted some weeks, and Hardy began to look upon Edward as a man after his own heart,

as one who might be trusted and admitted to view the lifting up of the veil, which kept the secrets of his soul hidden from the great mass of humanity, he, one day, said, to Edward;—" You have, not only, more understanding and more knowledge than young men generally possess; but you have more wisdom and depth of policy than I almost ever saw in a beardless youth; how admirably you carry on the farce, and dupe all the *gude* people of this town."

Edward—What farce do I carry on, and whom do I dupe? —Hardy—the farce of religion; which you, above all others, since you are so correct and profound a mathematical reasoner, must know to be all a miserable cheat, garbled by the priests, in order to juggle and confound the people.—Edward —If this be your opinion, why was you so vigorous the other day in advocating the cause of the Trinity?—Hardy—Merely to stop the mouths of these superstitious Scotsmen, who began to suspect that I was an unbeliever, from some expressions that escaped from me after dinner, during the heat of argument and of drinking, in a large public company, the day before you heard me so piously support a doctrine, which of all others I consider to be the most absurd and ridiculous.—Edward —Why do you wish to appear pious?—Hardy—In order to gain influence; if the people around me are believers, they will be shocked at my unbelief, and I shall not be able to use or turn them to account, when I want it. The Scottish are a deluded credulous people.—Edward—I doubt that; for I have come in contact with as much scepticism in this town of Edinburgh, among a given number of people, as I have ever met with elsewhere; whatever faults we may impute to the Scots, I am sure, that they, at least their *literati* and *philosophers*, are not prone to too ready a belief in christianity. But to return; you do not believe, then, in the doctrines of revelation? —Hardy—No.—Edward—Do you believe in the existence of a God, a supreme being, a great first cause? no matter by what appellation you own him, for I never dispute about words. —Hardy—No; I despise deism as much as I do christianity; I am a downright, honest *atheist*.—Edward—In good truth, a frank confession, Hardy; then, as you are an atheist, you do not admit the existence of *moral obligation;* for that

implies man to be accountable for his conduct to some superior being; but you do not allow the reality of such a being, you cannot, therefore, admit moral obligation to a seat in your system.—Hardy—Well put, Ned; I do not admit the existence of virtue or vice, as contradistinguished to each other, and implying accountability in man; for every one is at liberty to do what he pleases, only he is an egregious fool if he injures himself; whatever a man has the power he has also the right to do.—Edward—If that be so, then, I have a right to knock out your brains with this cudgel; for I, certainly possess the power.—Hardy—This is, indeed, the *argumentum ad hominem;* we will wave this mode of reasoning, if you please; I say, that a man is at liberty to do what he pleases, so that he does not injure himself.—Edward—Then the detection, not the act, constitutes the crime or folly.—Hardy—Certainly.—Edward—Then, a man may plunder, rob, lie, murder, steal, commit incest, or do any thing which, he fancies, will conduce to his interest or pleasure, provided he can ensure himself from detection.—Hardy—Doubtless, he may.—Edward—And do you carry this doctrine into practice?—Hardy—How do you mean?—Edward—For instance, are you a liar?—Hardy—'Sdeath, sir, if you put such a question as this to me again, I will blow your brains out.—Edward—Nay, Hardy, never be so furious, man; if I were to put such a question to you in company, I would allow you to be in a passion and to challenge me; and I would go out with you, and so I will, now, if you particularly desire it. But, you know, we are discussing the subject as philosophers; do not, therefore, let us squabble, like children, about nothing; for, according to your system, there is no such thing as truth or falsehood, considered as good and bad; consequently, your saying that which you know not to be true is only a matter of convenience; and can only be indulged in, or refrained from, according to the dictates of policy. Again, therefore, I ask, are you a liar?—Hardy—I desire, young gentleman, that you would put the question in a more palatable form.—Edward—Pray, then, Sir James Hardy, do you ever happen to say that which you know not to be strictly true?—Hardy—Certainly, I do; but I never suffer any man to tell me that I lie.—Ed-

ward—Of course not; because the same notions of honour, which prompt you to tell the lie, would incite you to cut the throat of any one who should be so unguarded as to hint at the truth.—Hardy—Not quite so severe, sir, if you please; but proceed in your catechism; my principles will bear the test of examination.—Edward—When policy or pleasure incites, of course, you are unfaithful to your wife.—Hardy—Certainly, whenever I am so inclined.—Edward—And as you are not accountable for your actions, but, when you die, expect to be annihilated, of course, your own individual inclination, alone, without any regard to the interests of the community, or the welfare of humanity, guides and regulates your conduct.—Hardy—To be sure it does; what is the community to me? I most cordially hate and despise all mankind, as a set of wretches, whom to save from utter perdition I would not lift up my little finger.—Edward—Mankind is much obliged to you for the favourable opinion which you entertain of the human race; pray, why are you so civil and kind to me?—Hardy–For my own peculiar gratification; because you call out all the powers of my mind more than any other person; and your conversation is more varied, animated, bold, deep, extensive, and cheering, than that of any other person whom I know.—Edward—If all men were of your way of thinking, society could not be kept together; all mutual confidence between man and man would be destroyed, and all the great charities, and relations of father, husband, son, and brother, would be broken up, and every nation rush headlong to inevitable perdition.—Hardy—No doubt; if all men thought as I do; but that can never happen, for very few have sufficient strength of mind to go through life without phantomising, and endeavouring to delude themselves with the hope of something better to come hereafter.—Edward—Then all that your superior strength of mind leads you to discover, is a system, which if universally acted upon, must inevitably break asunder all the links of society, and roll man back into a state of the most savage, stupid barbarity; or rather must sink him below the level of the brutes that perish. Pray have you initiated your wife, Lady Hardy, into the mysteries of this very simple, and satisfactory system?—Hardy—Oh yes; I converted her into

atheism, within the first three months after our marriage; and she and I, very often, amuse ourselves with laughing at the absurd credulity of the multitude.—Edward—And are you not afraid, that Lady Hardy will play you false, and plant a pair of large, branching horns upon your head?—Hardy—No: why should she?—Edward—Why should she not? A woman can be kept true to her marriage-vow, only by one or both of these two things; duty to her God, and affection to her husband; but if Lady Hardy is an atheist, she cannot be bound by her duty to a God, whose authority she disowns, and whose existence she denies; neither can she entertain any very violent affection for you; for she must necessarily infer from the very tenets, which you have taught her, and upon which you profess to act, that you are not true to her; and this is so ungenerous, so cowardly, and cruel an insult to all the attractions of a woman, that she cannot be expected readily to forgive the offence. Besides, you are but barely civil to Lady Hardy; your behaviour to her is merely, that distant, external decency of carriage, which every well-bred man uses towards a gentlewoman. You seldom, if ever, put in practice those numberless, nameless little tendernesses and delicacies of attention, ever on the alert to prevent the wishes, and anticipate the expectations of the beloved fair one; those attentions and tendernesses, which never fail to call forth the ardent, lasting, ecstatic, heavenly affection of the female heart, which is endued with sensibility and softness.—Therefore,—interrupted the baronet,—you infer, that Lady Hardy deceives her husband.—Edward—No, Hardy; I do not positively assert, that she deceives you; but I deduce from the principles of atheism, this conclusion, that there is nothing to restrain such a woman from deceiving her husband, if her desires point that way.—Hardy—Pray, Ned, are you prepared to go out?—Edward—Yes, with any man in existence, on a proper and a justifiable occasion.—Hardy—I am glad of it; for I think that your habit of so freely disclosing your opinion will soon introduce you to an intimacy of acquaintance with a brace of bullets; but now, that you have treated my system of atheism with so much contempt and ridicule, let me prove to you, that your boasted plan of revelation is, to the full, as open to the attacks of scorn and of derision, as is any

abortion, which the incubation of heated dulness upon ignorance ever engendered.—Edward—I beg to be excused; I never suffer my mind to sport with, or to think lightly of such sacred matters; remember, that you volunteered your system of atheism to me; I never seek to cram my creed down another's throat; I firmly believe in the great truths of revelation, because I find in them the most convincing internal evidence of their authenticity, and the purest, the most perpetual fountain of happiness to myself as an individual, and to all the human race, collectively considered.—Hardy—Christianity good for the community, how do you make that out? what do you think of that text, which says—" If thy cheek be smitten on one side turn thou then the other also to be smitten?—Edward—Think! that if all men were to turn their cheeks to be smitten, there would be none to smite.—Hardy—Well, well; you have gotten over that difficulty with your usual dexterity; pray what would become of the world, if people were to follow that command in the gospel, which forbids all fighting; would not a nation of such cowardly, pitiful block-heads be speedily destroyed by the first enemy, that chose to invade them?—Edward—If all obeyed the gospel, if all abstained from fighting, there would be no wars, no enemy to invade a nation.—Hardy—You are too subtle a sophist for me, Ned, and I will not argue with you any farther; but let us recur for a moment, to what we were saying a little time since; suppose that Lady Hardy was to play me false; what then?—Edward—What then! why would you like it?—Hardy—I should be very indifferent about it; I am very liberal in my sentiments about these matters; I am a very free-thinker.—Edward—Do you remember Swift's definition of a free-thinker?—Hardy—No; what is it?—Edward—A free-thinker is one who is free from the imputation of thinking.—Hardy—Confound your sophistry; you are incorrigible; though I am sure that you no more believe in christianity, than you do in the tales of the Talmud, or the nine incarnations of Vishnu, yet I cannot get you to confess yourself an atheist, though I have so honourably, and in the true spirit of a gentleman, laid open my heart to you; however to shew you that I am in earnest in what I say, here look at this little pamphlet, (said he, taking a manuscript book, made

of fine vellum paper, gilded at the edges, and wrapped up in a red morocco leather cover, out of his escrutoire) it is written in Latin; and I composed it as an address to God, at the day of judgment, vindicating my own conduct, and arraigning his cruelty, and absurdity, in governing the world in so blundering and barbarous a manner.

Edward cast his eye over some of the pages, and was shocked to see, that it contained more impudent, ignorant, contemptible blasphemy, even than that, which pollutes the pages of Diderot, or of Condorcet. He did not deign to make any remarks on the contents of this absurd and impious pamphlet; but asked Hardy, why he wrote an address to God, when he professed to deny the existence of a God?—Hardy—My unbelief does not prove that there is no God; it only justifies me in doing what I please here; and if there should happen to be a God, I shall have an opportunity of attacking him for not having made the proofs of his existence so plain and obvious that no one could doubt them.—Edward—A very notable device truly, and far superior to that with which Rousseau begins his confessions; for he only says, that he shall carry his book up to the throne of God, at the day of judgment, and challenge the Almighty to produce a better man than himself (Rousseau) among all the innumerable crowds that are thronged together, awaiting their final doom; a very modest assertion this of Rousseau, who begins an early subsequent chapter of his confessions, in these words;—"I had always an excellent, tender, feeling, benevolent heart, and can accuse myself of no failing, save that I am a *liar*, a *glutton*, and a *thief*."—But Hardy, why did you write your pamphlet in Latin?—Hardy—That the vulgar might not know what it is; for credulity and superstition are the only means, by which the vulgar are kept in order.—Edward—But there can be *no vulgar* at the day of judgment: then all distinctions of persons and of tongues will have been done away; you had, therefore, better translate your pamphlet into English for the benefit of your country, in order to save it from all the miseries, under which it now labours, that you may become that long sought saviour of the human race, for the manufacturing of which a modern author has given us a receipe in a book of his called the *Inquirer;* at least I believe that

is the name, by which the book was once known; though now it is no more; and therefore we will say nothing about it, for it is written, that—"Thou shalt not speak evil of the dead."—By the bye Hardy, what do you think of this writer's celebrated novel, which was so much read and talked about some few years since?—Hardy—That it might have been written by the turnkey, or the ordinary of Newgate; but never mind that fellow, Ned; come, confess yourself a proper, spirited, gentlemanly atheist, and I will wear you in my heart's core, aye, in my heart of hearts.—Edward—The notorious dutchess of Kingston (*ci-devant* Miss Chudleigh) sent this message to Frederic the second, King of Prussia, that her barge and suite of attendants were at Vienna, her person at Potsdam, but her *heart* at Berlin. The king returned for answer, that he was very sorry to find the dutchess so deficient in manners and in breeding, as to pay his capital so ill a compliment as to lodge the *worst* part of her possessions in it.—Hardy—Confound your bitter, biting spirit of sarcasm, Ned; you will surely rue the exercise of so dangerous a talent before the down upon your chin shall stand in need of being mowed.

The baronet, finding, that his frank avowal of atheism, had drawn from Edward only expressions of contempt and derision, dropped the subject, and they parted in mutual disgust.

Edward returned to his lodgings, with a bosom torn by ten thousand contending passions; he knew no rest all that night. His soul was harrowed up with agony, on reflecting that a man, with whom he was intimate, a man endued with such high powers, and possessing such an extended range of intellect, should avow sentiments so repugnant to all the better feelings of the heart, and subversive of all the dearest interests of society. But the absurdity of Hardy's system (if system it might be called, which had neither beginning, middle, nor end, but was one confused jumble of impious nonsense) astonished Edward still more than did its iniquity.—Can it be possible said he,—that Hardy, whose depth and accuracy of understanding are so conspicuous on every other subject, should suffer his selfish, sensual passions so far to mislead him, as to let his mind be duped by the puny delusions and the idiotic inconsistencies of atheism?

At first Edward determined to renounce all further acquaintance with the baronet, as a monster, that ought to be hunted out of society; but he soon relinquished this determination, for these reasons; that he deemed it cowardly in him to shrink from the terrors of atheism, all whose tenets he could so easily turn into laughter and ridicule; that he could still derive much mental improvement from an intercourse with a mind so abundantly stored, as was that of Hardy; and, above all, because a romantic, quixotic notion prevailed in his mind, that he should be able to convert Hardy into a christian; a hope, in which he the more readily indulged, on account of his success at an earlier period of his life, in removthe scruples of his friend William; but Edward did not consider, that the tenderness and sensibility of William's heart were such that they would incline him to embrace the sublime and holy truths of revelation, which were so happily in unison with all the benevolent feelings of his soul, the moment that those truths were fairly laid open to his view; whereas Hardy was a man whose heart had been entirely corrupted and rendered selfish, by the continual and unrestrained indulgence of every criminal pursuit and passion. It was the interest of Hardy that there should be no future state of retribution, because his deeds were evil; but to William's imagination, the view of eternity would open scenes of ecstatic and never-fading bliss. Thus did Edward reason;—but he never dreamed that he was, *himself*, all this time, utterly *ignorant* of the doctrines of revelation, and that he mistook a mere general, speculative belief of the authenticity of the Scriptures for *vital*, *evangelical*, *practical* christianity. But such is the christianity of all men till the Spirit of God hath touched the heart.

While Edward was thus ruminating, Hardy was announced; the baronet entered the room with a gay, smiling countenance, and said—Edward, my dear fellow, I trust that your good sense will not permit you to break off our intimacy, merely, because we differ in opinion upon some speculative points, which cannot possibly admit of any demonstration, either one way or the other; go on in your belief, and I will not disturb you in it. I told Lady Hardy, that you left the house

out of humour last evening, because the throat of my faith had not so large a swallow of credulity as yours; she laughed, and said, that she would rally you on your prudery the next time she saw you; for the future, Ned, our discourse shall be directed to those subjects which we understand: pray, what is your political creed?

Edward—I am no party-politician; but I am firmly convinced, that in these times of revolutionary phrensy, when all the great depths of the established governments over the whole world, are in danger of being broken up, and the waters of bitterness and of desolation let out to overflow and to destroy all human happiness, it becomes every wise and every good man, in the British empire, to rally round the constitution of his country, and become a living bulwark to defend the almost only remains of human felicity from the iron grasp of the great destroyer, who is gone forth in his fury to render wretched the inhabitants of the earth.

Hardy—My own sentiments to a tittle; I am a decided aristocrat; I always, resolutely, set my face against all the pretensions of the mob; and, to tell you the truth, one great reason for my renouncing christianity, was, because the mass of the people were believers; sir, a man does not like to be one of the vulgar, and, therefore, when I found that the mob were christians, I concluded that christianity was not a religion fit for a gentleman, and gave it up.

Edward—If that be your only motive for renouncing christianity, you may, soon, resume it again; for I am afraid that the mob are beginning to encroach on the privileges of gentlemen, and set themselves up for ready made atheists; thanks to the alacrity and industry of the revolutionary Jacobins in Great-Britain. Last week I rode into the country for a few days, and, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, I had occasion to enter a miserable hovel, in the corner of which I saw an old woman, about seventy, ragged, squalid, and haggard, with spectacles on her nose, and poring very intently over a book; my curiosity was raised, and I ventured to say, Pray, madam, may I take the liberty of inquiring what book it is which so strongly engages your attention? She replied "*Vultur*, sir." I confess that I was not the wiser

for this answer, and apologizing for the liberty which I was taking, begged leave to see the book; my request was granted; and I found, that it was a sorry translation into bald English, of Voltaire's *Juifs*, one of the most obscene, blasphemous, and dangerous, of all the works of that "arch theomachist, who spent fifty years of a long and an impious life, in warring against the spiritual kingdom of God and his Christ; that Voltaire, the memorials of whose desolating days will all be entombed in the French Pantheon, with the mouldering remnant of his bones; dust to dust, ashes to ashes, he sowed unto the flesh, and of the flesh he and his disciples have reaped death and corruption."

I was anxious to know how this miserable old woman could get at such a book; and upon inquiry I learned, that the revolutionary fanatics in Scotland had established circulating libraries, at different places, for the purpose of distributing, among the poorer classes of the people, all the trash, ribaldry, sedition, and blasphemy, which was at that time published in Germany, France, and Britain, and which was likely to wean the hearts of the ignorant multitude from duty to their God, and loyalty to their king. You recollect that Voltaire says, in a letter to D'Alembert, "I hate and detest mankind; for I know, that I am, myself, one of the *best* people breathing, and that I am very bad; *a fortiori*, then, what a vile set the generality of wretches must be!"—And, in good truth, Voltaire always acted in full accordance to his system of hatred for mankind; for he did all in his power to fill the cup of life to others with bitterness and anguish, presented the poison to their lips, and when they had drank it to the very dregs, and were writhing with convulsive agony, he laughed at them for making wry faces.

Therefore, Hardy, it is high time for you to look about you, and turn christian again; for I assure you, that this old woman, who was preparing herself for eternity, by perusing Voltaire, and imbibing the doctrines of atheism, was positively, one of the *canaille;* she had not the least pretensions to gentility; whence you must turn christian in your own defence, or confess yourself on a level with this old hag in point of wisdom and sagacity.—A truce, a truce, with your sarcasms,—

cried Hardy—you are too strong for me at those very weapons of ridicule, in the use of which I value myself most; I have, in general, hitherto, found all the wit on our side, and all the dulness on that of the believers; but you, Edward, as if you scorned to argue or reason with us, step forward and attack us with our own arms. But we will have no more of this; come you and dine with me to day; and we will steep all that has passed on this head in oblivion and Burgundy.

From this time Edward's intimacy with Hardy increased; the baronet himself, redoubled his attentions and civilities to Edward, who was very desirous of infusing what he thought to be religion into the hearts of both Sir James and of his lady. Lady Hardy directed all the artillery of her charms against Edward; she sung to him, played all the plaintive Scottish airs, in which he particularly delighted; danced with him at all balls and assemblies; frequently took him out alone with her in her carriage; continually spoke to him the most intelligible language from a pair of fine, dark, eloquent eyes. She often engaged him in conversation upon religion, and endeavoured to laugh him out of, what she called his scruples and prejudices; and when this manœuvre did not succeed, she always contrived to insinuate a dexterous compliment to the powers of his understanding, and the brilliancy of his wit, which so completely foiled and dazzled her, as almost to persuade her to become a christian. She then changed her battery, and professed to be actually converted by his arguments, was enraptured whenever he declaimed, with enthusiastic fervour, in honour of the sublime truths of the gospel, would draw her chair nearer to his, or would sit closer to him on the sofa; and sometimes was so far overcome with emotion and admiration, as to start up and press his hand tenderly, and with a voice scarcely articulate, and with eyes suffused in tears, sob out her gratitude to him, for opening all the glories of heaven to her hitherto benighted soul.

Edward's fealty and love to his departed Mary, whose image lay ever in the inmost recesses of his heart, rendered him impregnable to all the common arts of female seduction; but before this deep-laid, well-concerted plan of attack, the fortress of Edward's loyalty to that saint in heaven began to bow.

Edward was high in youth and health, of a most ardent, fiery temperament, with passions wild and strong, made up of the most combustible materials; Lady Hardy was young, handsome, with a symmetry of person, formed in the most luxuriant, fascinating mould; she had wit, liveliness, and good temper; and was continually using all her endeavours to fan the passions of Edward into the fiercest flame of desire.

Hitherto, however, Edward had come off victorious from the contest; but Lady Hardy plainly saw, that a few more such victories would lay the youth prostrate at her feet. One morning, she sent a servant to Edward with a note, specifying that she was unwell, and requesting that he would immediately come and see her. He instantly obeyed the summons, and went with a palpitating heart; for Lady Hardy had, without his being conscious of it, wound herself very far into his good graces; her youth and beauty, her unremitted attentions to him; and above all, her conversion to christianity by his means, while it flattered his devotional vanity, softened all his soul, and filled it with a tenderness, now heightened by compassion for her present indisposition.

When Edward reached the house, he was immediately shewn up into the Lady's bed-room. She was alone, in bed. —" Edward,—said she, with a faint voice, and a look of the utmost tenderness,—I am not well, you are very good to come to me so soon; pray feel my pulse.—Edward blushed, and stammered out, that he was no physician, and knew nothing about the movements of the pulse.—Oh! yes you do,—replied Lady Hardy—and you are the only physician, that can be of any service to my present indisposition—with this she held out her hand, and Edward, in much confusion, not knowing what he did, took it in his, and sate down by the bed-side. During this very interesting interview, Edward was assailed by the most trying temptations on every side; his brain grew dizzy, and his duty, honour, conscience, all were on the point of melting away before the fire of charms, which might have thawed the frost of hermit-age itself, and which had been in dustriously displayed, and pressed upon his attention, with all the most captivating, amorous importunity.

But at the very moment, when Lady Hardy's burning blushes told all the movements of her soul, the countenance of Mary pale, dejected, forlorn, and sad, such as it appeared at the dread, the agonizing hour of their separation, rushed upon Edward's recollection; he started back, and in a voice of phrensied desperation, cried out—Mary, my sainted girl, I will never dishonour that affection, with which I once was blessed by thee.—Saying which, he rushed with horror, and precipitation from the room, leaving Lady Hardy a prey to a combination of the most violent passions of amazement, anger, disappointed desire, insulted pride, and the fellest, the most insatiate determination of being revenged on the ingratitude of the deserter.

To be continued.

THIRD SECTION.

AMERICAN LITERATURE REVIEWED.

DEPONS' VOYAGE TO TERRA-FIRMA.

(Continued from Vol. 3, No. 4, p. 228.)

M. DEPONS opens his first volume with praising the learning and enterprising spirit of Columbus; which is surely superfluous: if M. Depons were a classical scholar, which undoubtedly he is not, he would be pleased with being reminded, that when a certain flippant rhetorician proposed to pronounce a eulogium upon Hercules, a blunt Spartan answered—On Hercules!—who ever thought of *blaming* Hercules?

After praising Columbus M. Depons indulges his *sensibility* upon the injustice of invading the new world, as being an outrage committed upon humanity, and a flagrant violation of the law of nations. The *sensibility of a French Jacobin!!*—But the state of the nerves of this delicate creature is truly incomprehensible. The slave, the minion of Napoleon weeps for the woes of some hordes of barbarians, who were exterminated more than three centuries since, while he looks on with an unmoistened eye upon the tide of desolation, which his master is now rolling over the fairest portions of the earth.

In 1498 Columbus discovered Terra Firma, in his third voyage from Spain to America; after having discovered the gulf of Paria he coasted along Terra-Firma as far west as the Testigo-Islands, from which point he sailed to St. Domingo. Soon thereafter, in the year 1449, Ojeda and Americus Vespusius sailed from Spain to the territory of Maracapana in twenty-five days; and Americus, on his return home, had sufficient address to persuade the Spaniards, that the true discovery of America was due to himself, and that Columbus

had only discovered a few islands; in consequence of which bold fraud the great continent of the new world received his name, which it bears unto this day.

Spanish vessels were now allowed to trade with America, and the Emperor Charles the fifth, with a want of wisdom at least equal to his barbarity, gave permission to make slaves of the Indians; whence the Spaniards being by royal licence converted into a band of robbers and cut-throats filled the land with rapine and blood-shed. In order to cover these enormities from the view of profane and prying eyes, Pope Alexander the first by *a bull* gave to the Spanish monarchs *all* the country, which was then, and should afterwards be discovered on the American continent. In pursuance of this righteous decree of the infallible head of the popish church, giving away with lavish liberality that to which he had no claim, *missionaries*, in the shape of friars, were sent to render the Indians the slaves and the nominal professors of the popish superstition, which by a very palpable perversion of terms M. Depons calls—*a conversion to christianity*.

Two missionaries went to Cumana in 1514, where at first they were well-received by the Americans; till, in consequence of a brutal act of depredation from the crew of one of those ships of St. Domingo, which during twelve years committed every species of robbery and piracy on those coasts, they were murdered, as being accomplices with the pirates; which, however, was a mistake on the part of the Indians. New missionaries afterwards settled themselves at Chiribichi near Maracapana and Cumana, where they founded two convents; and in process of time were butchered by the Indians.

To revenge this treatment of the friars the audience at St. Domingo sent a military expedition to Terra-Firma, under the command of Gonzalo Ocampo, who so humbled the Indians by frequent and extensive massacres, as to induce them to sue for peace. Ocampo built the town of Toledo, which is now generally called Cumana.

At this period Barthelemi de las Casas was appointed governor of Cumana by Charles the fifth; Ocampo however refused to resign in his favour, and, while they both repaired to the audience at St. Domingo for the purpose of receiving a

final decision as to the respective merit of their claims, the Indians embraced the opportunity of murdering by far the greater number of the Spaniards, who were scattered along their coasts; the remainder, a very small portion, escaped in canoes to the island of Cubagua. In the year 1525 the audience of St. Domingo sent a military force sufficient to awe the Indians into submission, and to make a permanent settlement in a part of Cumana; the remainder of which province was attempted to be reduced so late as the year 1656, by missionaries, who have not yet completed their undertaking.

In 1527 the audience of St. Domingo sent John Ampues, as a commissary, to Cora; and from his ability and benevolence the province of Venezuela had every reason to expect an augmentation of their prosperity and happiness. But all these pleasing hopes were dashed to the ground by the infatuation of the Emperor Charles the fifth, who ceded the sovereignty of the province of Venezuela to the commercial house of the Welsers, which was established at Augsburgh, and to which Charles was considerably indebted for the advance of large sums of money to enable him to carry on his wild and frantic schemes of universal dominion.

The Emperor granted to these traders, under the title of an hereditary fief of the crown, the province of Venezuela, from Cape de la Vela, as far as Maracapana, with the right of extending indefinitely towards the south, on the following conditions:—That they should found, in the space of two years, two cities and three forts; that they should arm four ships for the transportation of 300 Spaniards, and 50 German masterminors, who were to be extended over all the Indies, at the expense of the company, or house of the Welsers, and to work the mines for their benefit; that the Emperor should grant the title of adelantado, ie governor of a province, to the person whom the Welsers should nominate; that the Emperor should allow them four per cent on one fifth part accruing to the crown from the mines, which they should work, and another extent of land twelve leagues square, in the conquered part of the country, which they should chuse; and lastly, that they should be empowered to make *slaves* of the Indians, who should refuse to submit without force.

Traders are always bad sovereigns, and worse statesmen; accordingly, none of these conditions were fulfilled, excepting those which were favourable to the ignorant cupidity of the Welsers; particularly the last condition, that of *enslaving* the Indians, was executed in the most barbarous and extensive manner. Consequently, under the sovereignty of these trading men the province of Venezuela was consigned to the utmost atrocity of rapine and desolation; was steeped in the tears, and floated in the blood of its oppressed and unresisting inhabitants. At length the cries of the victims of mercantile cruelty pierced the recesses of the Emperor's palace, and the treaty with the Welsers was rescinded, the Germans were dispossessed, and the licentiate John Peres de Tolosa was appointed governor of Venezuela.

Immediately the whole aspect of affairs was changed; and those laws were professed to be enforced which declared the Indians to be *free*, not even excepting those who should be taken prisoners with arms in their hands. As soon as an Indian nation was subjected to the Spaniards, the foundations of a city were laid on a convenient site; one hundred Spaniards peopled the new city, on which a cabildo was conferred. They then divided the lots of the city amongst the new inhabitants according to their rank and merit; and, after numbering the Indians, they *shared* them among the Spaniards.—Was this in pursuance of the laws, which declared the Indians to be *free?*—This mode of proceeding is called *repartimientos de Indios*.

An extension of this measure was soon after adopted, under the name of *encomiendas*, whose object was to place under the immediate superintendance and authority of a Spaniard, exemplary for his morals, the Indians, who lived within a limited extent of ground, corresponding to that of the *communes* in France. He had no right of *property* over them; but only took cognizance of their actions; it was his duty,—to protect them against every injustice and vexation, to which they were liable from their ignorance of the civil laws;—to unite them in one village, without the power of residing there himself;—to instruct them in the Christian religion;—to organize their domestic government after the model of the social institutions;

—to cause to be observed by families the relations, which society establishes amongst all its members ;—to direct their agricultural and domestic labours ;—to *destroy* in them all inclinations, all habits of the savage life.

To these commissioned superintendants of the encomiendas, who were called encomenderos, the Indians were required to pay a yearly tribute, in labour, fruits, or money ; and this tribute being paid, the Indian was exempted from every other personal service.

This institution promised, at first, to be of great utility ; although as might have been readily foreseen, it was liable to much abuse, from this one circumstance, independant of all others, namely, the vast *discretionary* power which was lodged in the hands of the *encomendero*. He has yet to learn the very rudiments of the knowledge of the human heart, who is ignorent of the direct and incessant tendency, which man has to pervert and to increase that power, which receives no *immediate* checks and resistance, either from its subjects, or from some superior authority.

Other circumstances, however, speedily occurred to prevent the practically good effects of this institution. On the 13th of May 1538, it was ordained, that the encomiendas should be exclusively granted to inhabitants, who resided in the very places, where they were to exercise their functions ; but avarice and intrigue soon defeated the end of this ordinance ; for on the 20th of October 1545, a law was passed, that the Indians should be *indiscriminately* intrusted to persons of merit ; and forthwith, *courtiers* received encomiendas ; and, of course, all the beneficial purposes of the institution were completely annihilated. Many subsequent ordinances were passed in order to remedy these abuses, but in vain ; and finally, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the encomiendas were abolished, and recourse had to popish ecclesiastics for the purpose of civilizing the Indians. The province of Venezuela, however, has always been floated in the blood of the Indians, and the Spaniards have acquired absolute authority there only by the extermination of its native inhabitants.

In 1552 the Spaniards began to build cities, on Terra Firma, and in spite of various obstacles from the determined hostility

and hatred of the Indians, they laid the foundations, and raised the walls of Barquisimeto ;—of Palmes or Nirgua ;—of Valencia ;—of Truxillo,—of Caraccas, which cost the lives of multitudes both of Spaniards and Indians, no ground being so obstinately disputed as was the valley, where Caraccas now stands ;—of Maracaibo ;—of Carora ;—and of St. Sebastian de los Reyes. All these cities owed their existence to force ; and their continuance to the courage and the dexterity of their founders. For a more minute account of all these transactions the reader is referred to Oviedo, a creole of Caraccas, whose perspicuity and accuracy are much applauded by M. Depons.

The captain-generalship of Caraccas, that is, the eastern part of Terra-Firma, comprehends the province of Venezuela in the centre, the government of Maracaibo on the west, Guiana on the south, the government of Cumana on the east, and, on the north-east, the island of Margaretta. This eastern part of Terra-Firma is bounded by the sea on the north, from the 75th degree of west longitude from the meridian of Paris to the 62d ; that is to say, all the extent from the Cape de la Vela to the the point of Megilones or Paria ; on the east it is also bounded by the sea from the 12th to the 8th degree of north latitude. Dutch Guiana and Peru border it on the south, and the kingdom of St. Fe on the west.

Its temperature is various ; in many places the coolness of a perpetual spring solaces the inhabitants ; whilst in others they are afflicted by the scorching sun and excessive heat, which generally accompany those lands that are stretched from the 12th degree of northern latitude towards the equinoctial line. The peculiar temperature of this country is supposed to be produced by the chain of mountains, which, commencing from one of the Andes at Quito, traverses Merida and the government of Varinas, then stretches to the north as far as the coast, whence taking an eastern direction, it diminishes in height, till it finally loses itself in the island of Trinidad. These mountains are for the most part habitable ; excepting the eastern Pichacho, near Caraccas, whose height is about 1278 fathoms. Here M. Depons favours us with much geological disquisition, respecting the conformation of the mountains of Venezuela, which he thinks are *not* antediluvian.

Under the head of *mines* M. Depons says, that if the provinces of Caraccas enjoy peculiar happiness it is because they have *no mines* to work; many fruitless attempts having been made to open these tombs of national strength; all of which are now fortunately abandoned; except a few mines of excellent copper in the jurisdiction of St. Philip.

The pearl-fishery was once very considerable between the islands of Cubagua and Margaretta; it is now abandoned there; and is carried on with some success in a bay situated between Cape Chichibacoa and Cape de la Vela, occupied by the Guahiros Indians, who sell their pearls to the Dutch and English. The whole coast north of the province of Venezuela abounds in salt; which, however, is prepared in very small quantities; probably, because the Spanish king monopolizes the trade.

These provinces abound in mineral waters, both warm and cold, of various qualities, ammoniacal, ferrugineous, nitrous, and acidulous. The seasons here do not resemble those in Europe; neither spring nor *winter*—(we suppose the author or the translator intended to write *autumn*)—are known, but winter and summer complete the whole year. The year is divided, not by heat and cold, but by rain and drought; the winter, or rainy season, is contained between the months of April and November; during the six remaining or summer months, the rains are much less frequent. The quantity of rain that falls in these provinces, that approximate to the equator, is nearly as ten to one, in comparison of that which descends in the arctic and antartic regions; that is, in the countries which approach to the northern and the southern poles.

This part of South America, although placed between the Antilles, where earthquakes are so frequent, and Peru, where they occur still oftener, is seldom afflicted with these awful visitations of convulsed nature. A few shocks are detailed very minutely by M. Depons for the benefit of his readers, who will do well to consult him, if they wish for farther information on this subject; and more particularly, if they desire to know *why*, for lack of sufficient *combustion and fermentation*, earthquakes are so rare in the eastern part of Terra Firma.

The mountains of Venezuela contain vast quantities of timber, fitted for the purposes of ship-building, and of carpenter's and cabinet-maker's work; and they also produce some dyeing woods.

Medical plants, gums, resins, and oils, are produced in great abundance; but are very much neglected by the inhabitants; either on account of their own indolence, or from the mistaken policy of their government; perhaps from the combination of both these most effectual causes of national weakness and declension.

The lakes of this country are numerous, and of two sorts; one formed by the rains, the other mere reservoirs of the rivers, whose waters they receive. Many of the first kind are to be seen in the low-lands, in the vicinity of the Oronoko; the two greatest of the second kind are those of Maracaibo and Valencia, of which M. Depons gives too detailed and circumstantial a description to be admitted into this brief analysis of the contents of these very interesting volumes.

A no less minute account is given of the several rivers, Guigues, Tocuyo, Aroa, Yaracuy, Tuy, Unara, Neveri, Manzanares, and Cariaco. The importance of attending to this part of M. Depons' work will readily appear, when we consider how much the internal and foreign commerce of this fertile country might be increased by the energy of an *efficient* government, which would watch over, direct, and encourage the laudable industry of the people committed to its charge. But this desirable purpose will never be effected by a government like that of Spain.

And yet, all these rivers, joined by the waters of many others, do not amount to the twentieth part of those, which proceed directly to the sea, and water *only* the high or northern part of the provinces of Venezuela and Cumana. The low or southern part of Venezuela is intersected by rivers, which flow from north to south, till they discharge themselves into the great Oronoko. The most considerable are the Mamo, the Pariagoan and Pao, the Chivata and Zoa, the Cachimamo, the Aracay, the Manapira and Espino, together with the Apura, which enters the Oronoko by several channels; it receives into its waters those of many rivers, which altogether,

forming the figure of a fan, occupy a space of more than thirty leagues south of the province of Venezuela. The greatest part of these last rivers are *navigable* forty or fifty leagues from the place where they, together with the Apura, throw themselves into the Oronoko.

The sea, which washes these coasts, is by the English called the Caribbean sea, because the chain of the Antilles, from Trinidad to Cuba and Terra-Firma, forms an area bounded solely by the countries anciently occupied by the Caribbees. All the other European nations, however, give it the vague appellation of the northern sea.

Over all the northern coast, from Cape de la Vela to Cape Paria, the tides are so irregular and imperceptible as to be entirely overlooked in the reckonings and calculations of the navigator; whilst on all the eastern coast, from the last mentioned Cape to Dutch Guiana, they are so powerful as to command rigid observance from the ships, which frequent those latitudes.

The winds are more regular on the coasts, than in the inland parts. The common breeze on the coasts is the same which prevails at sea between the tropics, known under the nam of trade-winds. They blow from N. E. by E. At sea, however, these winds are constant, but on the coasts they only blow from nine or ten o'clock in the morning till the evening. They are succeeded every night by an opposite wind, which is called the land breeze. This periodical succession is general, but not without exceptions.

All the sea-ports in this country are infested with a species of worms, called tarets, which soon distroy those ships which lie in the ports, unless they are copper-bottomed. And such as remain in port must be well graved once in every three or four months, or they must perish upon the hands of the owners.

All the ports of the province of Caraccas are continually exposed to the swelling of the surge, to rolling seas, which are often dangerous. The road of Porto-Cabello is the only place which affords a safe and quiet harbour for ships.

The ports, whose conveniences for receiving and securing ships are enumerated with much laudable industry by M.

Depons, are Porteta and Bayahonda, Maracaibo, Coro, Porto-Cabello, more commonly called Porto-Bello, Turiamo, Patanemo, Borburata, and Sienega, Ocumara, La Guira, Caravalleda, Port-Francis, Bay or Lake of Tacarigua, Barcelona, Cumana, the Gulf of Cariaco, Point of Araya, Straits of Margaretta, and the Gulf of Paria. All merchants and seamen, who traffic with, or visit the Caraccas, are highly interested in the faithful and diligent description which M. Depons gives of these ports, and their capacities as havens.

We have no means of even approaching towards accuracy in estimating the population of the Caraccas. The only census is taken by the curates, and in such a slovenly way, as is well worthy of being cited, in order to show how defective, in this point, at least, is the political œconomy of the Spanish government, as it is exercised on its subjects in the eastern part of Terra-Firma.

Whoever fulfils the paschal duty receives from the confessor a small ticket, on which is written the year, and the word *confeso*, together with the signature of the priest. At church, when they receive the sacrament, they present to the curate the ticket of confession, which he keeps; and then gives another signed by himself, and under the year is written the word *comulgo;* which means—he has had the sacrament administered unto him. In Lent the curate, or one of his superiors, goes round to each house, takes down the names of all the persons, who are, or are not, arrived at the age necessary to make confession. After Easter is passed, the same priest, or another in his behalf, returns to their houses to take up the communion, or, at least, the confession-ticket; and on closely comparing the number of tickets with that of the persons, whose names he had marked down on his first visit, he detects frauds, and proceeds accordingly.

Frauds however are frequently committed, and the pastor is often duped. Old women, during Easter, go *many* times to confession, and receive a ticket *each* time; one they keep, and *sell the rest;* the ordinary price is one dollar, but it rises in proportion as the term of exhibition approaches. Those, who can conveniently leave their homes, do it at the very season when the confession-tickets are to be collected. Others,

on the first visit of the curate, inform only against *a part* of those who compose the family; and some, on the approach of the collector, shut their doors, and permit him to entertain himself by knocking at the gate, until some neighbour, in the fulness of compassion, kindly informs the patient parson, that nobody is at home.

From suth data no exact statement of the population can be expected. M. Depons says, that in comparing this ecclesiastical census with the population of some cities, that had been accurately numbered, he found it to contain one fourth, or, at least, a fifth less than the real number of the inhabitants. Yet the egregious wisdom of the Spanish government, so lately as the year 1801, in order to ascertain the population of the captain-generalship of Caraccas, applied to the bishops, who directed the curates, who made out a census with their accustomed inaccuracy and want of precision.

The present population is thus stated by M. Depons. In the province of Venezuela, including Varinas, five hundred thousand souls; in the government of Maracaibo, one hundred thousand; in that of Cumana, eighty thousand; in Spanish Guiana, thirty-four thousand; and in the isle of Margaretta, fourteen thousand;—amounting in the whole to seven hundred and twenty-eight thousand.

In this population the whites are computed at two tenths, the slaves at three, the descendants of freedmen at four, and the Indians compose the remainder.

The soil of this country would easily subsist *a hundred times the number* of the present population. Such and so deplorable is the blind and infatuated policy of the Spanish government towards all the unfortunate wretches, who are subjected to its ignorant and beggarly domination.

To be continued.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, &c.

(Continued from Vol. 3, No. 4, p. 243.)

"THOUGH transient be the hope, 'twill be most sweet,
Like *midnight music*, stealing on the ear,

Then gliding past, and dying slow away.
Music! thou soothing power, thy charm is proved
Most vividly, when clouds o'ercast the soul;—
So light its loveliest effect displays
In lowering skies, when through the murky rack
A slanting sun-beam shoots, and instant limns
The ethereal curve of seven harmonious dyes,
Eliciting a splendour from the gloom:
O Music! still vouchsafe to tranquillize
This breast perturbed; thy voice, though mournful, sooths;
And mournful, aye, are thy most beauteous lays,
Like fall of blossoms from the orchard-boughs,
The autumn of the spring. Enchanting power!
Who by thy airy spell canst whirl the mind
Far from the busy haunts of men to vales
Where Tweed or Yarrow flows; or, spurning time,
Recall red Flodden field; or suddenly
Transport, with altered strain, the deafened ear
To Linden's plain!—But what the pastoral lay,
The melting dirge, the battle's trumpet-peal,
Compared to notes with *sacred numbers* linked
In union, solemn, grand!—O then, the spirit,
Upborne on pinions of celestial sound,
Soars to the throne of God, and ravished hears
Ten thousand times ten thousand voices rise
In halleluiahs;—voices, that erewhile
Were feebly tuned perhaps to *low-breathed hymns*
Of solace in the chambers of the poor,—
The Sabbath worship of the friendless sick."

A great variety of other sounds, besides that of musical expression, might be adduced to illustrate our position; namely —*that all our sublime emotions are owing to the efforts of our imagination.* It is sufficient to mention a very few. The roaring of a storm through a wood, in which the sound is imperceptibly and continually varying, and of which no distinct and determinate idea can be formed, impresses the feeling heart, and the sensible mind, with sublime and awful emotions. The howling of the wind over the agitated ocean excites in quick and contemplative minds, ideas of a grandeur

so august and elevated, as mere perception could never give; while, at the same time, the *attention is inactive;* for the rude mariner, whose *imagination* such impressions are inadequate to rouse, is lulled to slumber by the breathing of the blast.

From all which we may conclude, that those sensations, which excite pleasure in us, arise from the adequate perception and appreciation of proper objects; that they arise, when the exercise of attention restrains the working of the imagination, from the action of the mind, while employed in taking cognizance of such perception; that the emotions of sublimity are produced by certain combinations of images, treasured up and purified by the mind from those circumstances, which always degrade sensible objects; that those objects, which make an undefined and indistinct pleasurable impression upon the senses, without rousing the attention into active exercise, create in us ideas of sublimity, by exciting the imagination to complete what the senses cannot perform; and that the delight and extasy, which we enjoy from the bold and the varied combinations, which the imagination forms, are as far superior to the pleasure, which we receive from the contemplation of merely beautiful objects, as the operations of the mind are more elevated and more refined than are the exertions and the efforts of the senses.

The same principles apply equally to the cause of those emotions, which we feel on the perusal of any book, that excites in us ideas of sublimity;—the sentiments which the book contains, or the language which it uses; or, as is more commonly the case, the combined force of its sentiments and language, rouses the imagination of the reader to call up associations of images fitted to correspond with the emotions, which the writer felt, when he embodied his thoughts into words, and which emotions he intended to convey to all those kindred spirits, who have hearts to feel and heads to understand the impassioned dictates of animated genius.

It is now high time to apply these principles to the celebrated position of the reverend Hugh Blair; namely—that it is among ancient authors, that we are to look for the most celebrated instances of the *sublime;* because the *early* ages of

the world, and *rude* states of society, are peculiarly favourable to the *strong emotions* of sublimity, &c.

It would be difficult to account for the *excessive popularity* of Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres, unless we were to bear in mind, that the generality of readers *cannot endure the fatigue of thinking;* and, therefore, as Blair offers no labour to the mind in his pages, which are merely a heavy compilation of common-place criticism, consisting chiefly of bare assertions, and mechanical precepts, *those professors* of schools and colleges, who are very shy of ideas, and among whom but little soul is stirring, find it more convenient to lecture from Blair, and retard the mental development of the students intrusted to their care, than to expose their own dulness and ignorance by an ineffectual attempt to place criticism upon its *only* proper and just foundation, the science of metaphysics; or, at least, that department of metaphysical science, which professes to inquire into the elements of the philosophy of the human mind, and to investigate the means by which the intellectual powers of man might be evolved into the greatest maturity of energy and spirit.

The same grand objects of nature, as the ocean, lofty mountains, widely-extended plains, the azure vault of heaven, &c. &c.—which lie open to the observation of the savage, in the ruder ages of society, are alike offered to the contemplation of those, who live in the more civilized and more polished conditions of humanity. And in addition to this circumstance, which is common both to the barbarian and to the civilized man, the inhabitant of the more refined nations, has the exclusive advantage of exercising all the higher powers of the mind, by having recourse to the stores of knowledge, that have been acquired and accumulated by human industry and ingenuity through the lapse of successive ages;—all which are as a book closed and a fountain sealed to the unfavoured children of a barbarous period of society.

Did Doctor Blair fancy, that the ancients were more sublime than the moderns, because they abounded more in images of war, blood-shed and butchery?—Yet all such images are the objects of disgust, not of sublimity, to every properly constituted mind. All the battles and all the murders

described in all the poems, that ever were written, raise not a thousandth part of the sublime emotions, which arise in the feeling heart, on the perusal of the few stanzas by Burns, which begin with

"The gloomy night is gathering fast."

Any thing which is calculated to amend the heart, while it rouses the imagination to powerful and pleasurable exertions, may be entitled to the appellation of sublime; but war, and evry thing belonging to war, embrutifies and deteriorates the heart, stifles all the feelings of humanity, and converts human beings into beasts of prey; it also calls up to the imagination of every one, that is blessed with a benevolent and a feeling heart, only ideas of aversion and of horror.

When Homer describes the sea in a storm, or sketches the faint outline of the distant mountain, when dimly seen by the moon's pale light, he raises in our minds emotions of awe and sublimity, as we ascend upon the wings of devotion and addration to the God of nature, who rolled the waters of the ocean together, and arched the vast concave of the heavens. But when the Grecian bard sets before our eyes Achilles rushing over the slaughtered Trojans, and brandishing his bloody falchion, while the hoofs of his horses are bathed and the axle-tree of his chariot is thickly besprinkled with human gore; or when he pourtrays Hector carrying fire and devastation among all the Grecian ships, we feel no other emotions, than those of disgust at the writer, and of compassion for the ignorance and the brutality of mankind, that could ever endure the representation of such abominable objects.

The same objections are applicable to those descriptions, which strike us as improbable and unnatural; whence all the *machinery*, as it is called, of epic poems, as gods, goddesses, fairies, genii, devils, ghosts, hobgoblins, magicians, enchanters, vampires, witches, sorcerers, &c. &c. &c. is only absurd and ridiculous but certainly not sublime or grand. What interest, think you, can we take in events, which weknow can never happen, while the established laws of nature remain the same, as all the records of human experience have proclaimed them hitherto to be?—we may smile with pity or with contempt at Homer's representation of the goddess Minerva flying

down from heaven to earth, for the sake of flying up again from earth to heaven;—at Milton's causing the angel Uriel to slide down to earth on a sun-beam;—at Camoens' fantastic blending of the personages of the pagan mythology with the great objects of a christian's belief; at his wildly jumbling together God and Christ, and Jupiter and Venus;—and a thousand other fooleries of the same sort;—but we can be no more roused to any emotion of sublimity by the contemplation of such unnatural and incredible exhibitions, than we are by the perusal of the marvellous exploits of Mr. Thomas Thumb, or by poring over the egregious achievements of that renowned hero Jack the giant-killer.

Unless we bring what we say home to men's business and bosoms, we shall in vain attempt to interest their attention, or to rouse their imagination to the exertion of its mighty powers, however professed critics may choose to ring the changes upon the words grandeur and sublimity. Hence, we, with so much difficulty, wade through a great portion of Milton's Paradise Lost; with the exception of Adam and Eve, it contains scarcely a personage, that can interest the feelings of our hearts.—All the fighting of the angels in heaven, their loading and firing cannon, their discharging hills and rocks and trees and dirt at each other;—the debates of the devils, excepting when the description of the working of *human* passions occurs;—and the dialogues of God the Father and God the Son, who are both made to talk in all the barbarous jargon, and unintelligible enigmas of an old school-divine, or mystic, such as Thomas a Kempis, or Jacob Behmen;—are all very disgusting. We neither know, nor can imagine any thing about all this, and however *soi-disant* critics may affect to be delighted with that, which they cannot comprehend, it is the business of the philosopher, to *wonder* at nothing, to use himself to think, to speak what he thinks, and to be always ready stoutly to confess, that nonsense never inspires him with any sublime emotions.

When Milton describes the grand or the beautiful objects of nature, and when he appeals to the heart by masterly representations of the most exalted and the tenderest passions, as love, affection, benevolence, compassion, &c. he commands

and receives the respect and homage of every reader, who can feel and be excited into admiration.

The same remark is applicable to Homer; his battles and single combats we can run rapidly over once, and take especial care never again to peruse;—but we dwell with heartfelt rapture on his softened touches of tenderness, and his fine strokes of simplicity and nature; his accurate delineation and nice distinction of character; his incomparable similies; his bold and animated descriptions of the noblest features of the material world.

Shakspeare is read with the same restrictions, only he more frequently takes the soul prisoner, and laps it in Elysium. Burns, also, the Scottish poet, creates and supports a lively interest in the productions of his muse, notwithstanding his many defects in rythm, and his occasional departure from that decency and chastity of sentiment, without which the effusions of genius are only a splendid curse. He wrote from the glowing feelings of his impassioned heart, under the inspiring influence of a boundless imagination. He looked through nature's works with the eye of genius, and presented their images in the fairest and the strongest colours.

It should also be noted, that, although the efforts of the imagination produce in us sublime emotions, yet that this power of raising in us sublime or indeed any pleasurable emotions depends greatly on the *peculiar state of excitement*, in which our mind happens to be at the moment in which the stimulus to delight is offered. For instance, if we are in a high flow of spirits, or in a melancholy mood, we are better fitted to receive pleasurable or sublime impressions, than if we were in a state of torpor or of indifference. If we happen to be in a vacant mood, when we pass by a mountebank-doctor's stage, in all probability the antic tricks of the merry-andrew or jack-pudding will raise our risible faculty into action; but he might tumble his soul out of his body, and talk nonsense for ever, without moving us to laughter, if our minds were strung up to a high pitch of excitement and energy of exertion, from whatever cause.

If this be the fact, we at once see the error of those critics, who lay down rules for the direction of the particular sort of

emotions, which we are to feel upon reading certain passages, which they call sublime. Whereas, all our emotions of sublimity depend upon the workings of the imagination, modified indeed in some measure by the peculiar state of mental excitement; but as no two minds ever work exactly alike, consequently, no two people can be affected exactly in the same manner by the perusal of any given passage; and yet many critics give us instances of the sublime, or of some other excellence, and very gravely inform us *what* we are to feel upon reading such instances.

Every one, who is in the habit of attending to the operations of his own mind, knows, that the perusal of the same passage never affects him in the same manner at any two different times. To-day it might rouse him into the most enthusiastic height of indignation, and to-morrow might sink him into the lowest depth of depression. In fact, with some little modification, the emotions raised in us by any given object are generally proportioned to the state of excitement, in which our minds happen to be placed at the moment, when that object is offered to our contemplation.

Perhaps, indeed, there are some few circumstances, such as very excellent poetry or music; a view of the grand objects of nature; the glowing sentiments of generous and elevated affection, &c. which can raise in us the thrill of sublimity and rapture, let our minds be in whatever state of previous excitement they may; yet even then, the emotions, which are produced by reading the same passage, or viewing the same scenery of nature, or listening to the same effusions of generous affection, at different times, *vary*, and receive their hue and colouring, in a great measure, from the previous complexion of our mind, at the time, when these great incitements to mental energy are applied.

If the mind be in a state of indifference, perhaps, these great stimuli to mental action, might rouse it into nearly the same force of exertion at all times; this, however, can very seldom be the case; because we are almost always acted upon by some stimuli or other, in the shape of passions, as joy, sorrow, hope, fear, anger, love, &c. and when under the influence of exciting passions, as joy, love, &c. we are best fitted

to receive pleasurable and exhilirating emotions from having grand objects or elevated sentiments offered to our consideration; and when we are acted upon by depressing passions, as fear, anxiety, &c. gloomy and wretched emotions are induced by the contemplation of those very same objects, which roused us to ecstacy and rapture, when we were under the dominating influence of the exciting passions.

But we must never forget, that, although the workings of the imagination, in some degree modified by the previous state of mental excitement, are the immediate cause of sublime emotions, yet the imagination must be itself acted upon by some stimulus, either from without, received through the medium of the senses; or from within, by recalling and combining the images of those objects, which have once been presented to the senses. Whence is seen the great and the paramount necessity of early cultivating and directing the imagination, so as to render it alive to all the finest impulses of humanity and to all the tender feelings of affection, gilded and illumined by the beamings of impassioned energy. This desirable purpose will be greatly forwarded by an intimate acquaintance with the beauties of nature, in reality and in description; and by investigating the principles of the human mind.

A brief summary of the general inferences resulting from the foregoing arguments may not be altogether useless to those who have not habituated themselves to inquiries of this kind, and who therefore might be able to avail themselves of the general conclusion, although they would not find it so easy to follow or to retain the particular previous reasonings, which led to that conclusion.

The perusal of any, what are generally known by the name of sublime paasages; or the contemplation of any object, which is capable of exciting what are called sublime emotions, always rouses the imagination into an exertion of its powers;—but these emotions take their tone from the particular tension of the mind, at the moment, when the imagination is thus roused into action.—If indeed, the mind be in such a listless state, that the images which are called up by the perusal of the passage, or the contemplation of the sublime object, are stronger

than those existing in the mind, previous to such perusal, or contemplation, those images will be always uniform in their kind, though perhaps, differing a little in degree, at every repeated perusal, or contemplation. But if the mind be in such a state of previous excitement, that its existing images are more powerful than those, which are called up by the perusal of the passage, or the contemplation of the sublime object, they will give the direction, they will impart their own hue and colouring to the images so called up, be they joyful or gloomy, dark or resplendent. Hence it is that the same passage, or the same object seldom or ever affects us in the same manner at different times; because the state of our minds is continually varying, on account of the great diversity of stimuli, which are continually acting upon us, both from without and from within; as food, heat, cold, pain, &c. &c. and joy, love, sorrow, despair, &c. &c. &c.

The *imagination* then is the immediate cause of all our sublime emotions, and being continually acted upon by an almost endlessly diversified variety of stimuli, either receives from or gives the law to those emotions, which a sublime object calls up, according as its excitement is weak or strong, as its images are more or less vivid than those, which are excited by the contemplation of the sublime object.

Let us apply these general principles to a laboured criticism of Dr. Blair upon a very celebrated passage in the Georgics of Virgil. Blair says—" A storm or tempest for instance, is a sublime object in nature; but to render it sublime in description, it is not enough either to give us mere general expressions concerning the violence of the tempest; or to describe its common vulgar effects, in overthrowing trees and houses. It must be painted with such circumstances as fill the mind with great and awful ideas. This is very happily done by Virgil, in the following passage:

> ' Ipse pater, mediâ nimborum in nocte, coruscâ
> Fulmina molitur dextrâ; quo maxima motu
> Terra tremit; fugere feræ; et mortalia corda
> Per gentes humiles stravit pavor: ille flagranti
> Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo
> Dejicit.'

"Every circumstance in this noble description is the production of an imagination heated and astonished with the grandeur of the object. If there be any defect, it is in the words immediately following those I have quoted:

'Ingeminant Austri, et densissimus imber:'

"Where the transition is made too hastily, I am afraid, from the preceding sublime images to a thick shower, and the blowing of the south wind, and shows how difficult it frequently is to descend with grace, without seeming to fall."

With all due deference, however, to the superior sagacity of Dr. Blair, we venture, in this instance, rather to rely upon the correctness of Virgil's taste and judgment, than upon those of the profound Lecturer on Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres. It appears to us, that the close of this very fine passage is as poetically beautiful as it is philosophically just. It is a necessary effect of the preceding assigned cause, the winds howl, and the rains descend from the opened flood-gates of the skies, in consequence of the rolling of the thunder, and the flashing of the lightning.

Will it admit of pardon, if we offer a few remarks on this excellent passage of Virgil?

In order to render any poetical description interesting it must be *particular;* it must represent particular images; because indeed we have no general ideas; for as all our knowledge is derived originally from the perception of material objects, every impression, which is made upon our senses, must be particular; it cannot be general or abstract. But we can get no *new* ideas by the efforts of our imagination; we can only combine and arrange those, which we have primarily received through the medium of sensation; hence, as those are all particular, we can have no general or abstract ideas, but only associations and combinations of particular ideas;—of which any one may be readily convinced, if he will attend carefully to the operations of his own mind.

When he reads the *general term* hill or valley, if he has any idea at all, he calls up the image of some *particular* hill or valley, that he has seen; he is not capable of entertaining a general or abstract idea of a valley or hill;—or when he sees the word *man*, he does not, he cannot call up any general or ab-

stract ideas of man, as a genus, separated from some particular individual, whom he has seen and known; but he calls up the image of some particular individual, as John, Thomas, Peter, &c. whom he has seen and known. Thus *terms* are general, but *ideas* are particular.

Hence, those poets, who are intimately acquainted with the operations of the human mind, always present us with *particular* descriptions, because they know that the mind cannot entertain an abstract or general idea, and therefore must have recourse to that which is particular and specific; and we are much better pleased to have our direction fixed by the poet to one particular object, than to be left to direct it at random towards any object, indifferently. For instance, if a writer says only in general terms—"I saw a lofty mountain,"—I am not so much affected, as if he were to say—"I saw that bold, rugged, projecting hill, called Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh;" because, by the first expression, he does not fix my attention to any particular object, but permits me to rove at large, and choose out some hill that I have seen, whose image I must recall to my recollection, in order to rouse my imagination into active exertion. And, very probably, such general terms would make so slight an impression upon my mind, that I should not give myself the trouble of calling up the image of any hill, but slumber over the passage, without its exciting any interest in my mind.

But by the second expression he directs my imagination to a most majestic and noble mountain, whose image I immediately call up with delight and rapture, and fondly dwell upon the recollection of the pleasure, which I have so often received from the contemplation of so sublime an object, with continually increasing ecstasy.

From what has been now said, we can easily perceive one great reason, why the above cited passage from Virgil is so excellent; namely, his setting before our eyes three particular and well-known mountains, Atho, Rhodope, and Ceraunia, as rifted by the lightning's flash; instead of merely saying in general terms, that Jupiter had overthrown *some hills* with his thunderbolt.

Few poets have been more aware of the great effect of particularizing in poetical descriptions then was Burns, the Scottish bard; whence his best pieces abound with them. His lamentation for Lord Glencairn begins thus:

"The wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods,
That wav'd o'er *Lugar's* winding stream."

Here, the specifying Lugar's stream has an admirable effect, by calling up the image of that delightful river to all those who have been so blessed as to wander on its banks.

In his address to the shade of Thompson Burns has particularized almost every object; as may be seen by perusing the following lines:

1

While virgin Spring by *Eden's* flood
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolick mood,
Or tunes Æolian strains between.

2

While Summer, with a matron grace,
Retreats to *Dryburgh's* cooling shade,
And oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade.

3

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By *Tweed* erects his aged head,
And sees with self-approving mind
Each creature on his bounty fed.

4

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills, whence classic *Yarrow* flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping wild a waste of snows.

5

So long, sweet poet of the year,
Shall bloom the wreath thou well hast won,
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims, that Thompson was her Son.

Substitute any *general* terms in the place of the words Eden, Dryburgh, Tweed, and Yarrow, and see what a falling off there will be from the most lively interest raised in our hearts, to the most flat and tame indifference.

The application of these general principles to the particular poem, now under review, must be reserved for the next number.

To be continued.

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FOURTH SECTION.

COMMUNICATIONS.

REMARKS ON THE DEBTOR AND CREDITOR LAW IN THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

WE at length lay before the reader the following long-promised communication from our correspondent in Philadelphia, to whose affectionate friendship we feel ourselves proud in making this public acknowledgment of our gratitude, and attachment; and request that he will continue his laudable efforts to brow-beat vice and folly, and to strengthen the sinews of the community, by upholding the cause of virtue, both by precept and by example; *as he has hitherto uniformly and invariably done.*

"Sweet is the breath of morn,
Sweet music's melting fall;—but sweeter yet
The still, small voice of gratitude to *friends*,
Breathed from Affection's heart.

ON the subject of debtor and creditor much has been said and written, and various laws have been enacted. There was a time when the person of the debtor was at the mercy of the creditor, and this, whether misfortune, imprudence, or fraud was the cause of his delinquency. A more lenient system now prevails. Whatever may be the predominant vices of the present day, inhumanity forms no part of the catalogue. But is there not reason to apprehend that in our zeal to prevent improper restraint, we are too apt to forget the claims of justice, and to overlook the maxims of reason.

It is at present a fashionable idea, that those who become insolvent must be either unfortunate or dishonest, and that every thing short of an actual concealment of property is to be overlooked and excused.—Was this merely a *vulgar* error, and did it extend no farther than thro' the circles of the *ignorant* and the *knavish* parts of the community, we might venture to consign it to that contempt which its absurdity so richly merits. But alas! this pernicious maxim has spread its baneful influence far and wide. It has confiscated the property, and has demoralized the characters of many of our fellow citizens. These are unpalatable truths: but they are founded in facts which cannot be controverted, and are followed by consequences too obvious to be mistaken.

In the 9th article of the constitution of Pennsylvania, section 1st, we have the following words: "All men are born equally "free and independent,and have certain inherent and indefeas- "ible rights, among which are those of enjoying and defending "life and liberty, of acquiring, possessing, and protecting, pro- "perty and reputation, and of pursuing their own happiness."

This is an important and unquestionable truth; yet in the face of it, a bankrupt law once existed; and attempts have since been made to revive a bankrupt system by which the legislature deprive creditors of all future recourse to their debtors, altho' the surrender is neither full nor satisfactory, according to the dictums of sober sense, or of mercantile precision. —But can this be constitutional? Is it by *such* means that *property* is to be *protected?*—We shall feel the force of this mode of argumentation if we apply it to the defence of *life*, and only suppose, that a law was passed, by which the *life* of any person was permitted to be taken away, provided a given number of his neighbours should so determine, and this without any alleged guilt or proof of criminality. Now, in point of *principle*, where is the difference between this and the case already stated? It is not pretended that there is any immorality or impropriety in giving a man credit; and this credit is always given under the belief and persuasion that payment of the debt will be made when it falls due; the words of the constitution, if they mean any thing, certainly declare that the creditor shall have a right to possess and protect his proper-

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ty; but all this becomes worse than a dead letter, if, *without* his *consent*, and often *contrary* to his *inclination*, *other people* shall exercise the right of determining whether certain portions of it shall be for ever alienated and wrested from him.

Was this only to happen when an honest, industrious, prudent, worthy man, was reduced to a state of insolvency thro' unforeseen and unavoidable misfortunes, humanity and mercy would be tempted to excuse, and even justice might be induced to overlook an occasional deviation from the strictness of the general rule; but when men who have brought themselves to penury by dissipation and licentiousness, by gambling, by rash and unjustifiable speculation, by wanton and bare-faced extravagance, are permitted to enter our courts of justice, and, with unblushing front to avow their profligacy without censure and without fear; when the much abused creditor is denied a hearing, unless he can prove an actual concealment of property by the insolvent *at* or *after* the time when his schedule of effects was filed in the clerk's office, while the debtor is allowed, although notoriously destitute of moral principle, and hackneyed in iniquity, to swear that his surrender is complete, and is immediately liberated from confinement:— *What* shall we say? What *can* we say? This may be *law*, but it is neither *justice* to the *debtor*, to the *creditor*, nor to the *community*. It is not justice even to the *debtor*, since it blends men of the most opposite characters in one common mass; for, while it absurdly and unwarrantably favours those who are unprincipled and worthless, it degrades and distresses the man of integrity and honour.

That such a mode of procedure is hostile to the rights of *creditors*, must be obvious to every person of understanding and reflection. Enough has already been said on this point. But it is no less baneful as to its effects on the *community*. Does it not in some degree hold out an encouragement to indolence; to speculations, however hazardous and unjustifiable; and to extravagance, however wanton and notorious; aye, and to all manner of vice, that of the embezzlement of property only excepted?

Such are its effects on those (and, remember, the great majority of mankind are of this description) whose reputed ho-

nesty is the effect rather of *policy* than of *principle;* and who have not virtue enough to withstand the solicitations of covetousness, or to forego the prospects of gain; whose little and sordid minds will stoop to the most pitiful artifices, or whose brazen fronts will enable them, with almost incredible audacity, to varnish over, to palliate, and, strange to tell, sometimes even to panegyrize their iniquities.

The dread of sinking so low as to be ranked with, or mistaken for such unprincipled and worthless men, has, we fear, in too many instances, weighed so far with those whose intentions were good, and whose bosoms were the abode of virtue and integrity, as to induce them to ward off, if possible, the evil day, by desperate, though, perhaps, in their estimation, hopeful efforts; if, peradventure, by retrieving their affairs, they might once more have it in their power to cancel their just debts, and to rescue their fair fame from odium or suspicion. Over the errors of such we mourn with commiseration. Although we cannot justify this conduct, we feel too much for the unhappy state of mind which had led to it, to animadvert on it in terms of severity, or to treat with unkindness or moroseness those whose sorrows are already multiplied, and whose hearts are already torn with anguish. *Justice* to *such* requires that a marked discrimination should be made between virtue and vice, between misfortune and villany, between adversity and misconduct. *Justice* to the *community* is equally concerned in such a discrimination: that, on the one hand, the tenderness manifested towards the upright may prevent unmanly timidity or fell despair, while the exposure and punishment of chicanery and dishonesty, however modified and disguised, may furnish a perpetual admonition, and hold out an everlasting beacon as a warning to those whose habits are not yet formed, and whose principles are not yet so deeply rooted as to repel the fascinations of pleasure, the lures of gain, or the contagion of ill example.

Will it be alleged, that even *admitting* the *justness* of these remarks, the difficulty of knowing where to draw the line of distinction between the honest and the knavish, and the absolute impossibility of marking the shades of human character, render all our attempts to do so chimerical and visionary.

Let us examine this objection: let us inquire what it means, and to what consequences it would lead. It is a sound maxim, that what proves *too much*, proves *nothing*; now, tried by this test, may it not lead to the subversion of all order, the removal of all restraint, and the annihilation of all law and justice, whether civil or criminal?

It is the *motive* which gives the *hue* and *colour* to the act.—To kill a fellow-creature may be murder, it may be man-slaughter, it may be excusable; nay, it may be justifiable, and even meritorious: but was it ever pretended that therefore, he who deprived a fellow-creature of life was never to undergo any trial, or never to suffer any punishment. We ascertain the motive from *circumstantial* evidence; and on the *motive* we must decide in order to judge of the innocence or the degree of criminality of the man-slayer.—Apply this to the case under consideration. A debt is contracted; it becomes due; payment is demanded, but is withheld: are we to say that because the creditor cannot read the heart and develop the motives of his debtor, that no investigation shall be set on foot; or that the sweeping, *interested* oath of the debtor, unsupported by any collateral testimony, shall supersede all inquiry, and defy all contradiction.

What is the *true* state of the case as it must appear to every intelligent and upright mind. If a man does not pay a just debt when it becomes due, is it not because he is either *unable* or *unwilling* to pay it? If he *has* the *ability*, but *wants* the *disposition* to make payment, the only difference between such a person and the robber consists in this; that he has employed treachery instead of violence, and under the mask of commercial dealing, has done that, which, had it been done openly, would have consigned him to public ignominy.

But it will be asked, suppose a debtor is *unable* to pay, what then is to be done? is it not the wisest plan to take what he has to offer, and to release him from his debts? The present question is, not what is most eligible in any given case, but what is best adapted to promote the good of the community by making a marked distinction between those misfortunes which sometimes overtake even the prudent and the industrious, and

those embarrassments which arise from indolence, from prodigality, or from speculation.

At present, *no inquiry* is made into the *causes* of a man's insolvency; whether it arises from the treachery of others, or from his own ill conduct, the debtor is considered as entitled to personal liberty; and may again, and again, and again, practice the arts of shuffling and deception with perfect impunity. As for the confinement of about fourteen days, previously to obtaining the benefit of our insolvent act; *that* is ridculed as a perfect *mockery* of *justice;* as a mere farce; a bugbear, perhaps, to those who have not cast off all regard to character, and who are not lost to all sense of shame; but to those who "*know the world*," and who have passed through their degrees in the career of iniquity, it is only looked on as a season of conviviality among kindred souls, who, far exalted above the mass of mankind, by means of their copious libations to the jolly god, affect to despise honest industry as fit only for dull and heavy souls; while they, forsooth, feel themselves superior to those very men whose confidence they have abused, whose feelings they have trifled with, and whose interests they have sacrificed.

Suppose, then, it has been satisfactorily ascertained that a debtor is *unable* to pay, and, in addition to this, that he has given a full and true account of the present state of his affairs, and made a complete and unreserved surrender of his effects for the *equal* benefit of *all* his creditors, without *preference* or *exception;* (and as no other kind of assignment is *just*, so none other ought to be deemed *legal:*) something yet remains to be done, if he either expects to defend his own character against evil surmises, or to satisfy those to whom he stands indebted that he has a *moral claim* for their *exoneration.*

By his *books*, *fairly* and *plainly* kept, by the *examination* of *those* who were his *assistants*, by his *letter book*, and, particularly, by his *cash account* and his *receipt book*, he *can account for the expenditure of every dollar*, and *can exhibit*, in the most distinct and satisfactory manner, the *items* of his *gains* and his *losses*, of his *receipts* and his *disbursements.*

If, after such a scrutiny before disinterested, judicious, and faithful auditors, it is ascertained that the debtor was reduced

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by misfortunes which he could neither foresee nor prevent; that, far from putting off the day of trial, and attempting by sacrifices to prop up a tottering credit, he had been diligent to know the state of his affairs; and wishing to do all the justice in his power to his creditors, came early forward to reveal his situation, and to invite inquiry, for their satisfaction and his own vindication; in such a case, what creditor would *hesitate* to execute a release? What man that has a heart would not feel it throb with unutterable delight at the manifestation of such candour and integrity; and, impelled by reverence for virtue, and compassion for a brother in distress, would not speak words of comfort, and perform deeds of kindness to one so worthy of respect, of confidence, and of affection.

'But *all* creditors are not capable of acting thus nobly and generously. One is soured by having made a bad debt; another is intent only on recovering the *whole extent* of his claim, no matter by what harsh and rigorous means.' Let it be kept in mind that, in the case supposed, the debtor has *succeeded* in *convincing* his *dispassionate creditors* and *disinterested auditors* that *he contracted no debts which*, AT THE TIME OF CONTRACTING, *he had not a rational prospect of discharging with honour and punctuality*. Thus rescued even from the suspicion of a design to impose on his creditors, should any one of them, actuated only by the littleness of his own mind, or the malignity of his own heart, dare to speak with harshness, or even to lift up a scowling eye to him whose heart is already loaded with anguish, who, much as he feels for his family and for his creditors, is above all things solicitous to acquit himhimself to his conscience and to his God: such a departure from humanity would receive an immediate and open rebuke. The probable consequences would be, contempt for the dastardly wretch who dared to trample on suffering virtue, and an increased zeal in behalf of him who had held fast his integrity in spite of the billows of adversity.

Such worthy men have *nothing* to *fear*. They have *every* thing to *hope*. Many instances could be produced of liberality on the part of creditors: but we recollect no instance of allowed inhumanity towards an honest unfortunate man.

This description of misfortune, and this definition of good conduct under it, unfortunately embraces a *very small proportion* of the number of those failures which are daily taking place. Were *all* comprehended in it, we should want no law on the subject. Debtors would be a law unto themselves; and if one or two creditors were disposed to act with harshness, the influence and example of the great majority would make them forego their purpose; or if nothing else would do, even their *avarice* could be made a party against their *cruelty*.

If these positions are correct, does it not follow, that if we are to have any insolvent laws, they ought to be so framed as to guard creditors against the effects of knavery, of deception, of delay, and of extravagance; by providing for such a prompt, minute, and impartial investigation into the conduct and affairs of the debtor, as shall at once afford a shield to virtue, and provide a scourge to correct whatever will not stand the test in the day of trial.

If a man, after he has squandered his property, or more properly, the property of *others;* whether at the gaming table; by personal or family extravagan ce; by heedless and injudicious management, by ruinous sacrifices, or by any process inconsistent with strict integrity, is to stand on the same ground, and to meet with the same reception as the character before described, what is this but to offer a premium to iniquity, and to hold out encouragement to vice.—No.—The improvident, ought, by proper discipline, to be taught prudence; the extravagant, by wholesome privations, should learn economy: the indolent should be made to labour, either with the hands, or head, or with both, until habits of industry were acquired; and the speculator should be taught how to acquire a maintenance by *fair* and *honest* means, that he may not again be induced to prey on the community.

Some persons will here be apt to exclaim—such a system would repress the spirit of enterprise, it would palsy the schemes of the merchant, it would do—we know not what. It is asserted in reply, that it would discourage no enterprise which was dictated by prudence, and which was sanctioned by probity: it would defeat no schemes which honour did not forbid, and which justice did not condemn.—It would indeed discou-

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rage people from embarking in matters which they did not understand, from extending their business beyond their means and resources, and from engaging in speculations, the *failure* of *any one* of which, must not only reduce themselves to beggary, but also materially injure their creditors.—These are the privations which would ensue.

In one word, villany, fraud, and artifice, would no longer be masked under the names of commercial enterprise, adventure, and speculation; but men of hollowness and worthlessness would be dragged forth, and exposed to that contempt and scorn which ought ever to accompany vice; while the virtuous and meritorious part of the community would be delivered from a nest of harpies, from the drones of the earth; from men whose breath is infection, whose touch is pollution, whose society is infamy, and whose friendship is destruction.

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Philadelphia, 20th May, 1807.

FIFTH SECTION.

HISTORY OF THE PASSING TIMES.

FROM the utter impossibility of doing justice to the political, commercial, and agricultural history of this rapidly rising country in the very few pages that can be allotted to it in a periodical publication, already over-charged with different heads and divisions, the Editor has been induced altogether to relinquish the design of giving any history of the passing times. The fifth section therefore of the Monthly Register will in future be omitted.

MONTHLY LIST

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS; OF WORKS IN THE PRESS; AND NOTICES OF WORKS IN HAND.

*** Authors and Booksellers in the different parts of the Union are requested to send their communications (post paid) to the care of Mr. E. Sargeant, no. 39 Wall-street, New-York, by the 25th of each month—later than this they cannot be inserted in the next succeeding month.

ORIGINAL WORKS.

Admiralty Decisions, in the District Court of the United States for the Pennsylvania district; by the honourable Richard Peters: containing also some decisions in the same court by the late F. Hopkinson, Esq. To which are added, cases determined in other districts of the United States: with an appendix containing the laws of Oleron, the laws of Wisbuy, the laws of the Hanse towns, the marine ordinances of Lewis xiv, a treatise on the rights and duties of owners, freighters, and masters of ships, and mariners, and the laws of the United States relative to mariners. Collected and arranged by Richard Peters, jun. Esq. In two vols. Price 10 dolls. in boards, and 11 bound. Philadelphia, W. P. Farrand.

Report of the Proceedings of the late Jubilee at James-town, in commemoration of the 13th May, the second centisimal anniversary of the settlement of Virginia. Norfolk, office of the Herald.

Select Speeches, forensick and parliamentary, with prefatory remarks by N. Chapman, M. D. Vols. 3 and 4. Philadelphia, B. B. Hopkins and Co.

Elements of Natural Philosophy, arranged under the following heads: matter and motion, the universe, the solar system, the fixed stars, the earth considered as a planet, the atmosphere, meteors, springs, rivers, seas, fossils, plants, animals, the human frame, and the human understanding. Philad. J. P. Parke, price 50 cents.

A Map of the city of New-York, with the recent and intended improvements, drawn from actual survey, by William Bridges, city surveyor. New-York, I. Riley.

Reports of cases argued and determined in the supreme judicial court of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, during the year 1806. By Dudley Atkins Tyng, Esq. counsellor at law. Newburyport, E. M. Blunt. 8vo. pp. 268.

The Life of George Washington, commander in chief of the armies of the United States of America, throughout the war which established their independence, and first president of the United States. By David Ramsay, M. D. author of the history of the American revolution. One vol. 8vo. price 3 dols. New-York, Geo. F. Hopkins.

REPUBLICATIONS.

Sir John Carr's Stranger in Holland. 1 vol. 8vo. price 2 dolls. in boards. Philadelphia, Conrad and Co.

Essays, moral, economical and political. By Francis Bacon, baron of Verulam, viscount St. Albans, and lord high chancellor of England. First American edition. Boston, Joseph Greenleaf.

The Mourning Husband, a discourse at the funeral of Mrs. Thankful Church, late consort of the Rev. John H. Church, pastor of the church in Pelham, N. H. April 15, 1806. By Leonard Woods, pastor of a church in Newbury. Second edition. Boston, Lincoln and Edmands.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Belcher and Armstrong, of Boston, have in the press the second volume of "the Miseries of Human Life, or the last groans of Samuel Sensitive and Timothy Testy."

Cruise's digest of the Laws of England respecting real property. New-York, I. Riley.

Tidd's Practice, in one vol. 8vo. I. Riley.

The Beauties of Sterne, including many of his letters aad sermons, all his pathetic tales, humorous descriptions, and most distinguished observations on life. Boston, Andrews and Cummings.

Mrs. Rowson's Spelling Dictionary. 12mo. Boston, J. West.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

The Natural and Civil History of Vermont, by Samuel Williams, L. L. D. The first volume of this work was published in the year 1794: it is now offered in an improved and enlarged form, in two volumes octavo, each containing about 500 pages; to be handsomely printed, and to contain a new and accurate map of the state, and an elegant portrait of the author. It is meant that the whole shall be executed in a superior style of correctness and elegance. The price of the two volumes, handsomely bound, to be $4 50. Burlington, Vermont, Samuel Mills.

The Poems of R. T. Paine, jun. in one vol. 12mo. 300 pages. Boston, Belcher and Armstrong.

Proposals have been issued by Daniel Johnson, of Portland, Maine, for printing by subscription, the History of England, from the invasion of Julius Cæsar to the death of George the second, and from the accession of George the third to the conclusion of the peace of 1783, by Hume, Smollett, and Adolphus, in 16 vols. royal 8vo. price 2 dollars and 50 cents a vol. in boards.

E. Sargeant, of this city, has announced his intention of republishing Crutwell's Universal Gazetter, in three large 8vo. volumes with an elegant 4to atlas.

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THE

MONTHLY REGISTER, MAGAZINE, AND REVIEW, OF THE UNITED STATES.

FIRST SECTION.

THE WANDERER, NO. XII.

REMARKS ON THE PRINCIPAL BRITISH REVIEWS.

(Continued from Vol. 3—No. 5—p. 276.)

WITH the exception of a little partial leaning towards the English episcopal church-establishment, and towards the *tory* administrations, and the *King's friends*, as they are invidiously called, the *Antijacobin Review* deserves and receives the homage of applause and honour from all the lovers of social order, and from all those, who admire the display of vigorous intellect under the chastening influence of pure morality, for the great strength of talent, the ample resources of information both in literature and in science, and a style nervous and pointed, though occasionally careless, all incessantly directed to the support of the government of its country, both civil and ecclesiastical; to the strenuous defence of the eternal truths and laws of religion and morality; and to the bold, the vigilant chastisement of all those miserable writers, who endeavour to involve human society in irretrievable perdition, by propagating the tenets of infidelity, of licentiousness, and of anarchy.

From what combination of causes it arises I know not, but this admirable literary journal has not so wide and so extensive a circulation as its high excellence unquestionably merits. Is it *partly* occasioned by its *too exclusive* attachment to the par-

ticular interests of the English episcopal church, and the high, tory, *prerogative-teaching* administrations of Britain?

The *British Critic*, follows in the wake of the Antijacobin Review, with much less weight of intellect, and much less extent of information. On all the great questions of political œconomy, of metaphysical investigation, and of general literature, its strictures are so partial, and so feeble, as justly to limit its circulation to the very few people, that either personally know the *chief editor*, or that contribute their occasional aid to the filling up the miscellaneous pages of a work, which confers no honour on the learning, or on the liberality of the British nation.

Now and then, indeed, the British Critic makes a very respectable display of *mere classical* erudition; but, for the most part, its total want of analytical investigation, of general principles, of fair and impartial criticism, leave the reader totally at a loss, as to the contents or the merit of the books which are reviewed, unless he will take the bare *ipse dixit*, the naked, unsupported assertion of the reviewer, that a publication is either good or bad, and rest himself contented with this unerring decision, in like manner as the ignorant papist confides in the infallibility of the Pope.

The slavish attachment of the British Critic to the English Episcopal church-establishment, and its nauseous, fulsome adulation of the British monarch, whom it praises, in season and out of season, for the possession of every royal accomplishment, and of every princely virtue; for the ample display of all the wisdom, integrity, courage, piety, benevolence, and patriotism, necessary to save Britain against the attacks of the *greatest military power* which the world ever saw, induces us to believe, that the *chief editor* is in constant and earnest search after an English *bishoprick;* but he may discover, from *certain circumstances*, which *he* knows as well as any one does, that *his head*, in this respect, at least, is like that of honest Sancho Pancha, who declares most truly, that if *crowns*—(here however we must read *mitres*)—were to be rained down from heaven, as thick as hail stones, not *one* would be found to fit him—*in such a miserable condition was his skull.*

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I wish it to be understood, that my disapprobation of the British Critic extends only to its intellectual crimes, to its want of liberal criticism, of general information, of vigorous talent; but for its steady attachment to the cause of religion and morality, it deserves the praise of every well-wisher to the best interests of the human race.

It is a problem not very easy of solution why the *Annual Review* has not long since been laid in the grave of that oblivion, which it so justly merits. Nothing less than the very extensive influence of its *publishers* and *proprietors* could have so long borne it up into a precarious and doubtful existence, in spite of the heavy dulness and the flippant ignorance of the *editor*.

The information contained in this literary journal is peculiarly superficial and defective. On all the great questions of religion, morals, politics, general science, and general literature, it betrays a scantiness of knowledge combined with an impudence of assumption as to talent and acquisition, that cannot easily be credited by those, who have never examined its contents. The *style* of this work is eminently disgusting and contemptible; its incessant and ineffectual strainings to be witty, all which end in producing the miserable, awkward abortion of coarse and stupid abuse; its involution of sentences, mistiness of expression, frequent affectation of coining new words, and its constant recourse to uncouth and barbarous phrases—very sufficiently guard it against all possibility of being extensively and generally read.

Its tenets, as to religion and politics, are those of *Atheism* and of *Jacobinism*; and consequently, as far as its efforts extend, the *Annual Review* possesses the unenvied excellence of endeavouring to destroy all social virtue and all social happiness. To inquire into a *Jacobin-atheist's* notions of moral obligation is, surely, superfluous; the code of morals, which the Annual Review professes to revere, the reader may find much more ingeniously explained and much more ably supported in the writings of Messrs. Voltaire, Condorcet, Diderot, Pain, Godwin and company.

This periodical publication would be very pernicious, were it not so very dull; it would go directly to injure all the best

interests of every government, and to shake all the first principles of religious faith, and of moral honour, if the publishers could but force it into extensive circulation, and if a perpetual miracle were but wrought to induce men to read its effusions;—But as this is not very likely to happen, we may venture, without incurring the imputation of forming a rash and hasty conclusion, to predict, that its present very contracted sale, and its continually decreasing circulation, will speedily induce the publishers to consign it to that fate, which its own peculiar inefficiency so deservedly claims.

The *Eclectic Review* is undertaken and conducted upon the best and the purest of all possible motives, that of supporting the cause of *Evangelical Religion*, which is the only sure foundation of present peace and of future hope to man. In Scriptural erudition, in Oriental literature, and in Classical criticism, it displays a very respectable portion of talent and of knowledge. But on the questions of political œconomy, and of metaphysical inquiry, its efforts are neither vigorous nor extensive. From the stiff and starched, not to say, awkward, manner of the composition, and general style of the work, it appears to be written chiefly by *clergymen*, who are an order of men, as Lord Clarendon observes in his life of himself,—of all people that can read and write, the most ignorant of the *practical relations*, in which one man stands to another, and of all the various bearings of civil society.

Indeed, the clergy, generally, throughout Britain, (and, indeed, every where else) whether they be of the episcopal church, or belong to any other sect, for the most part, look at life only through the spectacles of books, and do not seek for an intimate knowledge of human nature, where *only* it can be found, in an extensive and accurate observation of men and manners, as they present themselves on the passing theatre of human existence, joined with an intense and earnest investigation of that department of the science of metaphysics, which consists in developing the faculties of the mind, and in exploring the hidden recesses of the heart.

Such men, therefore, generally speaking, are not qualified to be statesmen, and we, accordingly, find, that those administrations of government have always been injudiciously conducted, where churchmen have borne the sway.

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The morality inculcated by the Eclectic Review is, of necessity, the most pure and holy, because it is founded on the *only* basis of moral obligation, namely, on the authority of God, as revealed to man in *his word.* That this publication might prosper, and be very extensively diffused, to the promotion of the most important interests of man, both temporal and eternal, must be the sincere desire, and the ardent prayer of every wise and every good person.

It cannot, in justice, be omitted, that this work guides its labours with the strictest and the most honourable *impartiality*; bringing every object of its censorial examination to the bar of truth and justice.

In the acquisitions of science, in its various departments, pure and mixed, of mathematics, of political œconomy, of metaphysical investigation;—in the different branches of general literature;—classical, historical, and that lighter kind of learning, generally known by the name of the *belles lettres*,—the *Edinburgh Review* bears down upon us with an irresistible weight of profound and extensive information; guided and enforced by all the efficient energy of genius, wit, and reason; and clothed in all the authority of that lofty superiority of tone, which is generally inseparable from a consciousness of possessing exalted talents combined with ample knowledge.

The severity of its criticism has been very much clamoured against by many witlings, whose feeble effusions have perished under the rigour of its judicial examination. But it should be remembered, that it is of more importance to brand with infamy, and to destroy the circulation of one bad book, than to recommend fifty good volumes to the notice and the approbation of the public; because writers of real merit generally find their own way to esteem and honour; and because a vile publication is likely to produce much mischief, unless it be strangled in the birth, by perverting the minds of uninformed and superficial people; that is, from the very necessity of the case, from the very conformation of society, of the generality of readers, who must always stand in need of a director to regulate their intellectual studies and pursuits.

And if, by any accident, this severity is exercised upon a work, which contains displays of real and exalted talent, it is our consolation to know, that genius, more particularly when aided by learning, possesses within itself an elastic energy of spirit, which no cruelty of unjust criticism, no malignity of personal opposition can *permanently* depress. It will return again, and again, to the charge; and, deriving additional wisdom from the experience of past errors, will advance with renewed and increasing vigour at every succeeding intellectual effort; and will, like another Antæus spring up with augmented strength and with renovated courage from each fall upon his parent earth.

The style of this work, with the exception of some few of the first numbers, is much more careless than we might reasonably have expected to find in a publication so full of ability and of information. The periods are often unpolished, and the phrases are sometimes coarse; there is, seldom, however, any deficiency in energy, or asperity of wit, to be complained of in the general tenour of the composition.

Its politics appear to contain a laudable hatred and contempt for the arbitrary and the impotent schemes of that miserable mass of folly and iniquity, called the *Queen's Cabinet*, founded by Bute, continued by the earl of Liverpool, and unconditionally directing the measures of every *tory* administration in Britain, while it most insidiously plots against every effort which the *whigs* make in favour of national prosperity and national honour. A partial gleam of light broke in upon the British nation, while, for a few short months, an *efficient* ministry guided the state vessel; but that gleam is *now* extinguished, and Britain has to mourn over her present condition, and to anticipate her future destruction, under the management of an administration, made up of the shreds and patches of *that* party, which uniformly sacrifices the best interests of the British people at large to the private and particular views of the court of St. James, and the English episcopal church.

The Edinburgh Review, as might be expected, leans with much partiality in favour of Scottish literature, which it seems determined to make preponderate over that of England in the great republic of letters; a purpose to execute which will re-

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quire, at least, the exertion of all its mighty talents, and all its extensive knowledge.

It now and then happens, that the editors of this work, from a wanton confidence in the superiority of their own strength, choose to run directly counter to the generally received opinion of the public, as to the merits of a publication. This appears no where more conspicuously than in the review of Montgomery's Wanderer of Switzerland, in the 18th number, page 347—upon the author of which they affect to take compassion as some slender youth of seventeen, intoxicated with weak tea, and the praises of sentimental ensigns and other provincial literati, and tempted, in that situation, to commit a feeble outrage on the public, of which the recollection would be a sufficient punishment.

The merits of Montgomery, as a writer, at once pathetic, interesting, tender, simple, and moral, had been unequivocally acknowledged by all the other British reviews, and had been received with praise and approbation by the public, who were continually demanding fresh impressions of his poems. The Edinburgh Review, however, treats all the poet's efforts to please and to instruct with great contempt, and by an ungenerous mode of proceeding, which is by no means difficult, and by which the writings of Homer, or Milton, or any other author of acknowledged and undeniable excellence, could be made to appear absurd and foolish, if *not examined* by the reader—attempts to cover the Wanderer of Switzerland with coarse ridicule. For instance, it tells us, that the chief poem consists of a series of conversations between an old gentleman, who had escaped from the battle of Underwalden with a part of his family, and a hospitable and poetical shepherd, in whose cottage they had sought shelter; and, after calling Montgomery's style a dancing measure, proceeds to say, that the party sup very comfortably on bread and cheese, wine, honey, and ripe fruit; and the old Swiss tells the story of the French invasion, and the death of his son-in-law in the battle. The old shepherd, in the very spirit of hospitality and lyric poetry, insists upon drinking to the memory of the departed warriors, &c. &c. &c.

Whether or not this rapid and contemptuous recital of some of the incidents of the poem, quite bare and naked, and stripped of all their accompaniments of expression and of sentiment, can convey any just notion of the merit of Montgomery, as a poet, I leave any one to judge, who has read the Wanderer of Switzerland, and has attended to the emotions raised in his heart by the perusal of that poem.

These failings, however, are of no great importance, and may be readily pardoned as the temporary aberrations of a great and a mighty intellect, occasionally disporting in the plenitude of its own power. We have, however, a much more serious charge to bring against the editors of the Critical Journal, namely, that they take especial care to let us know, that they do not believe in the *particular* providence of God; and that they disregard the doctrine of moral obligation, as resting upon the *revealed* will of God. These pernicious opinions appear in very many detached passages scattered up and down the work, but more particularly and copiously in the thirteenth number, pages 91, 100, in the review of Hannah More's Hints towards forming the character of a young Princess; in the fourteenth number, pages 413, 436, in the review of Forsyth's Principles of Moral Science; in the seventeenth number, pages 136, 161, in the review of Priestley's Memoirs: and in the nineteenth number, pages 1, 27, in the review of the Dangers of the Country.

Men, who are able to reason so acutely, so profoundly, and so comprehensively, upon all the subjects of human investigation, *cannot be ignorant*, that there is no medium between believing in the particular providence of God and losing ourselves in the unfathomable gulf of atheism; if we will but follow the denial of a particular providence out into all its ramifications and consequences.

This subject is placed in so full and forcible a light by the editor of the *Christian Magazine*, vol. 1, no. 2, page 165, that I shall avail myself of the aid, which this intrepid and enlightened champion of religion is always ready to give to the cause of truth and piety. In demonstrating the guilt and folly of having recourse to the *lot* rashly and lightly Dr. Mason introduces these observations.

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" To many it seems irrational, that the high and lofty *One*, who inhabits eternity, should descend to our little affairs, and take cognizance of things, which minister to our amusements, or agitate our passions. They can conceive of a Providence, which keeps worlds in their sphere, and legislates for the universe. This general government fills them with magnificent ideas, worthy as they think, of the Supreme: but to such petty concerns as the common incidents of human life, they judge it beneath his majesty and felicity to attend!

" This sort of argumentation is not the only instance in which *atheism* puts on the cloak of reverence for God. I do not assert that *all*, who adopt such notions, are atheists; but that the doctrine itself is *atheistical*, there can be little doubt. It makes a distinction between a *general* and a *particular* providence; admitting the former, and excluding the latter, we are to believe then, that Jehovah rules the *whole* of his universe, but not the *parts;* or that he has fixed certain laws, by which its operations go on independently of his interposition. A fine world of creatures truly, that can live, and move, and have their being, in a state of complete separation from the influence of their Creator! According to this scheme he has had no sort of interest in them from the moment he gave them out of his plastic hand, and never shall have any during the whole period of their being. And as for those who dream of his presiding over suns and stars, without noticing the puny inhabitants of our globe; they might with equal reason dream of his creating suns and stars, without his having created men, or beasts, or insects at all. That which it was not unworthy of him to create, it is not unworthy of him to preserve and govern. It would surely be inverting all propriety to maintain, that in proportion as creatures are feeble, they can dispense with his fostering care; and that rational creatures, formed for immortality, are exempted from the empire of his law. For, however artfully the sophist may play off his quibbles, a sound mind will perceive, that without a *particular* providence man cannot be *accountable*.

" This doctrine of a providence extending even to the most trivial occurrences, pervades the system of revelation, and is stated in the Scriptures with the utmost precision and perspi-

cuity.—I form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create evil. *I, Jehovah*, do all these things. Isaiah xiv, 7.—Thou sendest forth thy Spirit, they—(the young animals)—are created; and thou renewest the face of the earth. Psalm civ, 30.—Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father: But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Matthew x, 29, 30.—What can be of less importance than the perishing of a sparrow? what more worthless than a hair of one's head? And yet, *the truth* itself being witness, both are objects of the divine regard. "It accords with the most liberal spirit of philosophy to believe, that not a stone can fall or plant rise without the immediate agency of divine power,"—says Malthus, in his Essay on the Principle of Population, vol. 2, p. 67.—This is good sense, and Christianity owns it all. If then, the providence of God directs and disposes all other, even the most minute events, by what reasoning shall it be proved to have no concern with lots? especially as he has declared the lot to be under his immediate inspection? The lot is cast into the lap, *but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.* Prov. xvi, 33.—This will be decisive with him, who in simplicity and reverence inquires after the truth. But as there are captious spirits, which seek to hide themselves in the mist of objections; and as arguments addressed to the love of dissipation and of gain are apt to make the worse appear the better reason, we shall pursue a little farther the denial of such a providence as embraces the drawing of a ticket, or the casting of a die.

"To deny then, that the divine providence is concerned in decisions obtained by lot, is to deny that it has *any* concern with individuals, or their actions. For it cannot be shown that the government of God affects *any* individual or *any* action, but upon the broad principle of its extending to *every* individual and *every* action. If this position be incorrect, a line of distinction must be drawn between persons and actions, that *are*, and that are *not* under his immediate control. If there be individuals, to whom his providence, which is another name for the *administration of his government*, does not reach, then all such individuals are exempted from the obligation of

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his law, and are neither *accountable* nor *dependant*. For it is absurd to talk of dependance, and law, and responsibility, while you exclude the *only* agency, which, by ascertaining facts, motives, and character, can lay the basis of a perfect judgment.

" If on the other hand, the divine providence embraces all *persons*, but not all *actions*, it follows that the actions thus omitted are not subject to the divine law, and of course, that men are, at one period of their lives, amenable to God for their conduct, and at another period, are not amenable. And between these two states of being *with* and *without* law to God, they are perpetually vibrating. But how are they to know when these alternations take place? God has not revealed it, and they cannot discover it for themselves. But no judicious man can be reconciled to so miserable a subterfuge from a pinching argument. It will not bear examination for a single moment. The alternative is, that the providence of God directs *every* thing or *nothing*. If the former, then even the casting of a die; if the latter we are plunged into *atheism*, at once; for a God, who does not govern the world is no God at all.

" Perhaps it will be urged, that the Creator has fixed certain laws in the *physical* world; that the doctrine of chances, founded upon these laws, is a subject of calculation; and that their operation is the only thing to be seen in the combination of chances.

" I assent to the proposition, but contend that the objection grounded upon it, is either futile or impious.

" Futile. For it amounts to no more than this, that the Most High acts by *second* causes. Unless, indeed, they can act *without* him. The objection to have any force, must mean that they *can* so act. And then,

" It is impious. For it strikes at the *whole government of God*, in so far as it is carried on through the medium of physical laws. To repeat the substance of a remark already made, if his providence has no concern in one, two, or twenty actions or events, occurring according to physical laws, it is equally unconcerned in *all* such events and actions. And thus we arrive at the old inference that God has nothing to do with us or our affairs. This mode of reasoning, pushed a little farther, will expel every thing but *physical* laws out of

the universe. If I may shut my Maker out of all events happening according to these laws, why not myself, and every other rational agent? And if I set my neighbour's house on fire, or cut his throat, why not refer these things to the class of facts happening according to the laws of muscular motion? You shall not tell me that my rational and moral nature acted through the instrumentality of the fire-brand or the knife; because this is to assert what you have just denied, namely, that intelligent and moral power acts by physical means!—(N. B. *Philosopher* Godwin in his book *mis*-called Political Justice, arrives at this very satisfactory conclusion, after about seventy pages of, what *he* terms, reasoning, namely, that if *he*, Godwin, were to stab his own father with a dagger *he should be no more culpable than the dagger, which his hand had guided into his father's heart; they, that is himself and the dagger, being equally under the necessary action of physical laws*)—Thus much by way of parenthesis.

Dr. Mason immediately adds.—"On my principles I admit your solution; but then it spoils your philosophy. For I shall as soon believe, that an ax can hew wood without the agency of man, as that physical events can be produced, or physical law exist, without the agency of God. And I shall as soon deny the hewing of wood with an ax in my hand to be my own act, as to deny the production of an event by physical laws to be an act of the divine providence. In truth all moral order is maintained, and all moral events come to pass by the intervention of *physical* law. And thus the conclusion forces itself upon us, that the disposing of the lot is as much the act of God, as if he were to perform it by some visible interposition. And therefore a wanton or needless appeal to him by lot is a *profanation of his name.*

"It will not avail to plead,—the unseemliness of supposing, that men of profane minds can, whenever they please, *compel* the Almighty to become umpire between them.—The same objection applies to the *oath.* Shall men of profane minds compel the Almighty, at their pleasure, to ascend his throne of judgment, and decide on perjuries and blasphemies? Such language is irreverent and ought not to be uttered. The plea, however, may be retorted. Shall the

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laws of God's world be suspended, or his ordinary agency interrupted, because men choose to be wicked? Shall they oblige him to work miracles, in order to keep himself out of the way so often as they incline to sport with his providence? Nay; his appointments stand. His laws go on. His agency in them ceases not for a moment. And if men convert them to an unholy use, he will not alter his course to prevent either their crime or their punishment.

"To exhibit this matter in another light. If the divine providence is not to be considered in the lot, why is it to be considered in any other action? And if in no other, upon what principle can there be any religious worship? Why should men pray? Is the Most High to leave them in their pastimes and sins, and come to their beck in the hour of trouble? How can their be any *future retribution?* For this proceeds upon the supposition of God's perpetual presence and agency; as there is none in earth or heaven but himself, who can render to every man according to his works.

"The sum is, that against the interposition of God's providence in the decision by lot, their can be advanced no arguments, which do not lead directly to atheism. Consequently, all such arguments are false; and a decision by the lot is a decision of God's own providence. And as the lot, in every form, and under all circumstances, is an appeal to *Him*, it ought to be employed in a manner suitable to its nature."

The Editors of the Edinburgh Review must, as being profound and comprehensive statesmen, know, that a nation's strength and prosperity depend very greatly upon the purity of the morals of its people; and that it is vain to look for pure morality if the very basis, upon which all moral obligation rests, is disregarded, nay, even treated with contempt.

To those who believe in the plenary inspiration of the holy scriptures, who believe that the contents of the Old and of the New Testament were dictated by the Spirit of God, it will not require many words to prove, that all moral obligation rests solely and entirely upon the will of God, as revealed unto man in the book of life; because God himself continually declares this to be the fact, in his revealed word.

But to those who do not believe the doctrines of revelation

to be true, it would not be very difficult to demonstrate, that, if moral obligation does *not* rest upon the authority of God, as revealed in his word, it must be reduced to the *personal expediency and convenience* of each individual; or, to borrow the sublime and the satisfactory phrase of those *French philosophers*, who have *illumined* the world, morality is reduced simply to the *enlightened self-interest* of every individual.

For if we reject the authority of God upon the conscience, as binding us to the duty of moral obligation, alike when acting before men, or when communing with our own hearts in secret; in a word, as requiring even the very *thoughts* of our hearts to be pure, and directed in conformity to God's revealed law; and we build our structure of morals upon *honour* or *character*, or *glory*, or *talent*, or *power*, or on any other basis, we merely form a code of *political* virtues, and are careful of our actions, only so far as they shall tend to support our ostensible character among men; while we are at liberty to yield up our hearts to the suggestions and the influence of the vilest passions, and may commit the basest and the most atrocious crimes, in *secret*, and so that they shall not be discovered to the world. In a word, we reduce morality to a game of calculation; and he is the *most moral* man, whose superiority of intellect enables him most effectually to *deceive* his fellow-men, for the purpose of forwarding his *own individual interest*.

Indeed, all those, who reject revelation, and are able to reason, and to draw legitimate conclusions from their premises, do at once, and decidedly deny, that God is the source of moral obligation, and that man is *accountable* to any superior being for his words and actions. Virtue, or morality, they say, is *local*, *arbitrary*, for ever fluctuating, divided by a mountain, or a river, or a forest; what is pure morality in America is absolute vice in France, and *e converso*.

But even a child could perceive, that, if there be no general, no universal rule of moral obligation; and that every man's own private convenience was a law unto himself, no human society could be holden together half an hour; since each man's individual convenience, clashing with that of his neighbour, and unrestrained by any principal of conscience,

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would convert the whole family of mankind into a horde of banditti, preying upon, plundering and assassinating each other.

Every law rests upon the *authority* of the law-giver; for the great mass of mankind have neither leisure nor ability to enter into metaphysical and abstract discussions, as to the *origin* or the *right* of legislation; and yet they must all act under great responsibilities, as to the performance of their respective civil duties; they, therefore, look no farther than to the laws, enacted by the authority of their legislature, and regulate their civil actions accordingly. In like manner, the law of moral obligation rests solely upon the authority of God as delivered to us in his revealed word; the devout believer receives this law, and obeys its ordinances, with all the simplicity and unsuspecting confidence, that a little child receives and obeys the command of its earthly parent.

But as the wise in their own eyes affect to look upon revelation as an idle dream, a vain speculation, and, consequently, reject God's authority, as the fountain of all moral obligation, it is, surely, incumbent on them to shew, that a code of morals, general in its application, and binding upon the consciences of men, for otherwise all morality is only individual convenience, can be drawn from any other source.

It would require a volume of a very formidable size to contain all the arguments, which might be advanced to prove the utter inefficiency of human reason to produce a code of morals, that shall be of general application, and binding upon the consciences of men; a very few, however, will be sufficient for our purpose.

No one yet, relying upon his own reason and knowledge, whether in ancient or in modern times, has produced a complete body of morality. The civil laws of all countries have never done more, than endeavour to regulate the conduct of men, according to the particular *temporal* views of the respective law-givers; none of them pay any regard to man's *future* state, to man as a being destined for an eternity of happiness or of misery.

And so scattered are the shreds and patches of morality, which have been delivered by divers and sundry philoso-

phers and sages of different times and different countries, that no one has ever yet attempted to gather together and to digest into one compacted form even these disjointed and isolated maxims of moral obligation. Nay, even if they were so collected together, and arranged each under its respective and appropriate head in a system of moral classification, of what use would such a system of morals be to the great mass of mankind? Such a code of morals would consist chiefly of dark and mysterious sentences, unintelligible to the vulgar, without a long and laboured commentary tacked on to each sentence, and which the vulgar could never possibly find either leisure or inclination to peruse.

The *philosopher*, whose laudable scepticism pervades all his thoughts, words, and deeds, and who, therefore, is very properly prepared to disbelieve this last assertion, will do well to consult what *Diogenes Laertius* says in his *Lives of the Philosophers*, when he is treating of the life of Pythagoras.

Nor, if this collection of moral scraps were made, would it be found to contain any grounds of duty to God, any motive for loving, serving, obeying, praising him; it would only set forth and enforce inducements to regard and to preserve the bonds of civil society, and the temporal conveniences of this present, perishable state of human existence. The priests, who pretended to deliver the oracles of heaven, said little or nothing of virtue and a good life; while the philosophers, who drew their general inferences from reason, never referred to the will of the Deity, as the foundation of their system of ethics.

Nay, farther, this code of morals, so collected, would in many instances serve to mislead men from their duty to God. Epictetus would advise us to follow the *established* religion, and to worship the gods in the most fashionable manner, that is, with a pliant and accommodating conscience, to conform ourselves to the existing devotion of the age and country, in which we live, be that what it may. Pythagoras would interdict us from *praying* to God, because we should not rightly understand what it would be proper to pray for. Aristotle, Cicero, and Seneca, would inculcate revenge, and suicide, and the assassination of chief magistrates, as indispensable duties.

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Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Seneca and some others, would teach us the art of customary swearing, and the mystery of *that vice*, which is not so much as to be named among christians. Pride, and self-esteem, appear, indeed, to be the only foundations of their morality, as may be fully seen by consulting the epistles of Seneca, and that celebrated treatise of Cicero, *de naturâ deorum*. And how well adapted self-esteem and pride are for the condition of man I leave to the *experienced* christian to determine.

And even if any one could bring himself to consider this system of morals as not absurd and impious in the extreme, he would be never the nearer the moon for all his desire to laud and honour that code of morals, which unassisted human reason had produced; because it is stuffed and crammed with irreconcileable and endless contradictions. Every vice, every crime, that human depravity could devise or execute, has claimed to be admitted to a seat in that moral code, which is engendered by the incubation of heated pride upon reason. Amongst a great variety of instances take the following, that it has been customary with many nations to expose their children,—(*infanticide* was formerly lawful in Sparta, and is so now in China)—to inter them alive, to fatten them for the slaughter, to murder their aged parents, to expect a futurity of bliss as a reward for the indulgence of the fellest passions of malignity and revenge, and for the abundant eating and subsequent digestion of the bodies of their enemies and prisoners.

Yet once again;—if this system of morals, so collected, were altogether complete and efficient in its purity and wisdom, it could never be admitted as a *rule of life* to mankind. Because, neither the persons, who first uttered or wrote these moral maxims, nor the persons, who collected them together could be considered *as law-givers to the human race;* they would have no authority to enforce their doctrines as binding upon the consciences of men; but such a collection would be nothing more than a body of apothegms, which each man would be at liberty to receive or to reject, according to his own conviction or opinion of their wisdom or folly, their convenience or inapplicability to his peculiar circumstances and condition.

It is evident, then, that if revelation be rejected every man must be left to find out his own moral code by the light of his own unassisted reason. Consequently, he must discover in every instance, what is right and proper for him to do, and *why* it is proper and right, by a laborious induction from the primary principles of the law of nature. But the great mass of mankind can never be enabled to arrive at such a discovery; and are they always to be left without any rule of moral obligation?—Nay, even *philosophers* themselves, have never been able, by the mere light of their own unassisted reason to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to the basis of moral obligation, so as to include the motives of all that complicated variety of particular duties, civil, social, and domestic, which it is incumbent on every man to fulfil, while he lives under the protection of an organized community.

And even if this desirable purpose could be obtained, it could not be done, while the philosopher was yet in his infancy; it would require the lapse of years, ere it could be effected. But surely, childhood and youth require a law of moral obligation to direct their conduct, as much, if not more than manhood; because then, the passions are more wild and irregular, and stand in need of stronger and more constant restraints.

But why multiply words?—Enough has been said to prove, that if we deny the authority of God, revealed in his word, as the only ground of moral obligation to man, we are reduced to the necessity of considering morality as a mere matter of individual interest, and of personal convenience.

It is the more to be lamented, that the Edinburgh reviewers have neglected to examine the foundation, upon which the doctrine of a *particular* Providence, and of deriving all moral obligation from the authority of God, as revealed in his word, rests, and have rejected this doctrine,—(not very philosophically to be sure)—*without* examination; because so great a force of talent and of knowledge, as is displayed in this literary journal, will be apt to give too much currency to opinions, that strike at the very vitals of all our present peace, and all our future hopes.

The public has duly paid its homage to the great intellectual merit of the Edinburgh Review. Its circulation has been

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extensive beyond all example in the history of periodical literary publications. The *sixth* edition is now before me, in October 1807—the advertisement to the first number of the Critical Journal is dated October, 1802.

In one circumstance, *all* the British reviews unite; namely, an affectation of contempt for the very low and degraded state of intellect in America. The truth is, that the people in Britain, of *all* ranks and degrees, are but very slightly acquainted with the condition of society in this country. I pass over, for want of time and room, now, many instances of this ignorance of our intellectual and political condition, and shall confine myself to two mistakes made by the Edinburgh Review, in their judgment of our intellectual and political capacity.

The Edinburgh reviewers, in No. 19, page 114 in reviewing Janson's Stranger in America, a book by the bye, full of the most stupid malignity, shameless ignorance, and atrocious falsehoods, take Mr. Janson's word, when he asserts, that *Mr. Fessenden* is considered as one of the greatest geniusses, and one of the most erudite men in America, and then, they add with a sneer these words,—" the following are a few of the neat and pointed lines quoted by our author, from that *great man's*—(ie. Mr. Thomas Fessenden's)—lays."

1

Few good and great men can be nam'd
Your scoundrelship has not defam'd ;
And scarce a rogue who ought to hang,
Who is not number'd with your gang.

2

Dost thou remember much *about a*
Droll 'scape of thine once at Calcutta,
When erst invited to a breakfast,
In noose you nigh had got your neck fast?"

We must however, beg leave to inform the Edinburgh reviewers, that the *talents* and *learning* of Mr. Fessenden, *ci-devant Inspector* of New-York, are *as justly* appreciated here in America, as they can possibly be by the Editors of the Critical Journal.

But, perhaps, the most unfortunate error, which has crept into the British literary Journals, respecting this country, if we

except those pert and idiotic remarks upon *Adam's letters on Silesia*, in the Annual Review, Vol. 3. page 45—is to be found in the nineteenth number of the Edinburgh Review, page 116—where Mr. Jefferson is called,—"*that eminently wise ruler.*"

It is not my intention, at present, to inquire into the merits of Mr. Jefferson's administration, nor into the sources of information, from which the Edinburgh reviewers have been led to draw this notable conclusion. But I will indulge myself in citing the outlines of our President's character as it is sketched by the hand of a master; by one, who has known and acted with him in his political capacity. I allude to a pamphlet lately published in this city, entitled—*The British Treaty;*—a publication, which bears upon it's contents the the broad stamp of that excellence, which is the offspring of the combined powers of a statesman, a scholar, and a gentleman.

" Mr. Jefferson is a man of pleasing, modest, unassuming manners. His conversation, generally amusing, is frequently instructive. Though not deep in any one science, he has that acquaintance with them all, which becomes a scholar, and adorns a gentleman. He has a considerable share of genius; and there is, in his deportment, an air of frankness and of deference to others, which are agreeable to all, and are sure of captivating the young and inexperienced. If there be blemishes in his private character we have nothing to do with them. We consider him as a public man, and in this view, he has *great defects.*

" Like others, who have fallen into the idle habit of questioning established truth, his faculty of weighing evidence is impaired. Hence, such an astonishing degree of credulity, that he could not only believe the French were free, while suffering oppression the most cruel and bloody, that ever poor wretches groaned under; but—(finding it printed in a French book)—he believed, and gravely told the Congress, there is a great mountain of salt in Louisiana. Mr. Jefferson has also the misfortune to be a *schemer*, perpetually occupied with some strange out-of-the-way project. If this were confined to speculation, it would be a harmless foible; but he tries to carry his projects into effect. Sometimes he pre-

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vails on Congress to adopt them, and then poor sailors are sent a-ducking over the ocean in gun-boats. At other times he is less successful, as when he proposed to stow away ships of the line upon shelves. He labours also under such defect of mental vision, that he seldom sees objects in their natural state and true position: just as when we look through a fog, many things near us are not perceived, and those we see appear larger and nearer than they really are.

"We have said Mr. Jefferson is not deep in any science. He is more deficient in that of *politics* than in in any other; and indeed, it is impossible he should ever become *a statesman;* because a clear, distinct, and comprehensive view of objects, with a ready conception of their bearings on each other, is a needful pre-requisite. A second pre-requisite is so to weigh evidence, presumption, and probability, as properly to give or withhold our faith: in short to believe what we ought, and no more. A third is never to indulge notions, which have not *experience* to recommend them: for though it be possible, that, after the many years, which history numbers, and the many thousand events it records, something new in the science of ethics may be discovered, it is not likely; and if it were, the maxim of physicians should be adopted, to make experiments on bodies of little value and not on the body-politic.

"If any gentleman assume as a principle, mankind can be governed by *reason*, and insist, notwithstanding the evidence of all history, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, *to the contrary*, that we may prudently rely on *reason* for the defence of nations, we would advise him to commence a course of experiments with his *own* family, and see how far reason will go there. If successful, let him proceed to those, with whom he transacts business. Let him reason them into the support of his pecuniary or political views, without any regard to their own interest. If again successful, let him go, or send to such a man as Bonaparte, and tell him 'tis *unreasonable*, that boys should be taken from their parents to fight and perish in the plain of Poland. That, instead of employing large armies, it would be cheaper and better to pick out a few able negociators, if any can be found among his own sub-

jects; but if not, to borrow *Messrs. Armstrong and Munro*, and send them to persuade the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia to surrender their domininions. That a proposition so reasonable in itself, and supported by so much eloquence, could not be rejected. If Napoleon, being persuaded himself, should, in this quiet, friendly way, persuade his brother Alexander, the specific would indeed have the sanction of fair experiment, and might safely be adopted. It would surely be a great improvement. Happy condition! without fleets or armies, judges or constables, laws or executioners, to sit secure and happy under the broad shade of reason!

" But if it should prove on trial, that neither in a family, a city, or national assembly, or with a leader of nations, the force of reason can be relied on; if it should again, for the ten thousandth time, be demonstrated, that what has been true since the world began, remains true at the present hour; and the gentleman still insist on his project, he could not be much respected as *a politician*.

" But though Mr. Jefferson is not, and from the reasons, just mentioned, can never become *a statesman*, he is a man of great address. Having a quick sense of danger, he has studied the means, by which it may be avoided. Knowing the instability of popular opinion, he knew that to rely on it was unsafe. He determined, therefore, to *avoid responsibility*. This is the cardinal point by which the course of his administration has been directed, with undeviating attention. Consistently with this plan, he *associated the house of representatives* in the exercise of his functions. The leaders, to whom he applied, were charmed with the mark of confidence, and beyond all measure delighted with that republican spirit, which, instead of seeking unlawful power, so freely and frankly discharged itself of the lawful power, with which it had been invested.

" When, over and above that excessive condescension, the patronage of office was laid at their feet; when they were invited to select the proper subjects for appointment; and when they were told, that they, the immediate representatives, were the organs, through which he wished to learn that will

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of the people, which it was his pleasure and pride to obey, how could they suspect the motive to be *selfish?* It was natural to believe the fountain pure when its waters were so refreshing.

"In this way, however, the house of representatives was brought to initiate *executive* business, and, taking responsibility from his shoulders, to invest him with unlimited power. Like a sly animal in the fable, who likes roasted chesnuts, but will not put his paws in the fire, he crept behind the curtain, and persuaded a friendly cat to undertake that part of the business; content, provided he gets the nuts, to leave with others all the honour of raking them out of the embers. By this course of conduct Mr. Jefferson has not only *injured the constitution*, and established a system of corruption; but—(extending the web of intrigue over the whole country)—he has composed a congress of such materials, that respect for the national government is much diminished. He has placed himself also in a state of dependance, whereby he is driven to do unrighteous things, and which disables him from becoming useful, should any course of events restore him to the love of honest fame."

SECOND SECTION.

MEN AND WOMEN.

A MORAL TALE BY THE WANDERER.

(Continued from Vol. 3. No. 5, page 296.)

EDWARD hurried home in a state of inconceivable emotion: all the past endearments of the softer hours, which, on angel wings, had flown over his Mary and him; all their fond, plighted, mutual vows; her innocence and simplicity, so strongly contrasted to the impudent artifice of Lady Hardy, now but too apparent to him; all rose to his remembrance, and weighed him down to the dust, with sensations of the keenest remorse and agony, for having dared, even in thought, to violate his loyalty and faith to his departed Mary. He despised himself as an idiot for having been the dupe of a wanton woman, and loaded himself with reproaches, 'till his frame, worn out by the conflict of contending emotions, sought refuge in the repose of slumber.

Edward had scarcely left Sir James Hardy's house, before the baronet, himself, returned thither, somewhat unexpectedly, from a little excursion, which he had made to the Western Isles. The servants informed their master, that Lady Hardy was ill, that Edward had been sent for, and, had, that moment, left the house in a violent hurry. Hardy went up into his wife's chamber, and found her in the fiercest paroxysm of passion. His unexpected entrance, at first, embarrassed her, but she soon recollected herself, and thus addressed her husband—Sir James, you are come in a most opportune moment.—So I perceive, madam,—replied the baronet, coolly, and rapping his golden snuff-box, as he spoke.—

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Lady Hardy—Yes; as you see, I am a little discomposed; you must know, that sanctimonious wretch Edward, has, this very morning, actually, endeavoured to force me into a compliance with his desires.—Hardy—No, no, he only meant to pay you the ordinary compliments, which are the tribute due to every fine woman; and, perhaps, carried his gallantry a little too far.—Lady Hardy—Look you, Sir James, I am not to be trifled with in this manner; if the honour of your wife is a matter of indifference to you, say so at once, and do not endeavour to conceal your cowardice, your fear of calling Edward out, under the pitiful pretence of disbelieving what I say.—Hardy—Cowardice! Madam; I a coward? S'death; no man living durst call Sir James Hardy a coward.—Lady Hardy—Nay, Sir James, you need not look so furious, and stamp about the room so violently; I tell you positively, that, not half an hour since, in this very room, was Edward on the point of turning you into another Actæon; but I resisted, and put him to flight; do you mean to go instantly, and call him out, in spite of his blushes and excuses?—Hardy—Pray, Lady Hardy, do not be so violent; there is no occasion to make all this noise; I will call upon Edward to-morrow; do the servants know any thing of this occurrence?—Lady Hardy—No, but they shall; and all Edinburgh shall know it.—Hardy—That will do no good, for half the people who hear it, will not believe it, so high stands Edward's character for honour; and the other half will applaud the boy for his spirit. I tell you this plainly, that you and I will not live another moment together, if you ever mention the circumstance to a single person breathing.

Here Lady Hardy wept, and with great violence, reproached her husband with his cruelty, and his infidelity to her, and was proceeding in a high strain of invective, when he stopped her by saying,—Not another word, madam; if you do not like to stay with me, you are at full liberty to go elsewhere; I will never be bullied in my own house, nor be dictated to by a wife. I loved you once, and I married you; I no longer love you, and you may depart when you please: upon second thoughts, I will not call Edward out, unless he personally insults me; on your peril, madam, I charge you never to mention what

has passed between you and Ned, this morning. He has offered a violence to your person; at any rate, it is a compliment paid to your beauty; it is manifest that he has done you no harm, for I never saw you look better in my life; and, as no one knows it, I do not see why you and he might not be as civil to each other as usual.

To all this, Lady Hardy, who well knew the stern, unbending imperious disposition of her husband, made no reply; and on more mature consideration, thought it prudent to let the matter rest where it was, lest by pushing it too far she should only expose herself. She however never forgave Edward for having neglected to pay the homage due unto her beauty.

The next morning Hardy called upon Edward, whom he found chagrined and dreary. With a very serious face he detailed the complaint made by Lady Hardy; Edward was about to reply, when the Baronet said;—Pshaw! man, never attempt to stammer out an excuse; every lad of spirit would have done as you did. Perhaps you think, that I am come to call you out but it is not so; I am very liberal in my way of thinking on these matters; I care not how she amuses herself; for I have been long since, tired of her; *toujours perdrix*, you know, a man can never stand.—Edward—What do you mean by *toujours perdrix?*—Hardy—What! know you not? I thought as the grave-digger in Hamlet says, every fool knew that. The anecdote to which I allude, is this. Henry the fourth of France was very much addicted to women; the Archbishop of Soissons, one day, gravely remonstrated with the King on this laxity of conduct. Henry listened attentively, and then said,—My lord Archbishop, what dish most gratifies your palate?—The prelate answered,—roasted partridges.—The king gave orders, that the hierarch should be confined to a suite of rooms in the palace, during the royal pleasure, and have nothing but roasted partridges every day for dinner. At the end of a month the king called upon the Arch-bishop, and asked him how he liked his confinement? I have nothing to complain of, Sire, but the roasted partridges,—replied the prelate.—Did you not tell me said the king—that you liked roasted partridges better than any other kind of viands?—yes sire,—quoth the archbishop: —but I want a variety, a change of food, *toujours perdrix*

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would wear out the patience of a saint.—To which the monarch replied—If *toujours perdrix* tires you, so does *toujours* the same woman tire me.—But where was your christianity, Ned, when you offered violence to my wife?—Edward—Do you put implicit confidence in Lady Hardy's manner of telling the story?—Hardy—yes.—Edward—why.—Hardy--why should I not?—Edward—Because you have taught her, that to tell an untruth is a matter of no consequence.—Hardy—come come Ned, that sophism will not do; is it very likely, that a young man, under such circumstances, would prove a saint? But we will drop the subject, if you please; though I must tell you, that if I had not already established my character, as one not shy of fighting, I should embrace this opportunity of calling you out, in order to shew the world, that I am no coward. Pray, Ned, are you a good marksman with the pistol? Edward —Yes.—Hardy—Can you ensure killing a man at the distance of twelve yards?—Edward—Yes.—Hardy—Are you a good swordsman?—Edward—I can fence tolerably well; there are some foils in the next room; if you wish to make a trial of my skill, I will order them to be brought in.—Hardy—No; I merely asked in order to be informed, if you (which indeed I did not doubt) possessed those two very essential accomplishments of a gentleman, I suppose you know, that I fought a duel for Lady Hardy before I married her.—Edward—Yes, and I think you killed your man, did you not?—Hardy—Yes, I killed him the first shot, and was tried for it at the old Bailey, and acquitted. I was then, I must confess, distractedly in love with her, and would have fought a whole regiment for her, one after another; but five years of marriage, and her being now, the mother of four children, has dissipated my affection for her, and I care no more about her now, than I do about my grand-mother, who died last week. To be sure, Lady Hardy is a very handsome woman; her countenance, in which the expressions of dignity and of voluptuous softness are most happily blended, that portion of her person, which Edmund Burke so emphatically and so justly styles, "the most beautiful part of a beautiful woman," over whose smooth variety of surface, never for a moment the same, the unsteady eye glides giddily, knowing not where to fix, or whither it is carried;

her waist fine by degrees, and beautifully less; and the full, soft, sweepy rounding of her finished form beneath, would make a monk forget his breviary, as you know full well, Ned, (in spite of that modest, maidenly blush, which deep crimsons all your cheek) but as Richard says, she has one fault, which more than counter-balances all these attractions;—she has outlived my liking.—Edward—How can you speak so lightly and with so much indifference of your wife? How can you so totally disregard one of the most solemn and sacred obligations imposed on man?—Hardy—And what may that sacred, solemn obligation be?—Edward—Marriage: the most important, and the most beneficial in its consequences, of all the institutions derived from God to man, that great and hallowed institution, upon which, as an indestructible basis, rests all the fabric of human society.

" Hail *wedded love*, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise, of all things common else.
By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place.
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefiled, and chaste pronounc'd,
Present, or past, as saints or patriarchs used.
Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here, and revels; not in the bought smile
Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, unindeared,
Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
Mixt dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenate, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain."

Hardy—*Bravo, bravo, da capo:* well done, Ned; not one of all the hierarchs could be more devout and fervent in their zeal to support the cause of matrimony; your father mistook

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it widely when he bred you a gentleman; he should have trained you up a priest; what a portly, pious bishop you would make some forty years hence; or what think you of a *canon?* surely you, who have been a *blunderbuss* so long, would make an excellent *cannon;* Ah Ned! was I not with you there for the blunderbuss?—Edward—You never was with me any where but for a blunderbuss:—but to leave this trifling; If I mistake not, you said that Lady Hardy had borne you four children; where are they? I have never seen them.—Hardy—Seen them! Common sense forbid that I should be plagued with a parcel of squalling brats about my house; what should a man, in his twenty-eighth year, do with a whole herd of children trooping at his heels? Besides, nursing children would destroy Lady Hardy's shape, and my vanity would be hurt if any one could say, what a coarse, clumsy woman is Hardy's wife! The children are out at nurse somewhere, (I know not the place, Lady Hardy sent them there, and I have never inquired about it) in the neighbourhood of London; to which place Edward, I am going in a few weeks; remember that as soon as you leave Scotland, and come to town, my house is entirely at your service, and that you cannot confer a greater kindness upon me than by making your visits frequent. As for this little fracas between Lady Hardy and you, it will soon blow over, for she is a sensible woman, quite free from vulgar prejudices, and generally sees things in their proper light; perhaps, just to keep up the farce, and induce you to believe, that she is offended, she may be a little distant in her behaviour at first; but that will soon wear off, and you will be upon as easy a footing of familiarity as ever; come and see us as usual and as if nothing had happened. The baronet now took his leave and departed.

As soon as he was gone, Edward mused upon the propriety of continuing his visits at Hardy's house; he felt very awkwardly at the thought of again meeting Lady Hardy; at length, however, he determined to go, lest his acquaintance, perceiving a sudden shyness, abruptly following so very close an intimacy, might raise surmises, and spread reports, which would be more troublesome than the restraint imposed upon him, by being in Lady Hardy's presence.

Accordingly he called upon the baronet the next day, and Lady Hardy received him with the utmost ease and politeness, never, for a moment, betraying, by a single look or gesture, that any unpleasant incident had taken place; she prattled to him on different subjects, with her usual gaiety and liveliness, and even ventured to rally him on his reserve and bashfulness, all which completely put Edward at rest, he threw off his embarrassment, and conversed with his accustomed alacrity and cheer of spirit.

Thus were matters restored to their old course, and flowed on in their usual channel, with regard to the baronet's family and Edward. But Hardy could not refrain from occasionally endeavouring to *enlighten* Edward, as he termed it, and to eradicate all prejudice from his mind, notwithstanding their late agreement, not to make religion a subject of their conversation. One day they devoted to a little excursion to Rosseline Abbey, a romantic ruin, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. After viewing these noble remains of ancient architecture with much delight, they descended to the river at the foot of the hill, on which the abbey is situated, and determined to follow its winding track. Accordingly, they wound their way by the edge of the river whose sides were steep, and cloth-ed with wood. They occasionally stopped to contemplate the graceful foliage of a pendent willow, that drooped its head mournfully over the stream; the weeping of a still, small, silent rill welled from out the bosom of the rock, or the rude over-jutting of the fragment of a rifted hill.

After a while, however, they became weary, and not very well satisfied; because they knew not their way, and the shades of night began to thicken around them, and to shroud all the objects of their view in the misty mantle of obscurity. At length, when the darkness had thrown a deeper horror on the surrounding scenes, they found themselves at the foot of a most romantic building, seated on a lofty rock; it was the castle of Hawthornden, once the seat of the celebrated William Drummond, the poet, the friend of Ben Johnson. Opposite to the mansion, across the river, on whose brink they stood, rose an elevated ridge of hills, adorned with wood, from the base to the summit.

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At this moment, the moon emerged from a mass of embattled clouds, and cast a silver-gleaming ray on all the objects of their sight; and pointed out to them a road, by which they might find their way back to Edinburgh. Edward looked up and saw, upon the battlements of the mansion above, some female forms arrayed in white, he stood a while, contemplating the pleasing effect, which the white drapery produced, when seen at a distance, and by such an obscure light; and gave his imagination full play and scope to decorate the wearers of these robes in all the beauty and in all the majesty of the angel's floating pomp, and seraph's glowing grace.

While Edward was yet musing, Hardy clapped him on the shoulder, and said.—On my life, now, Ned, you are phantomizing; I see by the continued shiftings of your countenance, and the frequent sighings of your heart, that you are wandering about in the clouds after the Deity; but by my honour, if all mankind could do as well without God and Christ, as I do, it would be better for them.—Edward—No more of this Hardy, I beseech you; such impious absurdity, it neither becomes you to utter, nor me to hear; pray, do you industriously promulgate these miserable opinions to your tenants and peasantry, at your country-seat in England?—Hardy—No; I am always as pious as the best of them, when I am in the country.—Edward—That can never be, for you swear horribly, almost every other word, in all companies, even before women.—Hardy—True, I am apt to swear a little now and then, in order to give energy to my discourse; but when I am in the country, I sometimes go to church, and often have the parson of the parish, who holds his living by my gift, to dinner, on a Sunday, and fill him with beef and pudding, and port-wine, and scraps of divinity out of Mosheim's ecclesiastical history, Lowth's commentary, and Stackhouse's history of the Bible, and other books of that stamp; so that I am looked upon as a prodigy of piety there, considering, that I am one of the hereditary aristocracy, and in possession of a most ample inheritance.—Edward—Then you are completely armed at all points; for you have hypocrisy, as a grand auxilliary to all your other accomplishments of immorality and unbelief; as it is not very probable, that a man professing such tenets as your's, should be

too full of scruples ; pray what do you think of spilling human blood ?—Hardy—Just as much as I do of spilling a bottle of burgundy. I am not yet twenty-eight, and I have killed eleven men fairly, and as a gentleman ; not to mention, that I once, at Dublin, put a waiter to death for impertinence.—Edward—But why did you kill so many men ?—Hardy—I killed some from necessity, and others out of frolic.—Edward—Explain yourself, I do not understand what you mean by necessity and frolic—Hardy—Why you know very well, that I am one of the most expert marksmen with the pistol, and one of the most adroit swordsmen in Europe ; and a man is always desirous of displaying his excellence, particularly in such very fashionable accomplishments ; wherefore I now and then, amuse myself with duelling. You know I killed Colonel Hamilton from necessity ; he paid his addresses to the present Lady Hardy, my wife, then Miss Percy, and I also wooed her ; I sent him peremptory orders to desist from his amatorial attendance upon Miss Percy, because I intended to marry her myself ; the colonel, being a man of honour and a gentleman, of course, refused to obey my orders ; we therefore met to decide who should have the lady, and I killed him the first shot, so you see, Ned, that I was fairly entitled to my present wife, in consequence of my having removed my competitor.—Edward—Well ; but you sometimes kill a man for a *frolic ;* give me an instance of this kind of frolicsome killing.—Hardy—I will ; when I was in Dublin, some eight or nine months since, in a public coffee-house there, I heard an officer say, that he himself was the best swordsman in Europe, having taken particular pains to finish himself in this exercise in Italy and in France. Sir, replied I, I will lay any gentleman in this room a thousand guineas, that, in less than ten minutes, I pin you up to the pump, which stands at one end of that yard, into which this window looks. The wager was immediately taken, and out we went, and, after a little tilting, I ran my gentleman through the body, and nailed him up to the pump in six minutes and a half, by the stop watch of the umpire of the wager ; although, at first, the bets were four to one against me ; I withdrew my sword from the major's body, and he fell down dead ; I won my bet, and left Dublin that very morning. And

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when I was in Holland, in that dismal expedition, under the duke of York, I saw a captain flourishing and foining with his sword. I stepped up to him and said,—no doubt captain, you think yourself—Edward—No more, Hardy; I am satisfied with your specimen of killing men by way of a frolic; but the waiter, whom you killed for being impertinent, was that from necessity or frolic?—Hardy—Neither; it was merely putting one of the *canaille* to death; I do not reckon that fellow among the eleven, whom I have killed, for they were all had out fairly, as gentlemen; while this poor dog was put an end to, merely as a punishment for his impertinence.—Edward—What was his impertinence?—Hardy—About six years since, I was in Ireland, and went to an inn in Dublin, as a private gentleman, in a hired post-chaise, without any horses or attendants; I was shewn into a room, and a bottle of madeira brought to me by my order; when I had tasted the wine, I said to the waiter,—you impudent rascal, you have brought me some inferior, vile wine, instead of madeira; the waiter grumbled, and muttered between his teeth, that he was no more a rascal than I was; upon which I took, from a side-pocket in my coat, the silver-hafted Chinese dagger, with which, as you know I always travel, and plunged it into the fellow's heart; he dropped down dead immediately, expiring without a single struggle. I locked the room-door, and rang the bell; presently, some one came up; are you a waiter? I asked;—yes, sir, was the reply;—send me up the land-lord directly, said I—the land-lord came to the door, which I opened slowly, and in part, and which, as soon as he was in the room, I again locked, I then took the pale, and trembling host by the collar, and shewed him his bleeding servant; that fellow,—said I,—I killed for his impertinence; and if you make the least noise or resistance, I will put you to death, also; take pen, ink, and paper, and write out a bill, and put this article in it: to I. ——, Esq. for killing a waiter, fifty pounds, sterling.—The land-lord, in terror and in dismay, obeyed, and wrote the bill as I had commanded; I then said to him, if you make the least noise or stir about this, you will certainly be put to death; I am of too high a rank, and have too much influence to be called to account for dispatching a common waiter at a tavern. I then, gave

the innkeeper a bank-note for a hundred pounds, fifty for his dead waiter, and fifty for the fright, in which I had put him; I left the house and made my way directly to France: the bill I keep as a curiosity, which I occasionally show to my particular friends; here it is in the land-lord's own hand-writing.—Edward—I see it, and wonder that you are not ashamed of shewing such a bloody memorial of your deeds; but what did you mean by telling the land-lord, that your rank and influence would protect you, when you know, that neither influence nor rank can protect a murderer from the punishment due to his crime, as established by the law of England?—Hardy—*Murderer!* what do you mean by that? do you mean to call me a murderer; to rank me with a common house-breaker and highwayman?—Edward—No; for highwaymen and house-breakers in Britain very seldom commit murder; but not now to dispute about words, I will thank you to answer my question.—Hardy—Yes, I will answer it; but I must beg you not to use the word murderer, as applied to me; it may do very well for the vulgar, but for a gentleman it is improper.—Edward—Then call it a killer; how could you, or any other great man, escape the punishment attached by the English law to those who illegally deprive others of life?—Hardy—Not very easily to be sure, if a man was once brought to trial; but there are many ways of preventing an affair of this kind from ever coming before an English jury.—Edward—How?—Hardy—By the only deity, which rules this earthly globe—money. I was at Bright-helmstone, a few years since, with a certain high personage; we were looking on, while one of his grooms, a boy, was dressing his favourite New-market racer; the horse being vicious, bit the lad across his loins, and shook him; the boy, in order to get loose from the beast's gripe, struck him on the head with a curry-comb; the horse relinquished his hold, and the boy fell to the ground; his master ran immediately, and taking up a long stable-broom, struck the lad on the kidneys with the staff-end and killed him. When we had both ascertained, that the boy was dead, we consulted on what was best to be done; and I undertook to settle the matter with the boy's mother, a poor old widow; to whom I went, and said—well my good woman, you have a son, who

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lives with the — of — as an under-groom !—yes,sir,replied the woman—and how much a week does he allow you out of his wages ?—Oh, nothing, sir, poor fellow ! I do not want any thing from him ; I am very well satisfied that he earns his own living. —Why then he was of no use to you, I replied—upon this the old woman began to cry bitterly, and bless herself, and pray that no evil had befallen her poor, dear boy, who was the only comfort of her old age.—I then bade her be pacified, for it was of no use to cry, as a vicious horse had, that morning, killed her son, whose master would be graciously pleased to allow her four shillings a week for her life.—The old woman's agony was great for the loss of her child ; she, however, sobbed out her gratitude for the generosity of the boy's *princely* master ; and there ended the whole of the matter. The woman continues to receive her weekly pension, and now and then to mourn the loss of her son. Why do you muse so intently, Ned, and keep your eye so steadily fixed ?—Edward—I am thinking how infinitely preferable the life of an untutored, naked savage is to all the splendid iniquity of these murderous atheists.—Hardy—Ha, ha, ha, bravo, Ned, bravo ; you would make an excellent monk ; we agree very well together in the main ; but you have some prejudices, which stick about you, and give you an awkward appearance ; for instance, a squeamishness as to snuffing out the candle of human life, nay, do not look so sternly, boy ; for my own part, I would willingly, if it were in my power, empty all the Atlantic ocean of its waters, and fill it with human blood, rather than I would suffer a single hair of the aristocracy to be blown upon by the polluted breath of the mob.

While Hardy was uttering these words they reached Edinburgh, and separated, each directing his steps to his own habitation. The baronet spent the remainder of the night in consuming champagne, and in dalliance with a frail fair one, whom he kept, in the capacity of an attendant, as lady's maid, upon his wife. Edward passed nearly the whole of the night in anxious, painful musing upon the abandoned profligacy, and the unprincipled audacity of Hardy, and the inevitable horrors which result to the human race, individually and collectively, from the baneful tenets of infidelity, which, of late

years, have so generally polluted the fair face of society, and have let out the waters of bitterness, and the streams of desolation to overflow and to destroy the earth.

The next morning, a servant came running, and breathless, to Edward's lodgings, and begged him to come to his master, Sir James Hardy, with all speed; for something bad had happened, though he knew not what. Edward, instantly, hastened to Hardy's house, and found the baronet, lying on a sofa, fixed in the profoundest silence, and lady Hardy, sitting by him, and weeping in an excess of agony. Edward went up to Hardy, and took him gently by the hand, with a look, expressive of the most benevolent compassion, such as his heart always felt for his fellow-creatures, when he witnessed their distress.

But, involuntarily, and with horror, he back recoiled a few paces, when he heard the most tremendous burst of blasphemy, and horrid effusion of execrations, which rushed from the lips of the miserable sufferer, who, instead of yielding to the storm, defied the raging of the blast.—"My brother is dead, is murdered"—said Hardy, in tones more than human, —there is a letter, (pointing to several pieces of paper, that lay scattered on the floor, for in the first impulse of his fury, he had torn the letter into a thousand parts) informing me, that my brother perished in a storm in the Mediterranean. Who raised that storm? Why did it destroy my brother? Hah! tell me that! but do not delude me."

Edward, gently, and by degrees, endeavoured to lead him off from the contemplation of his brother's death; by introducing other subjects of discourse; but in vain, Hardy still recurred to it, and, always, with increasing violence and fury. Edward, then, attempted to inspire some comfort from the consideration of a future life; but all there was dark; not a ray, not a faintly-glimmering gleam of hope served to illumine the dreary, cheerless prospect: Hardy turned to Edward, and said, with a pale, livid, quivering lip, and with eyes emitting intolerable flashes of fire, and with a countenance rendered ghastly by despair—what comfort can I derive from the contemplation of a future state, the existence of which I disbelieve? or what can I hope from the mercy of that God, whose

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being I more than doubt, and who, if he exists at all, delights to snuff the scent of blood, and rejoices in misery and in devastation? Has he not bereft me of my brother?

Here he threw himself on the floor, and in convulsive agony poured fourth a torrent of imprecations, and uttered such horrid curses, as harrowed up Edward's soul, and benumbed his every faculty of reflection. After a long and a gloomy pause, Hardy faultered out in a faint and a feeble tone, and with a look of unutterable wo, these words, while he pressed Edward's hand to his heart—my young, but mistaken friend, if ever such a brother, so brilliant, so dignified, so endeared, shall be rent from your bleeding bosom, then will you feel the childish inutility, and the pitiful inefficacy of your boasted religion. Mock me no more, I beseech you, with the phantoms of speculation: nothing is certain, but that man is born to anguish, to lamentation, and to destruction, as his only portion, and his only inheritance.

Now, another burst of tears choked his voice, and, for a while, forbade all farther articulation. After a few moments he said, in broken, and in trembling accents—I have only one brother left; he is a soldier, bold, spirited, noble; I once saved his life in battle, in the disastrous expedition to Holland, under the Duke of York, and he loves me to distraction; if he, also, is to be murdered, I will not survive his loss; no, by every curse, that hath fallen upon mankind, from the beginning of time down to this darkest, dunnest moment of despair, I will apply a pistol to my brain, or a dagger to my heart, and go to see that future state, about which you talk so much.

Here he burst into a fit of wild, convulsive, phrensied, maniac laughter, and yelled out tones so horribly terrific, that Edward's blood crept chill through all his veins; and, unable to endure a spectacle so terrible, he staggered out of the room; his knees knocking against each other, the joints of his loins being loosened, and all his countenance expressive of the deepest horror.

Surely—said Edward, when he had reached his home, and somewhat quelled the agony of his sensations—surely, infidelity! thy ways are ways of bitterness, and all thy paths are death.

To be continued.

THIRD SECTION.

AMERICAN LITERATURE REVIEWED.

DEPONS' VOYAGE TO TERRA-FIRMA.

(Continued from Vol. 3, No. 5, p. 307.)

EVERY obstacle, which a blind and narrow system of policy can throw in the way of improvement to the colonies, is rigidly laid and enforced by the Spanish government. No one can embark from Spain for Spanish America without the King's permission, which is never granted, except for commercial purposes, and is generally limited to a residence of only *two years*. For a permanent establishment a permission is not easily obtained. The creoles, who visit Spain, cannot return home without the express permission of the King.

Till lately, no passport to these colonies could be procured, unless the applicant proved himself to be of Spanish extraction; but a royal order of the 3d August 1801, called the Tarif of Graces, permits *foreigners* to reside in the Spanish Indies; under such restrictions, however, and such enormous taxations, not to mention, also, the innumerable sources of papal persecution; as to amount almost to an entire prohibition.

In consequence of these absurd regulations few people emigrate from Spain to Terra-Firma, and still fewer return from Terra-Firma to Spain. The creoles, themselves, fancy that their own country surpasses all the rest of the world in excellence, both physical and moral. A circumstance not very wonderful, when we learn, from the authority of D. Miguel Joseph Lanz, a gentleman of the law, born at Valencia, in the province of Venezuela, and a great favourite of M. Depons,

that the system of education in the Spanish colonies is most vile and despicable; calculated only to render the inhabitants the slaves of gross ignorance, and the blindest superstition.

Yet M. Depons assures us, that the creoles of Terra-Firma possess a quick, penetrating mind, very admirably adapted for the acquisition of the sciences; and a most decided attachment to all French fashions, particularly that of *dress*, whence —" slouched hats, cropped and unpowdered heads, pantaloons up to the breast, short vests buttoned half way, is the style in which the young Spaniards appear, who by their opulence and rank, are entitled to preside in the circles of fashion."

All the people in these settlements *sleep* from two to four hours every day after dinner. They marry very early; despise old bachelors, and aged spinsters; almost universally commit adultery, and the wives are encouraged by the police to cornute, to insult, and to ruin their husbands in the mode, which is, in their own opinion, the most convenient, and most pleasing. By a cedule published at Caraccas, the 3d February, 1804, his catholic Majesty has endeavoured to remedy the evil consequences of inconsiderate marriages, by giving fathers the power of forbidding, at their own discretion, the espousals of their children. The effect of this royal order remains yet to be proved.

Parents have very little authority over their children, who, however, universally affect to be all submission, and every morning and night, and many times during the day, crave and receive upon their knees the benediction of their father and mother, whom they address with terms of great reverence, and whose hands they kiss incessantly, and with much perseverance.

Etiquettes and ceremonies are considered by the inhabitants of the Caraccas as of much higher obligation than are the duties of religion; and any failure therein ensures the most grievous displeasure. Yet these ceremonies and etiquettes are so numerous, and so absurd, that none but Spaniards could possibly refrain from despising and abolishing by far the greater portion of them. The precise terms of address to the respective ranks of people; the exact quantity of visits necessary in given circumstances; the modes of bowing and

of curtseying; the different shapes of ordinary and of extraordinary breeches and petticoats, together with many other matters of equal importance, are all detailed with much minuteness by M. Depons.

As might reasonably be expected, this abundance of ceremony precludes all sincerity and affection, hence a universal spirit of duplicity of revenge, which last, however, does not look for gratification by having recourse to the sword or pistol; but seeks redress in the courts of law; which are represented as the devourers of the greater portion of the substance of the inhabitants, and the continual sources of ruin to a multitude of families.

The Spanish colonists, are very cautious, not to say timid in all their proceedings; whence an attempt to excite a conspiracy in the province of Venezuela, in 1787, proved abortive, and the ringleaders were punished.

The negro-slave-system was introduced into Spanish America so early as 1517, by Barthelemy De Las Casas, priest, monk, and finally bishop of Chiapa, who persuaded the emperor Charles the 5th, that from *the general principles of natural liberty*, the slavery of the American Indians was a crime, but that the slavery of the Africans was a matter of necessity. Accordingly, four thousand negroes were purchased, and thrown into the great islands of St. Domingo, Cuba, Jamaica, and Porto Rico. And the slave system has been sedulously continued by the Spaniards in their American colonies to this day. The number of slaves which are *now* employed in the captain-generalship of Caraccas, as well for culture as domestic service, amounts to *two hundred and eighteen thousand four hundred* blacks, who are, in general, treated with great severity by the Spaniards, and also compelled to learn by rote a very large quantity of popish prayers, and popish catechisms, without ever being taught to understand or even to inquire into the meaning of the religious creed, which is crammed down their throats. The consequence of all which is, that the most universal licentiousness and theft prevails among the miserable negroes, who not only hold promiscuous commerce with each other, but also frequently commingle in amorous dalliance with their

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masters and mistresses, to whom variety of sensual pollution always appears pleasing. Add to this, that the Spaniards, for the most part, suffer their slaves to endure the extremity of nakedness, of famine, and of disease; since clothes, and food, and medical assistance, are not numbered among the requisites of a Spanish colonial negro.

Some feeble attempts at reformation, in the treatment of these wretched beings, have been made, but in vain; and the Spanish creoles are permitted to defy the laws, which *profess* to protect their slaves, and to go on daily and hourly adding injury to injustice, and insult to injury.

The *freed-men*, that is, the emancipated slaves, consisting chiefly of the illegitimate offspring of the Spaniards, and termed people of colour, amount in number to two hundred and ninety one thousand two hundred. These freed-men, however, are not admitted to the full enjoyment of all the civil rights, which the Spaniard claims; but constitute a middle order between the creole and the negro, and are liable to be reduced to slavery again for the commission of offences not in themselves very heinous. Marriages between the whites and people of colour are very rare: but the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes is very general, and M. Depons cries aloud for the institution of a foundling hospital to receive the vast crowds of base-born children, that are annually exposed to perish in the streets, or to partake of the precarious bounty of the poor free negro-women, who have not where-withal to support themselves.

The freemen of colour are in general idle and indolent, yet they may all exercise some trade; and by the royal ordinance of the 14th of March, 1797, are allowed to follow the profession of medicine, in which they are supposed to have made improvements: of which, however, we beg leave most assuredly to doubt.

In describing the condition of the Indians before the arrival of the Europeans, M. Depons declines entering into the discussion, as to *how* the American continent was first peopled, and proceeds to state that America was in general very thinly inhabited; that the Indians were a most dismal and horrible set of animals, stupid, ignorant, treacher-

ous, cruel, idle, idolatrous, and brutally licentious, treating their women with all imaginable barbarity;—that some of them are not yet reduced under subjection by the Spaniards, who are also not very successful in their attempts to civilize those Indians, who are under their dominion;—a circumstance, which M. Depons labours much to persuade us, is owing entirely to the stupidity of the Indians themselves, but from the means, which he details, as used by the Spaniards, particularly the inculcation of the popish superstition, we are irresistibly led to conclude, that the slow progress towards civilizing those beings, is not to be attributed to the incapacity of the native Americans, but to the blind and mistaken policy of the Spanish government. At least, the accounts, which we continually receive of the great success of the *protestant* missionaries in *christianizing* and in *civilizing* the Hottentots, show that it is not altogether impossible to diffuse the light of pure evangelical civilization over the minds of savages and of barbarians.

Indeed, M. Depons, unintentionally, no doubt, contradicts his own assertion, respecting the *stupidity* of the Indians; for he gravely tells us, at page 242, of vol. 1st;—that the old squaws, that is, the Indian women, scattered in different parts of the church, remark on all that the preacher utters. When he speaks of the goodness and power of God, the old squaw replies in a low muttering tone:—if he be so good and powerful, why does he not provide us food, without obliging us to labour for it? If he describes the torments of hell, the squaw replies: has *he*, the parson, been there? who informed him of it? who is come from that quarter? If he expatiates on mortification and abstinence: why, quoth the squaw, does not the holy father, who preaches to us such fine morality, *practice* it *himself?* If he speaks on the subject of confession, the squaw ascribes it to the *curiosity* of the priest, and contends that God has no need of knowing what the Indians are doing.—All which, in our opinion, does not prove the *stupidity* of the Indians; but it most decidedly proves, that the Spaniards do *not* teach the doctrines of the gospel to the native Americans;—which is not very wonder-

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ful, since the Spaniards themselves are utterly ignorant of the whole system of revelation.

M. Depons concludes his first volume with some very judicious remarks, as to the manner, in which the Indians ought to be treated, in order to promote their civilization; he chiefly insists upon the necessity of endeavouring to inspire them with habits of industry; for the accomplishment of which desirable purpose he points out some very feasible regulations. As to any attempts at converting them into *christians* M. Depons, in the true spirit of *French philosophy*, very carefully abstains from even hinting the least necessity for such a measure.

The civil and military organization of the eastern part of Terra-Firma is treated of at considerable length, by M. Depons, and is highly interesting to those, whose inclinations lead them to œconomical investigation. The whole of the Spanish possessions in America is divided into four vice-royalties; Mexico, Peru, Buenos Ayres, and Santa Fé; and six *capitanerias;* Porto Rico, Havanna, Caraccas, Guatimala, Chili, and the Philippine islands in Asia. The *vice-roy*, or captain-general, maintains the Spanish sovereignty, and commands the armed force.

The police was intrusted, as in Spain, to the vigilance of cabildos. For the administration of justice *audiences* were created; and for the preservation of the popish superstition were appointed bishops, chapters, and convents. All these different authorities have enjoyed different degrees of power according to existing circumstances. The supreme administration of affairs in Spanish America is confided to the *council of the Indies*, which was first instituted in 1511.

The captain-general represents the king in the general government of Venezuela, and is also governor and president of the royal audience, and of all the tribunals, excepting those which relate to the royal treasures, and to commerce. To the *royal audience* belongs the exclusive administration of justice in its last resort. The *cabildos* resemble the municipalities established by the constituent assembly in France, excepting that the cabildos have no mayor; they have *alcades in ordinary*, corresponding to the French municipal officers;

regidors, who form the deliberative body, in the same manner as the notables form the council of the commune; a *syndic*, who exercises the same functions that were exercised by the attornies of the commune in the municipalities; and a register, charged with digesting the acts, and the care of the minutes. The alcades in ordinary, in places where there are neither governors nor lieutenant-governors, have cognizance of all such causes, as would be cognizable by governors or lieutenants, in the places were they reside. They are carried by appeal before the audiences. A *justicia mayor* is appointed to moderate the power of the cabildos; to him, or to the alcades, the applicants for justice may have recourse indifferently.

In places where there are no cabildos, a *lieutenant of justice*, at his own discretion, exercises the power of jurisdiction. The miseries resulting from such an impolitic appointment might be readily conceived by those who are in the habit of reflecting. Besides these there are privileged tribunals, called *fueros;* which profess to permit the citizens of each profession to be judged by their compeers.

The forms of the Spanish tribunals are, generally, complicated, tedious, and intolerably expensive. The laws pay great regard to the life of a man, but none to his personal liberty; for he is imprisoned for the smallest debt, and on the slightest suspicion; whence imprisonment is no disgrace to a Spaniard.

The armed force for the protection of the eastern part of Terra-Firma, both by sea and on land, is weak and despicable; offering little or no resistance to an invading enemy.

The popish superstition excludes every denomination of religion from the Spanish possessions. The *Inquisition* reigns in all its terrors, and in all its absurdity, throughout the Caraccas; it has power to condemn to fine, confiscation, banishment, the galleys, or the *flames*. It anathematizes the circulation and the perusal of all books, which it dislikes; and thus contrives to preserve the subjects of the Spanish government in the profoundest ignorance.

The Pope has not much direct and real authority in the Spanish colonies; but the King monopolizes all power and patronage, civil, military and ecclesiastical, throughout his

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dominions. For a full account of the piety, power, and privileges of the bishops, and chapters; the duties of Spanish curates, rectoral, doctrinal, and missional, and a eulogium on French curates as being the models of all divine purity; the ardent zeal of the earlier missionaries, and the cool indifference of the modern missionaries, together with their peculation and oppression; the former excessive number of secular priests, and monks, and the causes, which now operate to diminish the number of these drones; the great abundance and the great mischief of donations to monasteries, and prebends; the quantity and quality of churches, and the absurdity and injustice of making those churches *asylums* from the arm of law, and the consequent multiplication of crimes, particularly of *assassination*, we must refer the reader to the 2d volume of M. Depons' work, from page 87 to 185.

All the lands in the Caraccas are holden primarily of the crown; irrigation is the principal mode of manuring land, and the cause of innumerable lawsuits, for the benefit of the lawyers, the ruin of the clients, and the obstruction of agriculture. Much pains have been taken to prevent real property from being swallowed up in the gulph of *mortmain*, that is, the cession of lands to ecclesiastical bodies, which are always ready to receive, but never part with the possession of landed property; but the labours of the Spanish government on this head have been hitherto ineffectual, and the deluded, ignorant people, still continue to give to the priests, that property, which they cannot carry with them into the grave, in order to ensure their way to heaven; and thus, most assuredly, injure their country by diminishing the progress of agriculture, without in the least, whatever they may think of it, forwarding their own eternal salvation.

The soil of the Caraccas resembles that of Europe, excepting that the mould is not so deep; nevertheless its fertility is great. The chief productions of this part of the Spanish continent are very abundantly related by M. Depons, who will inform the reader, how cacao is cultivated; how chocolate thins or thickens the fluids, how it should be boiled up with sugar and cream, and how it should be drank at breakfast, or at noon; the modes of cultivating indigo, cotton, coffee, su-

gar, and tobacco, are also related with much minuteness and much ingenuity.

Some regulations are pointed out for the purpose of encouraging agriculture, which is rapidly declining in the Caraccas, by rendering its followers respectable, and by establishing a chamber of commerce in the chief city of each government, with full power to decide upon all causes relating to the watering of grounds, and to promote industry, and to simplify labour. But, perhaps, a much more certain method of promoting the best interests of agriculture would be, to give *personal liberty* and *individual independence* to the inhabitants, who would be much more speedily roused to exertion by the calls of their own immediate interest, than by all the regulations of a chamber of commerce, although it should be attended with all the forms and ceremonies, which are recommended by M. Depons.

The seventh chapter is concluded by an earnest exhortation to establish a *printing-press* at Caraccas; a measure, which the systematic tyranny, and the infatuated policy of Spain has hitherto most strenuously refused to carry into effect.

To be continued.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR, &c.

(Continued from Vol. 3, No. 5, page 320.)

THE contents of this poem, as abridged from the argument to each of the two books, of which the work consists, are these—an address to Albion, Caledonia, Erin, and the foes of Britain—charge of the genius of England to Nelson—he obeys the charge—description of the morning and of his fleet leaving England—morning of the battle—Villeneuve commander in chief of the combined fleets—his character—he ranges the French and Spanish ships alternately—their order described—ominous appearances at their setting sail—the whole fleet approaches, ranged for battle in the form of a crescent—the order in which the British fleet engaged.——General view of the hostile fleets—description of

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the battle—episode to Alfred a British youth, who is slain in the battle—victory of the British—death of Nelson.

Mr. Drummond, the author, shows by this poem, that he has diligently and effectually studied the great father of poetry, Homer, whose simplicity and strength of style he often successfully imitates. The *machinery*, such as the *appearance* of the genius of England, and the *personification* of the ships, raises no interest in our minds, because we immediately see the impossibility and the absurdity of such measures. Yet as a *descriptive*, a *tender*, and, occasionally, a *sublime* writer, Mr. Drummond might be recommended to the admiration of the reader. Some irregularities of diction and some prosaic lines occur; together with evident marks of toil and labour to be terrible and great, without always producing the desired effect; but the poem considered as a whole, is very interesting, and entitles the author to considerable praise as a man of genius and a scholar.

The poem is accompanied with a few small notes, which do not convey any very novel or very extraordinary information. The book is printed carelesly, and on very coarse and shabby paper; a custom too prevalent in this country, and, certainly, prejudicial to the interest of literature, by raising in the mind associations of vulgar and degraded import, as inseparably connected with men of letters and their productions.

In order to give the reader some opportunity of judging, whether or not Mr. Drummond possesses the power of rousing the imagination into action, and of touching the tender affections of the heart, we subjoin the following citations from the poem now under review.—The lines with which the first book commences, are worthy of transcription, for the touch ing solemnity of sentiment, and the force of expression, which they display.

What flags, low-streaming o'er the murmuring deep,
In mournful triumph bid Britannia weep?
What sounds of sorrow reach the listening shore?
—Mourn, Albion, mourn, thy Nelson is no more!
While grief and joy their tides alternate roll,
In rapid eddies o'er thy troubled soul;
With tearful smiles thy blushing laurels view

Bedropped with blood, and twined with funeral yew;
The hard-earned trophies from Iberia won,
Or torn from Gallia, by thy bravest son.
Let Caledonia, robed in sable vest,
Her locks loose-floating o'er her throbbing breast,
In all the sweet solemnity of wo,
Bid the sad dirge in weeping numbers flow;
Till hill and vale, and rock, and echoing dell
Resound the wild notes of the sweet-ton'd shell,
In hollow cadence to the wild-waves roar,
—Mourn, Britain, mourn, thy Nelson is no more!
Thou, too, green Erin, join the plaintive lay,
And mourn with me Trafalgar's fatal day;
Touched with the sacred sympathy of song,
High on thy beetling clifts the dirge prolong;
Pour thy lorn sorrows on the sighing gale,
And let thy thrilling harp repeat the tale;
While tears, fast-gushing from their copious springs,
In trembling radiance glisten on the strings;
Waft the sad strains around the emerald shore;
Nelson, the brave, the mighty is no more!
But ye, proud foes of Britain! loud rejoice,
Rise from defeat, and lift th' exulting voice:
The prince of ocean, Albion's brightest star,
Bronte's dread lord, that thunderbolt of war,
Whose haughty ship with blazing flag unfurl'd,
Bore Britain's glory round the subject world,
With storm and battle shook each hostile shore;
Nelson, your scourge, your terror, is no more.
But with your triumph fame's loud trump shall tell,
The hero more than conquered when he fell;
Deep in the waves your navies he entombed,
Your glory blasted, and your strength consumed."

The two last verses are sufficiently tame and prosaic. —Again, at page 7, having omitted the speech which the Genius of England makes to Nelson, we are presented with the following animated lines; the personification or the figure called *prosopopeia*, is abundantly used; but the excellence of the poetry fully compensates for the frequent introduction of ideal personages.—

He heard obedient;—to the rising gale
Unfurled his banner, stretched the sinuous sail;
And o'er the billow towered his awful form,
Clad in the gathering terrors of the storm;

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The foamy surge with winged speed he sweeps,
And England's prayers attend him o'er the deeps.
  Fair from her ruby-throne, with roseate smiles,
The morn in glory clothed the sparkling isles;
Light o'er the billow's glassy concaves roll'd
The playful radiance of her fluid gold;
The silvery surges drank the purple day,
And rain-bow colours tinge the dashing spray;
The milk-white foam along the pebbly strand
Dance on the surf, or fringe the rustling sand;
While round and round the sportive sea-fowl flew,
Or dipt its plumage in the briny dew.
The silken pendants from the towering mast,
Streamed o'er the wave, and wantoned in the blast.
The furrowing keels the sounding ocean plough'd
With sailor's cries the cliffs re-echoed loud.
  Britannia view'd the scene with conscious pride,
And hailed her castled bulwarks on the tide:
But Victory's heart was thrilled with joy and pain,
Her soul prophetic saw her Nelson slain:
Her helm unbound, her tresses wooed the wind,
The laurel wreath her rosy fingers twined
Was washed in tears;—and while she hailed her child,
She fondly smiled and wept,—and wept and smiled.
  Th' unconscious sailors sung their Nelson's name,
Proud of their chief, and glorying in his fame:
Rocked by rude whirlwinds in his infant bed,
Nursed by rough danger, and to battle bred,
Inspiring fame to glory bade him steer,
And conquest followed in his bright career:
Each nobler virtue in his soul they scan,
That forms the hero, or adorns the man:
In peace, like zephyr, that at noon-tide hour,
Sips the mild fragrance of the vernal flower;
In war, impetuous as the bolt of heaven,
Winged with red blazes, and in vengeance driven.
What blasting lightnings from his angry eye
Devour the foe, and make the valiant fly!
His form, his looks, his actions, all inspire
The warrior's thirst of fame the hero's soul of fire:
With ardent flame they burn to prove the fight,
And humble Spain beneath Britannia's might.
  But Spain, the victim of a just dismay,
With Gallia's squadrons safe at anchor lay;
While Britain's lions raged around the main,
And Erin's wolf-dogs claimed the fight in vain:

Insulting France,—with all her scornful boasts,
A slave imprisoned on her blood-stained coasts.

The second book opens with a view of the hostile fleets, and presents a fair specimen of Mr. Drummond's poetical powers, descriptive, and moralizing.

Thus through the deep the marshalled navies steer,
Fate leads the van, and Havoc joins the rear;
The flags of France in martial splendour glow,
In circuit vast, like heaven's refulgent bow,
When, bending o'er the boundless fields of space,
The world hangs glistening in its wide embrace;
But Britain's squadrons o'er the surges past,
Like two black clouds before the driving blast,
When low, and dense, o'er-shadowing earth, they sail,
Charged with dark thunder, tempest, fire, and hail:
In gorgeous pomp their floating banners stream,
And, like the impetuous comet's ruddy gleam;
The ardent fires of contest seem to shed,
Pouring new glories on each warrior's head;
Such glorious fleets old ocean ne'er had seen,
Arrayed for battle on his realms of green;
Not such a force the Grecian heroes bore,
Breathing revenge upon the Trojan shore:
Not with such fleets the indignant Romans came,
To fire the Tyrian towers with raging flame:
Nor rich Iberia, when her scornful pride
Launched her Armada on the sounding tide,
With vain intent to pour her mighty host
On Albion's shores;—such potent fleets could boast.
Then heaven's dread storms, and Britain's whelming ire,
Sunk in the deep, or clothed in vengeful fire.
Such direful ruin, such inglorious fate,
On every proud invader's steps await;
The hour he meets insulted Britain's eyes,
Her lightnings blast him, and that hour he dies.
Alas! how soon shall all this gallant sight
Be wrapt in flames, and death, and lurid night.
Ere gloomy darkness spread her ebon wing,
Or eve her shades upon the waves shall fling,
The proudest ships, that ride the buoyant flood
Shall sink entombed beneath a sea of blood;
Or burst to pieces in the scorching air,
With not a fragment left to tell they were.
No other morn shall heaven permit to rise
On many a French and British warrior's eyes;

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This fatal day shall many a widow mourn,
Bending in silence o'er her husband's urn;
The rose on many a virgin's cheek turn pale,
And many an orphan sadden at the tale."

We shall now conclude our review of the Battle of Trafalgar, with the following episode, the whole of which, although of considerable length, we shall transcribe; because the simplicity of the narrative, the tender touches of nature, the aptness and the amplitude of the similies, and the minute and particular descriptions, setting the scenes which they pourtray strongly before our eyes; all shew that Mr. Drummond has carefully studied, and skilfully availed himself of the chief excellencies of the author of the Iliad.

First in the conflict with tempestuous force
A youth of Britain urged his fateful course:
Dark on his shaded brow sate grim despair,
Gleamed in his eye, and tossed his bushy hair;
Long had his bosom throbbed with love's alarms,
And felt the matchless power of Ellen's charms;
For Ellen shone with every varying grace;
And potent beauty o'er her form and face
Shed the sweet magic, that with guileless art,
Trills every cord that binds the lover's heart.
Nor long against his pleasing suit she strove,
But owned his influence, and confessed her love.
And now the nuptial morn appointed shone
To bless their mutual vows, and make them one:
The blushing virgin clothed in charms divine
With fluttering heart approached the holy shrine;
When Fame, in sorrow, brought the dreadful truth,
That some false fair engaged the fickle youth;
Deep through her gentle soul chill horror ran,
Yet her meek tongue no curses poured on man:
She wished for death; but heaven denied the boon,
And wrapped in phrensied shades her mental noon:
The beauteous maniac fled the haunts of men,
Traced the sea-beach, or sought the lonely glen.
He, easy victim of a slanderous tale,
Cursed his hard fate, and fled his native vale;
Deep to his soul remorse impelled her dart,
Twined her fell vipers round a wounded heart,
And spurred him forward on his country's foe,
To seek in death a refuge from his wo.

But long he sought in vain ;—the trenchant blade
Round his loose wrist in flaming circles played,
Like vengeful lightning ;—burst the dense array,
Mowed down the foe, and hewed resistless way.
First, stout Alcanzor, from the shores of Spain,
Felt the keen fury in his spouting brain.
Long had he joyed in battle's loud alarm ;
Firm was his heart, and valour strung his arm ;
But superstition, still to reason blind,
With iron sceptre ruled his darkened mind ;
Bravely he dared the British foe to meet,
Fired by the dictates of a holy cheat :—
" That heaven would grant his arms the laurel crown,
" And bind his brow with triumph and renown !"
But Alfred's driving steel their virtue tried,
And shewed his country that the prophet lied.
  Then fell young Valmont from the banks of Seine ;
Fair was his face, and faultless as his mien ;
But better was he skilled to please the fair,
Than mix with heroes in the bristly war.
Joined to the ranks of Spain, with proud desire,
He raised the tube to aim his missile fire ;
But ere he touched the spring the British sword
The arm had severed from its trembling lord.
Swift through the neck a second blow succeeds,
And low in death the gay Parisian bleeds.
  So falls a lily, lopp'd in sportive mood,
By rod of school-boy, sauntering through the wood ;
His frequent blows the tallest blossoms strike,
Thistle and wild-rose feel his rage alike ;
With flowery spoils earth's fragrant lap he spreads,
And thinks he lops stout warrior's crested heads.
  Then Carlos fell.—From Tagus' golden sands
The youth ill-fated led his warlike bands :
The rending steel deep-entering in his side
Drew through the opening ribs a gory tide.
  Rushing impetuous to his friend's relief,
Alonzo marked his fall with rage and grief ;
For virtue's holy laws, and plighted truth,
In deathless love had bound him to the youth ;
With keen revenge his ardent bosom burn'd,—
Quick on the foe his crimson steel he turn'd.
  Fierce as a lion on Caffraria's sands,
Whose mate has fallen by the hunter's hands,
In love's dread season, when the raging flame
Fires his bold heart, and thrills his senewy frame :
Robbed of his joy he roars along the plain,
Winds his long tail, and shakes his horrent mane ;

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From his red eye-ball darts the frequent flash,
Foam his wide jaws, his teeth ferocious gnash:
On the armed foe he springs with sudden bound,
And both lie slain by many a mutual wound.
So fierce Alonzo on the Britain sprung—
Their swords struck fire, and loud their death-clash rung;
One blade had oft been dyed in Moorish gore;
One gleamed on Caledonia's hills of yore,
What time, in God's and freedom's holy cause,
Wallace and Bruce opposed a tyrant's laws:
In many a rapid, fiery whirl they move,
Now shine below, and now they glance above:
Long in the horrid pastime they delight,
And victory hovers o'er the doubtful fight.
At length, with gathered strength upon the foe
Th' impatient Briton aims a furious blow;
Close by the ear the thundering blade descends,
Swift through the riven jaw a passage rends,
And glancing edgeways with a keen control,
Through the gash'd windpipe frees th' indignant soul.
But in the instant,—at th' unguarded chest
Th' Iberian's hand the rapid steel address'd,
With nervous thrust, and pierced the mortal part,
Where rolls the vital current from the heart:
Fast spouts th' arterial gore;—in death he lies,
And shades relentless settle on his eyes.
O ill starred youth!—no maiden o'er thy tomb,
Shall pour the precious tears, or mourn thy doom;
But oft thy injured Ellen's faded form,
Wet with the dew, and trembling in the storm,
By the wild margin of the lonely deep,
Unconscious of thy fate, shall sit and weep;
Or oft, as fancy's pleasing dreams beguile,
O'er her wan cheek shall steal such mournful smile,
As e'en from iron hearts would force a sigh,
Or draw a tear from stern oppression's eye;
In gentlest whispers shall she chide thy stay,
And bid her soul's first joy,—her Alfred come away."—

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, *commander in chief of the armies of the United States of America, throughout the war which established their independence; and first President of the United States. By David Ramsay, M. D. author of the History of the American Revolution.* New-York: printed by Hopkins and Seymour, and sold, whole-

sale and retail, by Geo. F. Hopkins, no. 118 Pearl-street; sold also by the principal booksellers in Boston, Providence, Newport, Hartford, and New-Haven; by C. and A. Conrad and Co. and Samuel F. Bradford, Philadelphia; Warner and Hannah, and Cole and J. Bonsal, Baltimore; William Pritchard, Richmond; Robert Gray, Alexandria; E. Morford and John Hoff, Charleston. Sold likewise, wholesale only, by the proprietor, E. S. Thomas, Baltimore.—1807. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 376.

DR. Ramsay has already secured unto himself a very respectable station in the republic of letters by his History of the American Revolution; nor will this life of Washington have the least tendency to diminish the author's well-earned literary reputation. The narrative is compressed, rapid and interesting; the style is plain, perspicuous, and sufficiently forcible; the author's own reflections are but sparingly introduced; yet they are, in general, so apt and so judicious, as to raise our regret, that the biographer has not favoured us more frequently and more abundantly with his own remarks and observations upon the events, which he records.

In order to satisfy the reader, that our high approbation of this work is not unfounded, we shall transcribe the character of General Washington, as a fair specimen of Doctor Ramsay's style, of his powers of description, and of drawing general conclusions from a previous induction of particular facts.—At page 328, we are told that,

—"The person of George Washington was uncommonly tall. Mountain air, abundant exercise in the open country, the wholesome toils of the chase, and the delightful scenes of rural life, expanded his limbs to an unusual, but graceful and well-proportioned size. His exterior suggested to every beholder the idea of strength, united with manly gracefulness. His form was noble and his port majestic. No man could approach him but with respect. His frame was robust, his constitution vigorous, and he was capable of enduring great fatigue. His passions were naturally strong; with them was his first contest, and over them his first victory. Before he undertook to command others he had thoroughly learned to command himself. The powers of his mind were more solid than brilliant. Judgment was his forte. To vivacity, wit, and the sallies of a lively imagination he made no pretensions. His faculties resembled those of Aristotle, Bacon, Locke and Newton; but were very unlike those of Voltaire."

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Here we pause a moment, to observe, that, with all due deference, however, to the opinion of Doctor Ramsay, we cannot coincide with this last position; because we have been taught to believe, that the prominent and great characteristic features of the minds of Newton, Locke, Bacon, and Aristotle, were those of *originality* and *invention;* the power of striking out *new* paths in the boundless regions of intellectual inquiry, and of kindling a flame, to light and to direct the footsteps of succeeding ages; in one word, that they eminently possessed *genius* or the power of generalizing;—that the principal characteristic of Washington's mind, was that of sound *judgment*, not *invention;* that it was the power of coming to a right conclusion from carefully examining the opinions and sentiments of others. Indeed, Doctor Ramsay, himself, confirms this statement, when he says, at page 329, that, "of a thousand propositions he—(Washington)—knew to distinguish the best."

We, however, most cordially agree with Doctor Ramsay, when he says, that the faculties of General Washington were very unlike those of Voltaire; for we firmly believe, that they had nothing in common; and that no commensurability could exist between them. The biographer thus proceeds:

"Possessed of a large proportion of common sense, directed by a sound practical judgment, he was better fitted for the exalted stations to which he was called, than many others, who to a greater brilliancy of parts, frequently add the eccentricities of genius.

"Truth and utility were his objects. He steadily pursued and generally attained them. With this view he thought much, and closely examined every subject, on which he was to decide in all its relations. Neither passion, party-spirit, pride, prejudice, ambition, nor interest influenced his deliberations. In making up his mind on great occasions, many of which occurred, in which the fate of the army or nation seemed involved, he sought for information from all quarters, revolved the subject by night and by day, and examined it in every point of view. Guided by these lights, and influenced by an honest and good heart, he was imperceptibly led to decisions, which were wise and judicious. Perhaps, no man ever lived who was so often called upon to form a judgment in cases of real difficulty, and who so often formed a right one. Engaged in the busy scenes of life, he knew human nature, and

the most proper methods of accomplishing proposed objects. Of a thousand propositions he knew to distinguish the best, and to select among a thousand the individual most fitted for his purpose.

"As a military man, he possessed personal courage, and a firmness, which neither dangers nor difficulties could shake. His perseverance over-came every obstacle; his moderation conciliated all opposition; his genius supplied every resource. He knew how to conquer by delay, and deserved true praise by despising unmerited censure. Inferior to his adversary in the numbers, the equipment, and discipline of his troops, no great advantage was ever obtained over him, and no opportunity to strike an important blow was ever neglected. In the most ardent moments of the contest his prudent firmness proved the salvation of his country.

"The whole range of history does not present a character, on which we can dwell with such entire, unmixed admiration. His qualities were so happily blended, and so nicely harmonized, that the result was a great and perfect whole.

"The integrity of Washington was incorruptible. His principles were free from the contamination of selfish and unworthy passions. His real and avowed motives were the same. His ends were always upright, and his means pure. He was a statesman without guile, and his professions, both to his fellow-citizens and to foreign nations, were always sincere. No circumstances ever induced him to use duplicity. He was an example of the distinction, which exists between wisdom and cunning; and his manly, open conduct, was an illustration of the soundness of the maxim,—that honesty is the best policy.

"The learning of Washington was of a particular kind. He over-stepped the tedious forms of the schools, and by the force of a correct taste and sound judgment seized on the great ends of learning, without the assistance of those means, which have been contrived to prepare less active minds for public business. By a careful study of the English language; by reading good models of fine writing, and above all, by the aid of a vigorous mind, he made himself master of a pure, elegant, and classical style. His composition was all nerve; full of correct and manly ideas, which were expressed in precise and forcible language. His answers to the innumerable addresses, which on all public occasions poured in upon him, were promptly made, handsomely expressed, and always contained something appropriate. His letters to Congress; his addresses to that body on the acceptance and resignation of his commission; his general orders, as commander in chief; his speeches and messages, as President, and above all, his two fare-well addresses to the people of the United States; will remain lasting monu-

ments of the goodness of his heart, of the wisdom of his head, and of the eloquence of his pen.

The powers of his mind were in some respects peculiar. He was a great, practical, self-taught genius; with a head to devise, and a hand to execute projects of the first magnitude and greatest utility.

"There are few men of any kind, and still fewer of those the world calls great, who have not some of their virtues eclipsed by corresponding vices. But this was not the case with General Washington. He had religion without austerity, dignity without pride, modesty without diffidence, courage without rashness, politeness without affectation, affability without familiarity. His private character, as well as his public one, will bear the strictest scrutiny. He was punctual in all his engagements; upright and honest in his dealings; temperate in his enjoyments; liberal and hospitable to an eminent degree; a lover of order; systematical and methodical in all his arrangements. He was the friend of morality and religion; steadily attended on public worship; encouraged and strengthened the hands of the clergy. In all his public acts he made the most respectful mention of Providence, and in a word, carried the spirit of piety with him, both in his private life and public administration.

"Washington had to form soldiers of freemen, many of whom had extravagant ideas of their personal rights. He had often to mediate between a starving army, and a high spirited yeomanry. So great were the necessities of the soldiers under his command, that he was obliged to send out detachments to seize on the property of the farmers at the point of the bayonet. The language of the soldier was,—Give me cloathing, give me food, or I cannot fight, I cannot live.—The language of the farmer was,—Protect my property.—In this choice of difficulties General Washington not only kept his army together, but conducted with so much prudence as to command the approbation both of the army and of the citizens. He was also dependant for much of his support on the concurrence of thirteen, distinct, unconnected legislatures. Animosities prevailed between his Southern and Northern troops, and there were strong jealousies between the states, from which they respectively came. To harmonize these clashing interests, to make uniform arrangements from such discordant sources and materials, required no common share of address. Yet so great was the effect of the modest, unassuming manners of General Washington, that he retained the affection of all his troops, and of all the states.

"He also possessed equanimity in an eminent degree. One even tenour marked the greatness of his mind in all the variety of scenes through which he passed. In the most trying situations he never despaired, nor was he ever depressed. He was the same, when retreating through Jersey from before a victorious enemy, with the remains of his broken army, as when marching in triumph into York-town, over its demolished fortifications. The honours and applause he received from his grateful countrymen would have made almost any other man giddy; but on him they had no mischievous effect. He exacted none of those attentions, but when forced upon him, he received them as favours, with the politeness of a well-bred man. He was great in deserving them, but much greater in not being elated with them.

"The patriotism of Washington was of the most ardent kind, and without alloy. He was very different from those noisy patriots, who with love of country in their mouths, and hell in their hearts, lay their schemes of aggrandizing themselves at every hazard; but he was one of those, who love their country in sincerity, and who hold themselves bound to consecrate all their talents to its service. Numerous were the difficulties, with which he had to contend; great were the dangers he had to encounter; various were the toils and services, in which he had to share; but to all difficulties and dangers he rose superior; to all toils and services he cheerfully submitted for his country's good.

"In principle, Washington was a federal-republican, and a republican-federalist. Liberty and law, the rights of man, and the control of government were equally dear to him; and in his opinion, equally necessary to political happiness. He was devoted to that system of equal political rights, on which the constitution of his country was founded; but thought that real liberty could only be maintained by preserving the authority of the laws, and giving tone and energy to government. He conceived there was an immense difference between a balanced republic and a tumultuous democracy, or a faction, calling themselves the people; and a still greater between a patriot and a demagogue. He highly respected the deliberate sentiments of the people, but their sudden ebullitions made no impression on his well-balanced mind. Trusting for support to the sober, second thoughts of the nation, he had the magnanimity to pursue its real interests, in opposition to prevailing prejudices. He placed a proper value on popular favour, but could never stoop to gain it by a sacrifice of duty, by artifice, or flattery. In critical times he committed his well-earned popularity to hazard, and steadily pursued the line of conduct,

which was dictated by a sense of duty, against an opposing popular torrent.

" While war raged in Europe the hostile nations would scarce endure a neutral. America was in great danger of being drawn by force or intrigue into the vortex. Strong parties in the United States rendered the danger more imminent; and it required a temperate, but inflexible government to prevent the evil. In this trying state of things Washington was not to be moved from the true interests of his country. His object was America, and her interest was to remain in peace. Faction at home, and intrigue and menace from abroad, endeavoured to shake him, but in vain: he remained firm and immovable in the storm that surrounded him. Foreign intrigue was defeated, and foreign insolence was repressed by his address and vigour; while domestic faction, dashing against him, broke itself to pieces. He met the injustice, both of Britain and France by negociation, rather than by war; but maintained towards both that firm attitude, which was proper for the magistrate of a free state. He commanded their respect, and preserved the tranquillity of his country. In his public character he knew no nation but as friends in peace, as enemies in war. Towards one he forgot ancient animosities, when the recollection of them opposed the interests of his country. Towards another he renounced a fantastic gratitude, when it was claimed only to involve his nation in war.

" With Washington it was an invariable maxim of policy to secure his country against the injustice of foreign nations, by being in a condition to command their respect, and punish their aggressions. The defence of our commerce, the fortification of the ports, and the organization of a military force, were objects, to which he paid particular attention. To the gradual formation of an American navy he was friendly; and also to military institutions, which are calculated to qualify the youth of the country for its defence. War he deprecated as a great evil, inferior only to the loss of honour and character; but thought it was most easily avoided by being ready for it, while by the practice of universal justice, none could have any real ground of complaint. In foreign transactions his usual policy was to cultivate peace with all the world; to observe treaties with pure and absolute faith; to check every deviation from the line of impartiality; to explain what was misapprehended, and to correct what was injurious; and then to insist upon justice being done to the nation, over which he presided;—In controversies with foreign nations it was his favourite maxim so to *conduct* [*himself*] towards them, " as to put them in the wrong."

"In his transactions with the Indian tribes Washington was guided by justice, humanity, and benevolence. His authority and influence were exerted to restrain the licentious white contiguous settlers from injuring their red neighbours. To supply their wants, and prevent impositions, he strongly urged the erection of trading houses in their settlements, from which they were furnished by government with goods at first cost. The unprincipled were restrained from preying on their ignorance, by excluding all but licensed persons, with good characters, from trading with them. All this was done to pave the way for their civilization.

"When Washington commenced his civil administration the United States were without any efficient government. After they had adopted one of their choice, and placed him at its head, he determined that it should be respected. By his firmness, order soon took place. There was one exception. The western counties of Pennsylvania rose in arms to resist the law for raising a revenue, by an excise on domestic distilled ardent spirits. On this occasion, the fixed resolution of Washington was, that whatever expense it might cost, whatever inconvenience it might occasion, the people must be taught obedience, and the authority of the laws re-established. To secure this object, peculiarly important in the infancy of the new government, he ordered out, and put himself at the head of an ample force, calculated to render resistance desperate, and thereby to save the lives of his fellow-citizens.

"In consequence of such decided measures the insurgents dispersed, and peace and order were restored without bloodshed. The necessity of subordination was impressed on the citizens, and the firmness of Washington's personal character was communicated to the government.

"Having accomplished every object for which he re-entered public life, he gave, for the second time, the rare example of voluntarily descending from the first station in the universe, —the head of a free people, placed there by unanimous suffrage. To the pride of reigning his soul was superior. To its labours he submitted only for his country.

"Rulers of the world! Learn from Washington wherein true glory consists;—Restrain your ambition:—Consider your power as an obligation to do good—Let the world have peace, and prepare for yourselves the enjoyment of that ecstatic pleasure, which will result from devoting all your energies to the advancement of human happiness.

"Citizens of the United States! While with grateful hearts you recollect the virtues of your Washington, carry your thoughts one step farther. On a review of his life, and of all

the circumstances of the times, in which he lived, you must be convinced, that a kind Providence in its beneficence raised him, and endowed him with extraordinary virtues, to be to you an instrument of great good. None but such a man could have carried you successfully through the revolutionary times, which tried men's souls, and ended in the establishment of your independence. None but such a man could have braced up your government after it had become so contemptible, from the imbecility of the federal system. None but such a man could have saved your country from being plunged into war, either with the greatest naval power in Europe, or with that which is most formidable by land, in consequence of your animosity against the one, and your partiality in favour of the other.

"Youths of the United States! Learn from Washington what may be done by an industrious improvement of your talents, and the cultivation of your moral powers. Without any extraordinary advantages from birth, fortune, patronage, or even of education, he, by virtue and industry, attained the highest seat in the temple of fame. You cannot all be commanders of armies, or chief magistrates; but you may all resemble him in the virtues of private and domestic life, in which he excelled, and in which he most delighted. Equally industrious with his plough as his sword, he esteemed idleness and inutility as the greatest disgrace of man, whose powers attain perfection only by constant and vigorous action. Washington, in private life, was as amiable as virtuous; and as great as he appeared sublime on the public theatre of the world. He lived in the discharge of all the civil, social, and domestic offices of life. He was temperate in his desires, and faithful to his duties. For more than forty years of happy wedded love his high example strengthened the tone of public manners. He had more real enjoyment in the bosom of his family, than in the pride of military command, or in the pomp of sovereign power.

"On the whole, his life affords the brightest model for imitation, not only to warriors and statesmen, but to private citizens; for his character was a constellation of all the talents and virtues, which dignify or adorn human nature.

> He was a man, take him for all in all,
> We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

We much doubt if ever the verb *conduct* is used by classical writers, as Doctor Ramsay uses it; namely, without an accusative substantive immediately following; as, he conducted *himself*, he conducted *business*, &c. To conduct is a verb

active, and does not allow such an expression as "so to *conduct* towards them, &c." See page 336.

The appendix contains—The address and petition of the officers of the army of the United States, to the United States in congress assembled;—the fare-well address of General Washington to the armies of the United States;—and General Washington's will,

This book is neatly and accurately printed on good paper.

FOURTH SECTION.

COMMUNICATIONS.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE MONUMENT INTENDED TO BE ERECTED ON THE SPOT WHERE HAMILTON FELL.

IT is universally known, that General Hamilton was killed in a duel by Colonel Burr on the shore of New Jersey, opposite to the city of New-York. The following lines are from the pen of one, whose muse has frequently delighted and instructed the people of America.

Go, stranger, to the man of honour, say
That these rude, solitary haunts beheld
The saddest comment on his creed of blood.
Say, that thy step explor'd the shadowy cliff,
Whose bosom, shuddering at the deed, receiv'd
The first of heroes, when he fell.—And oh!
If Honour leave its votary a pulse,
That yet can vibrate at its country's fate;
Say, that the living lip is mute, whose force
Could chain the despot, or allure the throng;
Now, awful as the voice of thunder, now,
Persuasive as the sigh of youthful love.
Tell him, the Beacon, by kind Heaven ordain'd,
To hold its lofty vigils, and await
The fearful crisis of the coming storm,
Flings its broad beam no more; while Freedom sits
Disconsolate, and Heaven-ward sighing, veils

Her form in sackcloth, and her face in tears.
Then ask, if in the arms of victory
Her hero fell;—or if the gradual lapse
Of nature, or bereavement's anguish to
The languid ebb of being gave repose;
Or if 'twas not the unbending majesty,
The 'indignant brow, the bold, unvarnished mien
Of persecuted greatness, that provok'd
The practis'd aim of Infamy; and wove
The sable mantle of a nation's wo.

LODINUS.

This strain shall be heard no more. The harp of Lodinus is unstrung, and cold is the hand that waked its sound. The ashes of Lodinus are yet warm; and on his recent turf are still flowing the tears of his parents, relatives and friends, who mourn in the bitterness of anguish, over the untimely fate of him, whose talents, when matured by years, and strengthened by cultivation, promised to dignify and adorn his age and country.

MONTHLY LIST

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS; OF WORKS IN THE PRESS; AND NOTICES OF WORKS IN HAND.

ORIGINAL WORKS.

A Discourse, delivered before the members of the Boston Female Asylum, on the 15th Sept. 1807, being their seventh anniversary celebration, by the Rev. Dr. Morse, of Charlestown. Boston, Manning and Loring.

The sixth number of the Christian Monitor: containing Mason's treatise on Self-knowledge. Price 30 cents. Boston, Munroe and Francis.

Politics for Farmers. Coarse copies, price 25 cents. Philadelphia, W. Duane.

A Traverse Table to every degree and quarter degree of the compass or horizon. By Mr. Garnett. Price 75 cents. New-York, E. Sargeant.

The British Treaty. Price 37½ cents. New-York, T. and J. Swords.

Peace without Dishonour, War without Hope; being a calm and dispassionate inquiry into the question of the Chesapeake, and the necessity and expediency of a war. By a Yankee Farmer. Boston, Greenough and Stebbins.

REPUBLICATIONS.

The Works of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke, complete in 4 vols. 8vo. boards, price 10 dollars. Boston, John West and O. C. Greenleaf.

Boswell's Life of Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. Vols. 1 and 2.—Price $2 25 to subscribers, in boards. Boston, Andrews and Cummings and L. Blake.

Lectures on Ecclesiastical History, by the late George Campbell, D. D. principal of the Marischal college, Aberdeen. To which is added, his celebrated essay on Miracles, containing an examination of the principles advanced by David Hume, Esq. Philadelphia, B. B. Hopkins and Co.

Vols. 3 and 4 of Select Speeches, forensic and parliamentary, with prefatory remarks. By N. Chapman, M. D. honorary member of the royal medical society of Edinburgh, and member of the American Philosophical Society. Philadelphia, B. B. Hopkins and Co.

Simple Tales, by Mrs. Opie, 2 vols. 12mo. price two dollars in boards. Georgetown, district of Columbia, J. March.

The Manures most advantageously applicable to the various kinds of soils; and the cause of their beneficial effects. By Richard Kirwan, F. R. S.. and M. R. I. A. author of the Elements of Mineralogy, &c. Price 37½ cents. Philadelphia, Kimber, Conrad and Co.

To-morrow; or the Dangers of Delay, by Maria Edgeworth. Price 31¼ cents. New-York, E. Sargeant.

Religious Pieces: containing Pious Reflections for every day of the month, by Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray; the Superiority of Religious views, by John Langhorne, D. D. the Choice and Criterion of Religion, by the Rev. J. Moir, A. M. on Gaining the Favour of God, by Mrs. Chapone. Price 25 cents. New-York, E. Sargeant.

The Contrast. By Maria Edgeworth. Price 37½ cents. New-York, E. Sargeant.

WORKS ANNOUNCED AND IN THE PRESS.

Mr. Dobson, of Philadelphia, proposes printing by subscription, the History of Baptism, by the Rev. R. Robinson, (of Cambridge, England) abridged by the Rev. Samuel Jones, D. D. in 1 vol. 8vo. of 500 pages. Price in boards 2 dollars.

Proposals have been issued in Philadelphia, for publishing, by subscription, the ancient and modern music of Ireland, with songs suited to the character and expression of its beautiful melodies. The work is to appear in 4to. at 5½ dols. a vol. the number of vols. not mentioned.

In the press and to be published in numbers at stated periods, illustrated by elegant copperplate engravings, the American Military Library, being a repository of all that is necessary to a due knowledge, of the principles and practice of modern tactics, from the first elements of discipline, through all the details of manœuvre, and the combination of every species of troops that constitute armies, particularly adapted to the militia of the United States, comprehending the whole of the modern French system of discipline. Philadelphia, Wm. Duane.

T. S. Manning, of Philadelphia, has in the press, the Lay of the Irish Harp, and the third edition of the Wild Irish Girl, both by Miss Owenson.

P. Denham and T. Town, of Philadelphia, propose to publish a complete Military Tutor, to be delivered to subscribers in numbers at 50 cents each, eight of which will complete the work. The whole to make two handsome vols. 8vo.

S. F. Bradford, Philadelphia, has in the press, a Portraiture of Methodism; being an impartial view of the rise, progress, doctrines, discipline and manners, of the Wesleyan Methodists. By Joseph Nightingale.

Alsop, Brannan and Alsop, of New-York, have in the press the the first volume of Schoals and Lefroy's Reports of Cases argued and determined in the High Court of Chancery, in Ireland, during the time of Lord Redesdale.

Wm. P. Farrand and Co. of Philadelphia, have in the press Douglass, Wilson, and Cowper's Reports; Roberts on Fraudulent Conveyancing; Kyd on Awards; and Watson on Partnership. W. P. F. and Co. are preparing to put Bacon's Abridgment to press, with the addition of English and American law, since Mr. Guillim's notes were added.

Thomas Kirk, of Brooklyn, has in the press, the Discarded Son, a novel by Mrs. Roach.

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

There will shortly be published in Philadelphia a new and interesting work entitled *The Columbiad, a poem in ten Books, by Joel Barlow.*

Twelve engravings will accompany this work. These have been done in England by the most eminent artists and at great expense. They are in the first style of elegance. The typographical part, wholely American, is executed in a manner highly creditable to the several artists employed; the paper by Amies, the type by Binny and Ronaldson, and the printing with consummate care and taste, by Fry and Kammerer. It will be published by C. and A. Conrad, in one volume 4to.

This work is on a great national subject; and while it may be cited as a monument of the genius of our country, the publishers flatter themselves that this edition will do equal honour to our arts.

THE

MONTHLY REGISTER, MAGAZINE, AND REVIEW, OF THE UNITED STATES.

FIRST SECTION.

THE WANDERER, NO. XIII.

HINTS ON THE STATE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

IT has been of late, and is now very much the fashion, with the British literary journals, to sneer mightily and to make themselves merry at the state of literature in America, which they pronounce to be very coarse and very superficial.

Before we give full credence to these assertions, it might not be altogether useless to inquire into the relative condition of America and of Britain, as to their respective claims to intellectual merit.

In Britain the candidates for literary reputation are in the possession of the accumulated learning of many successive centuries; they have free access to large and ample libraries of books, written upon almost every subject of human investigation; from the great crowding of population, they enjoy the inestimable benefit of a continual competition of talent in the intellectual market; owing to the great opulence of the country, individual and collective, there is an incessant demand for literary publications, which are multiplied alike by the vanity of the hereditarily wealthy, who collect together spacious libraries of books, and by the spirit and intelligence of the people at large, who examine for themselves into the merits of the writers which they peruse; from the large and liberal institutions of various seminaries of education, both

schools and colleges, a high bounty of pecuniary emolument and of public honour is perpetually offered for the exertions of literary talents; by the extensive circulation and the salutary influence of many literary journals, replete with information, and full of intellectual vigour, the republic of letters in Britain is lopped of its luxuriance, cleansed of its dulness and ignorance, swept of its frippery and absurdity, chastened in its strength, and brightened in its ornament.

All these and many other causes are continually acting to excite the men of letters in Britain to the exertion of the most energetic and brilliant display of genius and of learning. And do we therefore wonder, that, in every department of literature and of science, they have produced works of such transcendant excellence; that as philosophers, poets, orators, historians, moralists, critics, they command the applause and homage of their contemporaries, and ensure the admiration of all future ages?

But what is the case of America?—The very condition of society in this country forbids its people to possess, as yet, any very exalted literary character. A comparatively thin population, spread over an immense surface of the earth, opposes many great and serious obstacles to the production and to the circulation of literary effusions;—the infancy of its national independence, and the peculiar circumstances of its condition, do not yet allow a sufficient quantity of wealth, individual and general, to be diffused through the country, to create an effectual demand for the costly or the frequent publication of books;—the means of subsistence are so easy of attainment, and the sources of personal revenue are so abundant, that, almost all the talent in the country is actively employed in prosecuting some commercial or agricultural pursuit, instead of being devoted to the calmer and less lucrative labours of literature; the scarcity of public libraries, and large collections of books renders any great attainments in science and erudition very difficult, and very toilsome; the want of literary competition, and of literary rewards and honours, together with the very generally defective means of liberal education, necessarily deter men of high talents from dedicating themselves *solely* to the occupation of letters, and con-

sequently prevent the appearance of those finished productions, which can *only* find an existence, when the efforts of genius are aided by leisure and by learning.

These are *some* of the causes, which contribute to depress the literary market in America; and consequently we shall in vain look for many *original* publications, in this country, which bear the marks of very profound science, or of very comprehensive erudition. Indeed, the literary taste of the generality of readers in America might be pretty accurately known by an inspection of the books which are ranged on the shelves of the *City-Library* of New-York, a town, at least equal to any other place in the union, for the growth of intellectual strength and discernment.

First:—The *Novels* are plentifully thumbed and used, as affording the greatest possible gratification to the *lovers of literature.* Secondly:—*Plays* and *Farces* are in the next degree of requisition. Thirdly:—*Moral Essays*, and *History*, suffer a very little injury in their first and second, and are untouched in any of the subsequent volumes. And lastly:—The *Classics*, and books on *Philosophical* subjects, sleep securely on their shelves, undusted, and undisturbed by any profane hand or prying eye. Of course this statement does not apply to the gentlemen of liberal education, who frequent the library. These, however, are comparatively few in number.

But as is the generality of readers in any country, so will be the generality of writers in that couutry. For the literary, like every other human market, must always be supplied with commodities, as to quality and quantity, exactly in proportion to its effectual demand for literary wares. If the purchasers at this market insist upon being provided with nonsense, there will always be a sufficient quantity of that article for the purposes of supplying the home-consumption trade.

Hence, as must always happen in such a state of things, the press will teem with all those mushroom productions of folly, which are ever engendered by the conjunction of ignorance with impertinence. Thus, at the first dawning of the revival of letters in the south of Europe, did the *Troubadors* and the *Provençal* writers deluge the land with fantastic foppery, and idiot-conceits. Thus, in later times, even in our own

days, the minor men of letters, the dabblers in literature, enter into a small conspiracy against all useful and solid information, and commit a feeble outrage upon the efforts of genius and of learning. And, as is the custom with all weak animals, these *soi-disant literati* throng together in herds, and, while they wage eternal war against all intellect, incessantly besmear the effusions of each other's folly with the ignoble ordure of each other's praise. They perpetually and reciprocally lavish the terms of *ingenious*, *learned*, *illustrious*, *acute* and *profound*, upon the lucubrations of their brethren and themselves, which afford no light, but rather darkness visible; and raise the cry of alarm and horror at the approach even of the distant foot-steps of sense and knowledge. Calves and sheep are always gregarious; are always found in flocks and herds: but the lion ranges alone over the extent of his undisputed dominions. True genius scorns the knavish arts of adulation; it loves to be solitary; and when surrounded by the cackling of folly, it broods over the inmost recesses of its soul in silence, and pines, like the melancholy eagle amidst the meaner domestic birds.

But I am wandering from my subject. Although from the very condition of society in this country we cannot yet reasonably expect to be furnished with many original writers on subjects of profound science, or of extensive learning, yet is there much more literary excellence in America, than ever appears in the market; because, as from the comparative thinness of the population, *authorship* is not a distinct and separate calling, as it is in the more crowded countries of Europe; our *best scholars* are men who follow other pursuits than that of letters only; I mean our professional men, the lawyers, the clergy, the physicians, and some few who are not attached to either of these vocations. Among these, and among our professional bodies, are to be found many individuals, who, on the subjects of learning and of taste, need not turn their backs to any of the literary veterans on the other side of the Atlantic.

From the comparatively small demand for literary productions in this country, our *ablest* and *best informed* men never appear as writers, and the field is left almost entirely clear for

the intellectual efforts of those, who certainly are *not* to be numbered among the best informed, and the ablest men in America. Add to this, that the continual influx of British literature into this country, although it, in one respect, is advantageous, in giving us new knowledge and information upon a vast variety of subjects, yet is prejudicial in this point of view, namely, that it depresses the spirit of American literature, by creating a fastidious rage for foreign publications, and an affectation of contempt for the productions of our own countrymen.

Yet, in spite of all these circumstances, the literary spirit has been for some years past, and is now, rising rapidly in this country; witness the great increase in the importation of foreign books; in the republication of British writers; and in the production of American authors. And witness the change which has, of late, taken place, as to the subjects of conversation among the better bred people of this country.—Instead of being now perpetually annoyed with one unvaried series of gossiping stories, and frivolous remarks upon the state of the weather, their household furniture, or their neighbours, instead of being

" Stunn'd and worn out in endless chat,
Of Will did this, and Nan did that,"

we can seldom fall in with any decent person, *male* or *famale*, without hearing some conversation befitting rational creatures; such as discourse relating to poetry, history, the *belles lettres*, and the more obvious and elementary principles of philosophy and of morals.

The *women* of this country are beginning to learn, that it is not altogether the *business* of their lives, to minister unto the grossest pleasures of man, to be entirely absorbed in the pursuit of dress, and when God hath given them one face, to make unto themselves another; to jig, to amble, and lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make their wantonness their ignorance.

" —— To be so blythe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's *domestic* honour, and chief praise;
Bred only, and completed to the taste

Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye."

They are beginning to discover, that God has given them such high capabilities of excellence, such acute perception, such tender feeling, such lofty imagination, such ardent and honourable affection, for the purpose of becoming something more than the slave of man's brutal appetite; for the purpose of becoming his companion and his guide; the soother of his sorrows, and heightener of his joys; the object of his proud submission, his dignified obedience, his chivalrous adoration; the being, whose smile forms the joy of his life, and the sunshine of his existence.

"'Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower,
In vain, the viewless seraph lingering there,
At starry midnight charm'd the silent air:
In vain the wild bird caroll'd on the steep,
To hail the sun slow-wheeling from the deep:
In vain, to sooth the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure play'd;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmuring of the bee.
Still slowly past the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray:
The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sigh'd, 'till *woman smil'd.*"

The women in France, for nearly a century, and the women in Britain, for some years past, have most effectually contributed to increase the spirit of intellectual excellence among their countrymen, by raising themselves up from the degradation of being mere puppets and playthings, to the exalted rank of becoming rational companions, and the guardians of their country's honour. Such a noble example is worthy of imitation. The imitation is already begun; and that the women of this country might make a rapidly progressive advancement towards a higher degree of mental elevation, in order to shed a brighter gleam of intellectual glory around their own brows, and the brows of their compatriots, must be the earnest desire of all those who understand, and who wish to promote the best interests of the community.

On a fair view of the subject we may conclude, that the state of literature in America, allowing for the different conditions of society in the two countries, is fully equal to that of Britain. This will readily appear to those who are acquainted with the best American authors, both living and dead. To mention names would be invidious, because the omission of any writer, from whatever cause, might be construed into an implication of censure, which was by no means intended.

It only now remains to inquire into some of the particular causes, which serve to retard the progress of letters in this country, and to examine whether or not a remedy can be applied.

In the first place, owing to the peculiar circumstances of America, and to her great and extensive capabilities for commerce, by far the largest portion of the active intellect of her children is employed in the pursuit of trade. But although trade, when considered in a comprehensive and political view, tends greatly to benefit the human race, by connecting the different nations of the earth together, by opening a wider field for the exertions of productive industry ; by enlarging the boundaries of investigation and of knowledge : yet its effect upon the *individual* employed in its exercise, is not altogether so beneficial. For the trader, whether he be a wholesale merchant, or only a retail dealer in small wares, must always have his mind employed chiefly in *detail ;* in attend ing to minute particulars and to petty circumstances, which, by preventing the intellect from *generalizing*, that is, from forming profound and comprehensive combinations of ideas, and from climbing by induction up to general principles, invariably narrows and contracts the understanding. This contraction and narrowing, however, though the same in kind, differs in degree, according to the mode of mercantile employment in which the trader is engaged ; the wholesale merchant, who deals in millions, and whose ships court every gale that blows upon the ocean, is certainly much less of a detail being, than the one who, in a subordinate capacity, trades with him, as the medium by which commercial wares

might be diffused in smaller quantities throughout the community. And this gradation holds till we descend to the narrowness of a single point in the creature, that entertains only one single idea, namely, that of selling a yard of muslin, or of snipping off three inches of tape.

Contraction of the intellect is not a circumstance the most exactly calculated to inspire a man with a love of literature, which is always considered as possessing a direct tendency to enlarge and liberalize the understanding. At any rate, it cannot often be expected, neither will it be often found, that he, whose head is stuffed with commercial calculations and speculations, from morning to night, will be inclined to peruse the pages of the historian, the philosopher, or the moralist; if he repairs the waste of his body, by an abundant introduction of food and drink into his capacious stomach, he will conclude, that he has fully performed his duty as a rational animal, and will sleep accordingly.

When this trading spirit is very prevalent in a country, it is never confined merely to the class of men denominated merchants; it pervades other callings also; and, unless in minds very happily born, and endowed with lofty sentiments of honour, is apt to sink the lawyer into a mere petti-fogger, who is constantly hunting after suits, and fleecing his clients; and to degrade the physician into a mere compounder of drugs and an extortioner of fees. For, when under the influence of such a spirit, the physician can never be induced to consider himself in the very respectable light of lessening the evil of the thousand natural shocks to which flesh is heir, and of being the confidential friend and adviser, as well as the preserver of the health of his patient; nor will the lawyer, when goaded onward by such a spirit, be able to look upon himself as the guardian of the weak, the champion of justice, the bulwark of his country's independence.

Under such circumstances, wealth alone will be the object of pursuit and of desire; and the readiest path to the attainment of that object will be trodden. But, generally speaking, literature opens no such golden path to its votaries, and, consequently, will be rather the subject of contempt, than of cultivation, to all the devoted followers of Mammon.

Yet wealth is only one species of power, and can never produce its full effect of influence in society, except when it is under the guidance of superior intellect. In a political point of view, therefore, men would act wisely, if they endeavoured to combine the two great sources of power; the two effective aristocracies of talent and property, in order to extend their influence and weight of character over their fellow citizens; which desirable purpose can only be effected by that cultivation of literature, which tends directly to develop the faculties of the mind, to sharpen the perception, and to strengthen the judgment.

In the second place, and, in a great measure, springing from the general prevalence of the trading spirit, the progress of literature is very much retarded by the almost universal dearth of liberal education throughout the United States. No man can possibly know the value of that, which he has never possessed; consequently, an illiterate father can never be sensible of what great importance it is, that his son should be liberally educated; neither can he ever know what progress his boy makes in learning, and will generally be apt to imagine that it is not necessary to consume much time, or to expend much money in endeavouring to convey into the child's head, a competent portion of liberal and polished information.

Accordingly, our schools for elementary education, are, in general, deplorably defective. School-masters swarm in every lane and alley of the towns and cities, and outvie each other in bold assertions, that they can carry a boy through a course of liberal education in a few months, and at a very small expense. This glaring absurdity is swallowed by the ignorant and credulous parent, who applauds his own sagacity, and that of the preceptor, for contriving and executing a system of instruction, which, at the expense of a few dollars, shall be able to counteract all the accustomed laws of human nature, falsify all human experience, work impossibilities, and manufacture a scholar by teaching him nothing.

The use of the grammar is either exploded altogether, or very superficially taught, or *translated* into English, as some *very profound* scholars in this country have lately done with

More's Greek grammar, in order to lessen the labour of education. But the basis of all valuable instruction must be laid in the necessity of intellectual toil; no mental acquisition, which is worth possessing, can ever be obtained without previous mental exertion. That which is not known accurately is not known at all; and nothing can be accurately known without previous labour of the understanding. The only use of all education is to unfold the faculties of the mind, to enable the student to think; but the superficial smattering of a few assemblages of words and phrases, badly understood, and worse delivered, can never develop any power of the mind, nor render man an animal capable of reasoning.

If the elementary schools are deficient, if the rudiments of knowledge are not taught, if the child is only crammed with a senseless jargon, conned by rote, and mechanically remembered, of course, our *colleges* and *universities* cannot be calculated to produce scholars. Where there is no foundation laid, no superstructure can be reared, what is never begun can never be finished. If the schools transmit to the colleges, boys, who are ignorant of the first principles of a liberal education, the colleges will, in due season, send out into the world, those boys, empty and uninformed, to fill the public offices of the state, to discharge the high and important functions of legislating, and of administering justice, for a great and rising empire.

It would be invidious to enter minutely into the discussion of this lamentable subject, and to declare how the students at our universities are *not* very comprehensively instructed in the classics, or the mathematics, or the *belles lettres*, or natural philosophy, or metaphysics, or political œconomy, or in any of those great branches of knowledge, which are peculiarly fitted to invigorate and to adorn the intellect.

In addition to all this, but necessarily flowing from the same feculent source, the ignorant cupidity of the trading spirit, the colleges are suffered to languish without sufficient pecuniary support, either from the contributions of private opulence, or the aid of government, which, indeed, to do justice to its merits, has always evinced a very laudable and sagacious abhorrence of all sense and learning. The conse-

quence of which is, that the colleges can seldom afford to bid high enough to procure men of talents and information sufficiently forcible and entensive to lead the minds of their pupils to literary excellence. For men of powerful intellect generally know their own value, and will not often be induced to starve upon a scanty stipend, when a different direction of their talents might procure to them honour and independence.

The frenzy for multiplying colleges all over the union, and the custom of appointing illiterate men as trustees, also retard the progress of literature, by diminishing the number of students at each college, and thus lessening the means of its support, and by creating a high bounty for the appointment of absurd regulations, and impracticable plans of study.

To those, who have had the fortune to be present at *public commencements*, it will readily appear, that the colleges in this country are not, in general, exactly calculated to produce very profound and extensive scholars.

Thirdly; and flowing necessarily, from the fore-going causes, the want of literary competition retards the progress of letters in America. Men of genius must be roused into exertion by the collision of kindred genius. Give me kings to run with, said Alexander, and I will start, when he was asked why he did not contend for the prize at the Olympic games. Men of great talents, seeing, that there is no high standard of literary excellence raised in this country, either betake themselves to some other mode of employment, or sink into indolence and ease; for they cannot stoop to compete with the children of dulness and ignorance. Immediately connected with the want of literary competition, is the want of literary honour and reward; for these would call out men of exalted intellect into the field of letters, and create an effectual demand for the productions of genius and learning. The total want of governmental patronage, and the scanty revenue afforded to all the ostensible labourers in the intellectual vineyard, necessarily drive vigorous minds into other channels of employment, and leave the public occupation of letters to the petty incursions of men of secondary understandings, and subordinate information.

And, lastly, The scarcity of libraries and large collections of books, throw very serious obstacles in the way of literature in America. This circumstance almost precludes the possibility of making any very profound and comprehensive attainments in the recondite depths of science, or of reaping a very abundant harvest of renown in the more splendid regions of erudition. Undoubtedly, it shuts out the inquisitive student from the opportunity of acquiring a vast body of information, which is always accessible to his literary brethren in Europe.

It is not altogether unworthy of notice, that the progress of science is retarded in this country by the heavy duties payable on the importation of all philosophical apparatus, which amounts almost to a total prohibition of their use in America. It is absolutely impossible that our artists can make these instruments with sufficient skill and accuracy to answer the purposes of the finer and more delicate investigations of science. And, consequently, the government, by raising impediments to the introduction of the best European instruments into this country, does, as far as lies in its power, prevent the progress of the American people towards a greater degree of excellence in those philosophical pursuits, which stand in need of, and are aided by the use of such instruments.

These are the principal causes, which obstruct the people of this country from acquiring a more intimate knowledge of the higher departments of liberal education. An acquaintance with the causes, points out the remedy.

It has been supposed, and even now the opinion is maintained, by some *would-be* philosophers, that there is something in the condition of the American soil and climate, which necessarily *diminishes* the powers of all its inhabitants, both animal and intellectual. This position the Count de Buffon gravely advances in his natural history, and produces, as conclusive proofs of his hypothesis, that the animals are smaller, and that no hair is produced upon the bodies of the Indians.

This argument, to be sure, is very pretty, but then it wants one beauty, namely, *truth*. For it is well known, that the

Indians industriously extirpate the hair from their bodies, as fast as it grows, and that we have, to the full, as many *great beasts* in America, as can be found even in France itself.

In order to cover this assumption with its merited ridicule, the late celebrated Benjamin Franklin thus comported himself. While he was the American ambassador at the French court, six of his own countrymen, and six Frenchmen, were, one day, dining at his table. The French gentlemen, who were all of them profound philosophers, began vigorously to inquire into the *causes* of the declension of nature, physical and moral, in America; one said, that the reason why man became weaker and more inefficient both in body and in mind, was owing to the American climate being too hot—another insisted upon it, that is was because the climate was too cold—a third, because there was too much rain—a fourth, because there was too much drought—and the two last undertook to prove, that both man and beast were feeble and dwarfish in America, because there was nothing to eat in all the country.

Each disputant maintained his own side of the question with loud perseverance, and augmenting fury, 'till, in order to prevent a quarrel, they all referred the matter to Franklin, who was earnestly desired to give his philosophical solution of the cause, why all American creatures were so much inferior to the Europeans, in bodily size and strength, and in mental endowments. Franklin very gravely desired his six countrymen to rise from their chairs, and stand upright on their feet, side by side, at the table; they did so, and exhibited a goodly spectacle, for they were all stout, well-proportioned, tall, handsome men; the Frenchmen were then requested to rise, and stand side by side; they did so, and presented a most ludicrous contrast to the degenerate Americans; for they were all little, lank, shrivelled, crooked, peeping, yellow animals, resembling Java monkeys in appearance and form. They all peeped up at their opposite neighbours, the Americans, and were silent, though not satisfied.

The remedies to be applied for the removal of those impediments, which obstruct the progress of literature, in

America, are not not very difficult, since no natural causes of defect exist to render the intellect in this country incapable of improvement.

The government of the United States might very well take off the duty now laid upon the importation of all philosophical apparatus; because the annual revenue thence arising to the national treasury, is too trifling to deserve notice; and because it would very materially aid the pursuits of scientific men in this country, by facilitating the means of acquiring those instruments, which are necessary to aid the progress of their discoveries.

The trading spirit cannot be extinguished by the anathemas of the priest, or the declamations of the moralist. Massillon may preach, and Boileau may satyrize, and the merchant will still continue to speculate and to count his gains. Neither is it desirable, even if it were possible, to exterminate the trading spirit, which is indelibly written on the human heart, and renders man a trading animal. It can, however, and ought to be modified, and restrained, lest it become excessive, and absorb all honour, intellect, virtue, propriety, and feeling into its fathomless and insatiable gulph. It requires modification and restraint in this country. Which effect can be best procured by meliorating our systems of elementary education; by making them, in good truth, seminaries, where the morals of youth are purified and exalted, and where their understandings are invigorated and expanded.

This laudable purpose has been undertaken with great effect in this city, where the *New-York Grammar School* has been instituted, in order to ensure to the rising generation of America, the combined benefits resulting from the mode of instruction pursued in the great public schools in Britain, together with the inestimable advantages arising from a residence under the paternal roof, when the parents are careful, both by precept and example, to encourage the growth of morality and of intellect. This seminary of education is founded on the principle of training the students to become sound and accurate classical scholars, according to the good old fashion of becoming acquainted with the elements of ancient learning, by the study of grammar; discarding all the new-fangled

modes of breeding smatterers and babblers, invented by sciolists and quacks, who have found it easier to learn words and phrases *by rote*, than to understand the meaning and the import of the languages which they profess to teach.

The success of this institution, and of similar seminaries of education, will compel the colleges to adopt a less superficial and defective plan of instruction; because the boys, transmitted from such institutions into the colleges must, by their accurate knowledge of the principles of classical and of liberal learning, either induce the professors to teach them something, or, by putting the ignorance of their nominal teachers to the blush, will drive them with disgrace from stations which they are not worthy to hold.

But if once the schools and colleges of America adopt, and carry into execution, a plan of liberal education, the inevitable result must be, that the excessive tendency of the trading spirit will be modified, and counterpoised: the love of literature will flourish; literary competition will be called into life; literary rewards and honours will create an effectual demand for the splendid and beneficial exertions of genius and learning; large collections of books, and ample libraries will be gathered together;—and the whole nation will rise in the scale of power and dignity by having the life's-blood of intellect and knowledge infused into all its arteries and veins, from the heart, the source of all circulation, to its remotest extremities.

All this is not the dreaming of a visionary fanatic. The great work is already begun. Philadelphia; Cambridge in Massachusetts, and New-York, have laid the foundation, and are rapidly raising the super-structure of large and valuable public libraries. Private individuals, also, professional men, and others, are gathering together extensive collections of books. The seminaries of elementary education are in a progressive state of amendment; the colleges must necessarily follow their example speedily, or they will be deserted. The literary market is daily increasing in its demand for and its supply of useful and elegant publications, both native and foreign. And the continual influx of wealth from all the corners of the earth, owing to the rapid growth of our commercial prosperity, will contribute greatly to the improve-

ment of the arts and sciences, and literature, by creating a desire for those refinements which generally follow in the train of opulence, and serve to purify it from its grossness.

It ought not to pass unnoticed, that the British journalists are too apt to select very unfavourable specimens of American literature, and then infer, that the standard of intellect is low in this country. This treatment, they themselves would consider as illiberal,if applied to them and to their productions. For instance, if we cited the *British Critic* and the *Annual Review* as their best literary journals, and should carefully omit to mention the *Monthly* or the *Edinburgh Review ;*—or if we represented Sir James Bland Burgess as their best poet, and passed over in silence the names of Campbell, of Rogers, and many others, who are deservedly known to fame.

Yet this is the mode of proceeding, which that most formidable of all the British journals, the Edinburgh Review, adopts, when noticing the literature of this country. In the nineteenth number, pages 114-115, in the review of Janson's Stranger in America, after affecting to consider Mr. Fessenden as the *Hudibras of America*, and quoting, with solemn irony, some very absurd and vulgar lines from one of his doggrel ditties ; we are told, that "with the writers of the new world we are rather better acquainted ; but the works of Dr. Ezra Stiles, president of Yale college, *are not sufficiently known and prized in this country*. His book on the 'History of the three Judges,' formerly alluded to, seems, in every way, deserving of notice. It was published in 1795, and the following specimen of its style is given by Mr. Janson :—

"What I have before *narrated*, is delivered upon sure documents. I shall now *narrate* what is only conjectural, and leave it to every one's judgment, only observing, that if it ever did take place, no one will doubt, but that Dixwell was concerned in it. There is somehow preserved, not in universal or general, but in particular and strong lineal tradition, at Newhaven, which is to be considered more largely hereafter, that another of the regicides, besides Dixwell, lies buried in our burying place, and that this other was Whalley. This is particularly preserved among the sextons or grave-

diggers, who, it seems, for many years, and perhaps ever, from the time especially of Dixwell's death, have shewn the stone marked E. W. for Whalley, as they have that marked J. D. for Dixwell. I have not found the least tradition of Goffe, till I myself conjectured it, January 1793, inferring in my own mind, without a doubt, that if Whalley, who certainly died at Hadley, was afterwards removed here, Goffe must be here also. But of this, I mean as to Goffe's being here also, I can find no tradition; yet I find it tenaciously adhered to, especially in the line of the grave-diggers, that Whalley is here. I have often examined the E. W. stone; but consider the matter without proof; yet possible, but by no means certain. Nor do I wish, and least of all, attempt to gain any one's credulity to it, leaving every mind free and unprejudiced. But, as I know, that whoever takes the pains that I have done, to trace out, and collect, and digest the traditions in Newhaven, will find this among others, however it originatad among us; so, after this precaution and notification, I shall proceed."

It is evident, from the manner in which the above citation is introduced, that the intention of the reviewer is to induce the reader to conclude, that it is a fair specimen of the state of literature in America; and that sentiments so small, and a style so tedious, are not only tolerated, but encouraged in this country. But all the world knows, that Dr. Ezra Stiles never was remarkable for the vigour of his intellect, or the refinement of his taste; he was a good, plain, matter-of-fact man, who collected together a multitude of miscellaneous matters, and told them to his friends and the public, in no very connected series, or elegant arrangement. Add to this, that the History of the three Judges, from which the foregoing extract is made, was written in the dotage of Dr. Stiles, when his faculties had very visibly decayed; so much so, as to induce his friends earnestly to endeavour to prevent the publication of the work, lest it should injure the worthy President's former reputation, as a man of letters, and an author.

As a *set-off*, (to use the legal phrase,) to this production of Dr. Stiles, and to show, that America can, and does produce

men, whose writings are entitled to much higher commendation, than the British journalists are inclined to bestow, I shall conclude this essay with a quotation from the introduction to the *Christian's Magazine*, dated, New-York, December 6, 1806:—The Editor, after giving a concise, yet comprehensive, view of the evils, which now press, with an accumulated weight of wo, upon the Christian Church, points out the remedies, which are to be adopted, in the following strain of nervous eloquence.

"Whether this representation be just or not, is known to every one, who has the faculty of observation, and the will to use it. And whether or not such a state of things, conspiring with the intemperate pursuit of wealth, with the gradual relaxation of every social bond; with the violence of political ferment; and with the approach of those fearful days which are coming upon the earth, can fail to grieve the serious, to insnare the unwary, to stumble the thoughtful, to multiply the profane, and to spread confusion and every evil work; will admit of but one answer. What then is to be done? Shall we slumber on, till the midnight cry awake us, and the season of action be over? Shall we, because prospects are bad, give up all for lost; and sit down desponding, till the deluge of abominations sweep us away? God forbid! It is the dictate of both reason and revelation, to *redeem* the time, because the days are evil. No man can tell what an extent of ruin the efforts of those, or a considerable number of those, who love the truth as it is in Jesus, commencing at this hour, may avert from their families, from their country, and from the church of God. One of the most obvious means of success, is the calling the attention to those subjects of faith and practice, which derive a new interest from the signs of the times.

"The precious truths of the gospel must be maintained, vindicated, urged upon their consciences. They must be stimulated where they are slack, and instructed where they are ignorant. They must be taught to contemplate in a juster light than has been common, the nature and value of the Redeemer's institutions. They must be put on their guard against the many Antichrists, which, in various shapes, are

abroad in the world. They must be cautioned against those swelling words of vanity, and those fair speeches of craft, by which they are in danger of being misled. They must learn to explore the foundations, not only of that saving truth, but of that comely order, and those costly privileges, which were once delivered to the saints, and have been consecrated by the blood of martyrs; to walk about Zion, and go round about her; to tell the towers thereof; to mark well her bulwarks, and consider her palaces, that they may tell it to the *generation following*.

" They must be able, with meekness and dignity, both to give a reason of the hope that is in themselves, and of their opposition to the errors of others. They must be led to a better knowledge of the Holy Scripture than can be acquired from the reception of elementary principle, however beautiful in its season, or essential in its place. They must be persuaded to seek after those ministrations, which shall feed them with knowledge and understanding, and to exert themselves in the application of suitable means for procuring to the ministry a succession of able and faithful men, who need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. They must look at christianity, not merely as it lies in the pages of their bibles, and their confessions of faith; but also, as it has been embodied in the holy characters, the active lives, and the peaceful death of their brethren, who are gone to the recompense of reward, and whose faith it is their duty and happiness to follow.

" Their solicitude is also to be excited towards their *children*. Perhaps, there is no obligation disregarded with less remorse, or more fatal effects, than that of bringing up youth in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Christian families are as certainly the nurseries of the church upon earth, as she is herself the nursery of the church in heaven. Nor is there a more alarming symptom of her condition than the few, the very few, who tread in the steps of their religious parents. Old christians are dying off, and a proportionable number of young ones does not step forward to occupy their stations. Wo to that generation, by which the testimony of God shall be abandoned! But wo also to that generation, which is prepa-

ring the seed of evil doers, that shall perform the accursed work ! Theywho now fill the christian church ought to tremble, lest at their doors be laid the guilt of rearing an infidel progeny ; and at their hands be required the blood of sons and daughters to be born in ages to come.

" If any thing vigorous is to be expected in remedying the evil, christians must pause. They must ask whether or not they do right in courting for their offspring, that friendship of the world, which is enmity with God : whether they can now excuse themselves to their consciences, or will hereafter stand blameless before their judge, for their unfaithfulness to the children, whom he hath given them ; for their connivance at those profligate habits, which are carrying pestilence into the bosom of domestic society ; for the pitiable and criminal vanity of qualifying their boys and their girls for entering with *eclat* into that very *world*, from which the voice of their God has enjoined them and theirs to come out and be separate, if they hope to be acknowledged by him as his sons and his daughters.

" All these are things of unutterable moment. They must be pondered with solemn regard. They must so mingle themselves with convictions, and feeling, and conduct, as to change, in a great measure, the face of the visible church ; or there is nothing before us but that desolation which will come like a whirlwind, and will carry away in its course every individual and denomination that shall be unprepared for the shock. Let no man deceive himself, nor those who listen to him, with vain words. Let him not smile at these forebodings as childish, nor contemn them as fanatical. Let him, at least, before he venture upon such security, hold up the light of revelation to the objects, which surround him, and he will perceive that the alarm is not without cause. Unbelief, founded in suggestions upon the word of God, and enforced by his providence, is an ancient folly ; " when they say peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh."

" To ward off, or lighten the impending stroke, every minister of reconciliation should be alert at his post ; every christian parent should redouble his diligence in training up his children ; every man of talents should consecrate his power ; every man of wealth be forward in offering his sub-

stance; every man of devotion wrestle before the throne of God.

" To throw something into the common scale is the design of the *Christian's Magazine.* To require in its numbers an exemplification of all that energy and those excellencies, which have just been pronounced indispensable to the christian weal, would be unreasonable; as it would demand from a few individuals what cannot be accomplished but by the conjoined piety and labour of thousands. This work will fulfil its task, by erecting a standard, round which the friends of truth may rally; by discussing topics, which may prompt the spirit of research; by diffusing religious information; and by firm resistance to attempts from the press to pervert scriptural principle, or undermine the scriptural institutions."

SECOND SECTION.

MEN AND WOMEN.

A MORAL TALE, BY THE WANDERER.

(Continued from Vol. 3, No. 6, page 369.)

CHAPTER VII.

Hardy goes to London—letter from William to Edward—letter from Edward to William—a poem describing Edinburgh—Edward becomes acquainted with Carlos—Character of Carlos—Edward and Carlos become acquainted with Melville—they remove to London—their mode of life in London—Edward is sent to Oxford by his father—Edward becomes acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Bolton—Mr. Bolton's opinion of women—how Edward passed his time with Mrs. Bolton—a little poem in a grotto—midnight Hymn—Mrs. Bolton relates her tale—Edward leaves the parsonage—letter from Edward to Marian (ie Mrs. Bolton)—letter from Marian to Edward—letter from Mr. Bolton to Edward—Edward's agony.

AFTER a few days had given Hardy's fury an opportunity of subsiding; he took leave of Edward, and, with his family, removed to London. When the Baronet was gone Edward found himself more at leisure to devote his days and his nights to the prosecution of his studies, which he pursued with all that impetuous ardour and energy, which so peculiarly, and characteristically, marked every movement of his mind. The time glided on smoothly with Edward, while he gave himself up to the calmer pleasures of the pen and of the page; save, that the remembrance of his departed Mary would, at times, interrupt his intellectual pursuits, and wring his soul with anguish. He, however, drew consolation from the reflection and the belief, that she was, now, circling the throne of that Almighty God, whom she had served during her pilgrimage here on earth, in singleness of heart, in sincerity, and in truth; and he looked forward to that day and hour, when he, also, should reach his native skies, and again meet his Mary, never to part more.

Soon after Hardy's departure from Edinburgh, Edward received the following letter from his friend William.

ENGLAND.

My dearest Edward,

I sit down, with the most heart-felt pleasure, to write to you an account of my proceedings, because I know, that such an account will give you delight. After I had finished my medical studies, I found, that I had fifteen hundred pounds left from the sale of my commission in the guards; a thousand pounds of which I vested in the funds, and the remaining five hundred I employed in furnishing my surgery, and in supporting my father and mother, and brothers, and sisters. I have been, now, six months, in this country, settled as a surgeon; and, notwithstanding the many insults and mortifications, which I have received, and do daily receive, from my former acquaintance, particularly the ladies of the country squires and clergy, and the strong phalanx of opposition, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, which I hourly, and every moment, experience from my brethren of the faculty here, who, with some few exceptions, are the most ignorant, unfeeling set, that were ever licensed to kill their fellow-men, I have succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations. My practice increases daily, and we should, indeed, be happy, if my father's perversity of disposition, and incorrigible obliquity of understanding, together with his firm conviction, that he and all of us are to be everlastingly wretched, did not continually disturb our peace, and poison the cup of our existence. I study my profession, both theoretically and practically, with the most unremitting assiduity, and also manage to keep up an acquaintance with general literature. I make way but very slowly among the aristocracy in this neighbourhood, owing to the gross ignorance, and unpardonable servility, which, for nearly half a century past, have sunk and debased the medical character in this neighbourhood; consequently, the surgeons and apothecaries, here, are looked upon as little better than menial servants by the gentry who employ them, and treat them accordingly. But these minute inconveniences will soon wear away, and I shall, after a time, establish myself on a footing of independence, and of respectability, not to be shaken, or even approached

by the petty attempts of puny insolence, and of misplaced pride.

Edward, the currents of your heart would glide all cheerily along their channels, if you could but see our family circle; I mean when my father is absent, for his evil disposition blasts each bud of hope and joy, and withers every expectation of peace and bliss; the countenance of my honoured, excellent mother, beaming delight on all her numerous offspring; her sons, jocund as the morn, and exulting in the thought, that they, also, shall soon be permitted to share with their brother, William, in the pleasing task of providing for their parents and their sisters: but with what words can I express the emotions of my soul, when I look round upon the beauteous seraph sister-band, in all the bloom of innocence and of loveliness, full of affection, and full of purity. Oh Edward! my eyes swell with tears, and my heart throbs with unutterable emotions, whenever my mind contemplates this scene; even now, the tears fall fast upon my paper; but they are tears of gratitude to God, for his unspeakable goodness in permitting me to be the guardian and the protector of this excellent, beloved, endearing family.

I will not suffer my egotism to intrude any longer, at present, upon your attention; but conclude my letter by requesting you to give me some account of our brethren in the North, and of the scenery immediately surrounding Edinburgh, as that part of Scotland I have never seen.

I am ever

Your's, most affectionately,

WILLIAM.

To this letter Edward immediately sent the following reply.

Prince's-Street, New-Town, Edinburgh.

My dearest William,

I rejoice, beyond all power of utterance, in your happiness; my prayers, day and night, and every hour, fly up to the everlasting, burning throne of God, wearying heaven with warm devotion, and beseeching him that rideth on the wings of the wind, to pour down all his blessings upon your head, and long to continue and preserve you as the prop and the support

of all your family. May you long continue to tower, like the cedars of Lebanon, and spread, like the oaks of Bashan, your giant-arms of shade, and of protection, over your honoured mother, and all the offspring of her love; under the shadow of your wings may they long continue to be sheltered from the chill winds that blow, and blast the promise of the early year. William, above all, watch with unceasing care, with eyes that neither slumber nor sleep, over the opening youth of your sisters and of your brothers; rear them up to every nobler virtue, and to every polished grace. Never, no, not for a single moment, forget, that

"The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be unclos'd,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent."

In compliance with the last request, which closed your most welcome letter, I must tell you, that the months, which I have passed in Scotland, are to be numbered among the happiest in my life; the Scottish, as you well know, are a people particularly intelligent and enterprising; the improvement of the mind seems to be made the business of life here amongst the literary and scientific men; and their transcendant powers have made, and do now make themselves to be felt over every part of the earth. My mind receives inexpressible delight, and a continued accession of strength, by listening to, and conversing with some of the ablest men, that have ever adorned and dignified human nature. Since I have been in Scotland I have acquired some knowledge of physiology, of metaphysics, and of political œconomy, in addition to my classical and belles lettres attainments.

But to leave myself, and turn to a much more interesting subject. The women in Scotland possess personal charms, that surpass even the blue-eyed daughters of Circassia: they are lively, elegant, easy, and very attractive in their manners, so that even a philosopher might be forgiven if he loses his heart irrevocably in Scotland.

As for the scenery round this enchanting spot, how can I convey to you a description of its beauty and its grandeur? It is often my delight, to wander alone on the winding stream,

and listen to the songsters of the wood, at the close of the day. I often steal out from my chamber, in the dead of night, and scale the craggy cliffs, which are piled in hoary grandeur above the valley.

But my soul is wakened to sublimer thought, when I traverse the sheltered side of a grove in a cloudy winter's morn, and hear the storm rave among the trees; and my heart swells with enthusiastic devotion to the Lord of all the earth, and of the heavens, when I wind my way up some abrupt precipice, during the agitations of the elements; and, striding along the summit of the rock, while the lightning flashes around me, and, amidst the howlings of the tempest, I apostrophise the genius of the storm, and listen while the angry spirit of the waters shrieks.

But I am prattling about myself, when I ought to pourtray the scenery around Edinburgh. All that nature can perform to delight the eyes of man, and to elevate his soul with scenes of sublimity and of grandeur, she has done for this town.—And art has lent her aid also. The large and massy edifice of the castle, which seems to defy the ravages of time, and to laugh to scorn all the idle vanity of mortal force to assail its impregnable strength; and the lofty, bleak, bare and inaccessible rock on which the castle stands, and which frowns in horrid majesty, as if indignantly submitting to bear the load of architecture, that the audacious hand of man has presumed to lay upon its venerable height, serve to inspire the beholder with that awful terror, and sublimity of delight, which never fail to exalt the heart, and to expand all the powers of the understanding.

From the battlements of this majestic and venerable edifice, the castle, our prospect is, indeed, magnificent and extended; we survey the new town below, adorned with the most elegant and regular buildings, and broad, airy, spacious streets; her spires and turrets glittering in the sun; her whole domain swarming with inhabitants, and resounding with the busy hum of men. We cast our view over the Frith of Forth, and, beyond the gleaming of the silver wave, the kingdom of Fyfe stretches its extended length of coast.

Turning our back upon this scene, we descry the old town

beneath, presenting a most picturesque view from the antiquity and the height of its buildings, and the frequent alternations of eminences and of depressions, on which the houses are erected; some seeming to hang in mid-air, while others are sunk in the vale beneath. Casting our view beyond the city, we survey a fair and a pleasant country, gay with richly enamelled, verdant meads, and waving with corn; and beyond all, terminating the prospect, the lengthened ridges of the Pentland mountains, lift their heads to the sky.

I am not able to describe a thousandth part of the excessive beauty and grandeur of the scenery, or to give the faintest image of the exquisite delight, which every sensible mind, and feeling heart must experience in contemplating such a prospect. But let our favourite bard, the voice of Coila, speak, in strains of immortality, of this highly favoured spot.

1.

" Edina, Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once, beneath a monarch's feet
Sate legislation's sovereign pow'rs!
From marking wildly scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd;
And, singing, lone, the lingering hours
I shelter'd in the honour'd shade.

2.

" Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labours plies:
There architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendour rise.
Here, justice, from her native skies,
High wields the balance, and the rod;
There learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks science in her coy abode.

3.

" Thy sons, Edina, social, kind,
With open arms, the stranger hail;
Their views enlarg'd, their liberal mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale;
Attentive, still, to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim,

And, never may their sources fail,
And never envy blot their name!

4.

"Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky;
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy?
Fair Burnet strikes the adoring eye;
Heaven's beauties on my fancies shine;
I see the sire of love on high,
And own his work indeed divine!

5.

"There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar,
Like some bold veteran, grey in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar;
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim rising o'er the rugged rock,
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

6.

"With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome;
Where Scotia's kings of other years,
Fam'd heroes, had their royal home.
Alas! how chang'd the times to come!
Their royal name low in the dust,
Their hapless race, wild-wandering, roam,
Though rigid law cries out, 'twas just!

7.

"Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Through hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps,
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore.
Even I, who sing in rustic lore,
Haply my sires have left their shed:
And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold following where your fathers led."

I am ever, your most affectionate,

EDWARD.

Edward, one morning, rode over to Dalkeith, to see the duke of Buccleugh's palace and domains: while he was yet approaching towards the ducal mansion, he beheld in the road a tall, elegantly-formed young man, taking a sketch of part of the scene before him. Edward dismounted, and, going up to him, said ;—Sir, as you seem to be alone, and by your equipage appear to be a pedestrian traveller, will you give me leave to offer you the use of my servant and horse, to carry your little baggage, and to transport yourself over the road, when you feel yourself fatigued? The stranger's dark, black eyes, and intelligent, beaming countenance, told his gratitude for Edward's offer before his tongue could give utterance to the sentiments of his soul. They passed the rest of the day together, and, in the evening, returned to Edinburgh. An acquaintance thus commenced, soon grew into intimacy, between two beings in the bloom of youth, full of indiscretion, with ardent imaginations and glowing hearts.

Edward soon found that his new friend Carlos possessed a wonderful versatility of talent, and force of intellect; he could sing, dance, play on the piano and flute, shoot, hunt, box, fence, and ride in a style of superior excellence; he drew and painted with boldness and originality; was passionately fond of poetry, and was, himself, no ordinary versifier; rapid, fluent, winning, and, at times, daring in his eloquence; a passionate admirer of the fine arts; distractedly fond of the study of natural history; and extensively acquainted with a great variety of literary knowledge; his frame could endure the most severe exertions, and his mind was capable of taking the most lofty flights; he had a frame of adamant, and a soul of fire, and nothing in the shape of difficulty, or of danger, could deter him from attempting, or rather, beginning to execute, what the vivid flashes of his imagination lightened upon his view.

But to counterbalance these rudiments of greatness, and to thwart these fair promises of excellence, he had no steadiness of industry and application; he, literally, never finished a thing in his life; he was continually beginning some great intellectual achievement, which he pursued with vehemence and ardour, 'till some new pursuit called him off from the

track, in which he had trodden so far as to ensure permanent honour to himself, and extensive utility to others, if he had traversed it to the end. His indolence and habit of deferring every thing, which ought to be done at the present moment, was past all credence to those who knew him not. And, above all, the wild, ungoverned fierceness of his passions, surpassed in strength, even the mightiness of his intellectual prowess.

Edward, round the fibres of whose heart Carlos soon twined himself by his numberless attractions, by a softness, an endearing sensibility, and a tenderness of manner, that won its way even into the most stern and churlish breast, saw, at one glance of his mind's eye, darted forward, with the look of anticipation, into the regions of futurity, that Carlos would waste all his fires, and render of no avail all his talents, by his habits of heedless prodigality, and boundless dissipation; unless some decided, entire, and unequivocal revolution took place in all his modes of thinking, and of acting.

This child of promise, and of glory, said Edward, will go out in darkness, and in the shadow of death; he will leave no ray of light behind him to mark the path of existence, in which he trode.—Edward, however, never ceased by precept and by example; by entreaty, by argument, by ridicule, by declamation, by every means in his power, to induce Carlos to follow some regular settled plan of action, in order to render his life useful to his fellow-creatures; but all in vain. Carlos, always, assented to the justice of his remarks, nay, often, advanced stronger arguments than Edward himself could do, in favour of these prudential positions; he always promised amendment and reformation, *to-morrow;* but that morrow never came. If you heard Carlos talk, you would not hesitate to pronounce him as one of the wisest and the best of men; see him act, and you must look upon him as a madman or a lunatic. His conversation was the result of his understanding, and, therefore, full of improvement, and full of delight; his actions were the children of his passions, and like their parents, were, misshapen, and distorted, without regulation, and without conduct, always hastening to their

own destruction, with the rapid footsteps of death, bathed in blood.

Edward well knew, though Carlos could never be taught this most important truth, that without a proper discernment of time and of circumstance; a strict adherence to all the rules of order and of decency; and a proper respect for the established institutions of civil communities, nothing is great, and nothing is honourable; that where virtue and moral restraint are wanting, learning is rendered useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

Such a being as Carlos was incapable of loving one woman alone; he was, at once, the humble servant, and the gay seducer of the whole sex. His fascinating, winning attractions, were such as readily to find their way into the softer folds of a female bosom; and he seldom was in love, as he termed, it, with less than fifty different women at the same time, scattered up and down the British empire; many of the females of all ranks and conditions (for he would, one day, woo a duchess, and the next day take a dairy-maid to his embraces) in England, Scotland, and Ireland, owned and obeyed the soft sway of this dear deceiver.

When Edward first knew him, Carlos had just entered into his twenty-second year, and the possession of a very ample paternal estate. His horses, dogs, guns, carriages, servants, paintings, medals, fossils, stuffed birds, and stuffed beasts, preserved black beetles, pickled spiders, and a very formidable list of etceteras, plainly evinced the variety of his pursuits and amusements, and as clearly proved to Edward, that his friend would soon rid himself of all the incumbrances, which property, landed or personal, carries in its train.

Edward and Carlos were very much together, though their minds were of a cast so different; for they each delighted in the others untempered glow of imagination, sportiveness of fancy, variety of knowledge, and above all, in each other's heart, warm, enthusiastic, generous. About this time, Edward and Carlos, for these two were now sworn companions and friends, and seldom separated but for short intervals of time, became acquainted with a gentleman, a Mr. Melville, who was then at Edinburgh. Melville was below the middle

stature, with a countenance calm, deeply fixed in thought, and, occasionally visited by strong gleamings of the imagination. He was a profound mathematician, though at the early age of twenty-four years; in his manners he was shy, reserved, awkward, and blushed like a girl, when accosted by a stranger; he was generally silent, except his powers were drawn out by spirited conversation, on subjects of general science or literature; he was passionately fond of music, and a professed despiser of all female intellect, though not a saint in his indifference to their personal charms.

Melville's connections, both in Britain and in other countries, were wealthy and respectable. Edward, Carlos, and Melville, with the usual heedlesness and haste of unexperienced youth, formed a triple league of amity and of attachment to each other; they were very much together, and contributed much to each others mutual improvement. They all three left Scotland together, and went to London, where Carlos had a house and a suitable establishment. Edward and Melville took apartments in the Adelphi, and, also, a little cot each at Richmond.

Carlos, as usual, immediately plunged himself into every dissipation, which his frame could endure, or his passions prompt him to desire; operas, plays, masquerades, balls, taverns, and brothels, generally, witnessed his nocturnal exploits; and the hour of noon generally found him in bed; the rest of the day was, for the most part, consumed in occasionally reading, or painting, or playing on the flute, or in buying pictures and curiosities, or at the billiard table, or in the tennis court. Carlos never stayed three months, at one time, in any one place in his life, whence he was continually flying about from one end of the kingdom to the other, so that now Edward saw but little of him, though their hearts were still warmed with the tide of kindness towards each other.

Melville's frame could not bear, nor did his inclination incite him to whirl round so fast in the vortex of dissipation. He studied very intensely all the morning, and, at night, abandoned himself to any amusement that caught his fancy; generally, that of his bottle and silent meditation; unless, when he wandered out in quest of *that* amusement, without which, al-

though a philosopher, he deemed life insipid. Melville, altho' himself well connected, and powerfully allied, seldom or ever visited either gentlemen or gentlewomen; nay, he even burned the greater part of his letters of introduction to some of the first people in the kingdom, for their rank and honour, among whom were the Duke of D— and the Marquis of C—; indeed he most strenuously avoided all intercourse with people of polished habits and manners. When Edward remonstrated with him on this mode of proceeding, he used to say, that the common cant of civility and breeding melted down the gentry into one uniform mass of insipidity, and monotonous dulness, and that he liked to contemplate individual traits of character; for which he was, too often, apt to look among the lowest herd of mankind, in all their haunts of degradation.

Edward continued his accustomed course of extended, general study, interspersed with social enjoyments; he was incessantly endeavouring, but in vain, to fix the roving, unsettled disposition of Carlos; and to wean Melville from his propensity to mix with vulgarity and ignorance; and particularly anxious to induce them both to practise the great duties of moral restraint, which he considered as the broad foundation of human happiness, individual and collective. But all his endeavours were fruitless; and Edward, though he disapproved highly of the laxity of their conduct, always made allowances for actions in them, which, in himself, he would have absolutely condemned, and which, indeed, he never suffered himself to commit.

The notions, both of Carlos and of Melville, as to religion, were very obscure and undefined; Carlos called himself a christian, and never once permitted the precepts of the gospel to prevent him from gratifying all his most violent passions. Melville professed to be a deist, but never acted as if he thought himself an accountable being, that he was responsible for his present conduct to a superior power, hereafter, at a future and a higher tribunal. He always indulged in, and was always ready to justify an irregular intercourse of the sexes; a circumstance, which, seldom, or ever, fails to render the heart callous, cold, and selfish, to harden all within,

and petrify the feelings. Neither was Melville a man of any taste in his amours; one woman was nearly the same as another to him; he considered them all, merely, as animals, fitted to contribute to his sensual gratification, and seldom or ever stooped to hold any discourse with a female, save in the palpable and material language of kisses and embraces. He, actually, more than once, has sate himself down for several hours, and studied most intensely, the *Principia of Newton*, and, in the midst of a most abstruse and difficult chain of reasoning, has left his study, held soft dalliance with an easy fair one, and returned to finish and to solve the difficult and laborious task of following the strides of Newton's mighty mind.

Edward had always accustomed himself to consider it as incumbent upon him, to pass over and pardon the greatest moral breaches in his intimate acquaintance: not considering how very unlikely it was, that those, who were false to themselves, would be true to him. But it was part of the quixotism of his character, to confide entirely in men of the most licentious conduct, and carelesness about religion; although, he, himself, was always, a steady, *speculative* believer in the great truths of revelation, and strictly guarded and correct in his moral conduct. He long entertained an opinion, that he could influence the minds of such people, and direct them to deeds of piety and of faith; which made them look upon him as a wild enthusiast, (which was the fact) at which they marvelled much, on account of his extended knowledge, and his acuteness of perception.

One morning, when Edward called upon Melville, the door was opened by a young girl, about sixteen, not pretty, nor elegant in her person, but neat, artless and innocent. Melville, said Edward, what girl is that, who let me in just now?—Melville—a servant that I hired yesterday: her mother is the widow of a Welsh parson, and lives as cook to a family in Epping forest; and her only child, Sally, this girl, is obliged to get her bread by service.—Edward—poor little girl; she smiles as cheerily, now, and looks as blithely as the morn in May; pray do you mean to ruin her?—Melville—No; I have never thought of it.—Edward—If you do, you ought to be doubly accursed; for she is not only innocent, but un-

protected; she has neither father, nor brother, nor any male relation to call you to an account, if you soil her beauties, and lay her head low in the dust.—Melville—I assure you, upon my honour, that you shall never have it in your power to reproach me with the ruin of this girl. Of course, you know that Carlos is going fast; he has already mortgaged the best part of his estate; and he can never hold it much longer; and, then, he must go upon the highway, or shoot himself.—Edward—Never, by all that I hold dear, shall Carlos want a guinea, while I am master of one.

Edward was, now, sent by his father, to Oxford, where he ran the usual career of young gentlemen, who are not impelled by necessity, to be particularly diligent; his attendance, however, to the duties of his situation as a student, was sufficiently regular and decorous, to preserve him from any marked disapprobation on the part of the heads of his college; and he left the university, with the reputation of being rather idle, but a good-tempered, careless young fellow. No one of his fellow-collegians, however, was acquainted with the real state of Edward's heart and mind; and he contented himself with appearing to his companions, merely, as one not deficient in those qualifications, which are supposed to constitute the exterior of a gentleman.

Before Edward had been at Oxford three months, he was introduced to a Mr. Bolton, a beneficed clergyman, who resided within a few miles of the town. On his first visit to —— parsonage, the ecclesiastic, a grave, sedate man, of forty-five, presented Edward to his wife, a girl not quite eighteen. In her countenance, the lily was striving for mastery with the rose: her mild blue eye, her pensive, dejected air; her features, by nature, exquisitely formed, but faded by the hand of sorrow, occasionally lighted up by a faint and transient smile, the beam of lingering hope, casting an animating glow over all her drooping mien, and soon relapsing into the aspect of deeply fixed melancholy, told a tale to Edward's heart far more forcible and impressive, than could the most amorous glances shot from the kindling eye of female beauty, arrayed in all the undisguised fervour of imperious charms.

Mr. Bolton entertained Edward with an account of the

weather, of the number of his parishioners, the value of his coach horses, the flavour of his port-wine, and, amongst much other matter of equal importance, said—Marian, my wife here, has not been well ever since we have been married, and none of the doctors at Oxford, have benefited her by their prescriptions. As you have been in Scotland, perhaps you know a little about medicine; if you do, I wish that you would recommend something for her to take. Edward replied, that he knew nothing more of medicine, than what he had gathered from the conversation of some intelligent physicians, with whom he had occasionally conversed on the topics relating to their own immediate profession; but that his very small stock of medical knowledge was entirely at the lady's service; and, if permitted, he would offer his advice, as soon as he was made acquainted with the previous history of the complaint, without which knowledge it would be impossible for him to prescribe with any effect. Very true—answered Bolton—you can no more prescribe for a patient, without knowing his complaint, than I can preach a sermon without a text. Marian, tell the young gentleman what ails you, and see if he can do any good; she has been for some weeks past, very ——

Stop, stop, I beseech you, sir—cried Edward, who perceived the lovely Marian ready to sink into the earth, through the well-grounded fear, that her worthy husband would utter some gross indelicacy—physicians never listen to the statement of complaints, except from the party's own mouth.—Well, well—said Mr. Bolton—it is of no consequence; let Marian tell you what is the matter with her, and I will go and read Tertullian.

The portly ecclesiastic, forthwith, betook himself to the study of the African father of the church, and Edward was left alone in the room with Marian. Edward's heart was in heaven with his departed Mary; but he felt all the affection of a brother rising in his bosom for Marian; who, as he plainly perceived, laboured under the weight of mental anguish; he endeavoured to speak, but could produce no sounds of articulation; he looked wistfully toward Marian, whose eye, the moment that it met his, was turned aside, and fixed with downcast view upon the ground. Some time passed

in mutual silence; at length, Edward took a slip of paper, and wrote on it these words:—

"Can I minister to a mind diseas'd?
No—therein must she minister to herself."

"Fate oft tears the bosom-chords
That nature finest strung;
So poor Marian's heart was form'd,
And so her heart was wrung.

"Dread omnipotence alone
Can heal the wound he gave,
Can point the tearful, grief-worn eye
To scenes beyond the grave.

"Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast;
And there shall Marian blessed be
When all the storms of life are past."

Edward presented the paper to Marian; she read the lines, and instantly reddened like a rose, but soon grew pale as the snow-drop on the waste; the chrystal pearls stood glittering in their sluices; the tear of agony rolled in silence down her faded cheek; at length, a flood of sorrow burst from either eye; her bosom heaved with convulsive throbbings; and her palpitating heart sighed as if it would burst in her breast.—Edward, most seriously alarmed at her agitation, earnestly apologized, and implored forgiveness for what he had done. I have nothing to pardon, replied Marian, calming her countenance, that beamed benignity—I have nothing to pardon, for in nothing have you offended me; but I am —— here she paused, and sighed intensely.

Edward now sate down by the side of the drooping fair one; and while his heart sickened to see that the tempest of misery had already beaten so heavily on such a lovely flower, and nipt its infant beauties in the bud; he endeavoured to speak peace unto her wounded soul, and lead her to tranquillity and peace! After a moment's pause, she glanced her eyes towards him, and said—Tranquillity! I know her well; she is death's pale-eyed sister.

At this moment Mr. Bolton entered the room, with Eusebius, a large Greek folio, under his arm.—I wish—said he to Edward—that you would attempt to construe this passage to me; I cannot make it out, and as you are a good Grecian, I thought, that you might be able to clear up the difficulty.—Edward trembled at every joint, lest Mr. Bolton should discover, and inquire into the cause of his wife's discomposed and agonized aspect; but fortunately the good priest's attention was too much engrossed by the difficult passage in a dead father to notice a living female, though beautiful and enchanting as are the *Houris*, which wait in Paradise to bless the longing arms of the devout Moslems.

Edward, luckily, was able to explain the sentence, which had puzzled the sagacity of the preacher, and Mr. Bolton was so delighted, that he squeezed Edward's hand, and gave him a very pressing invitation to spend the next long vacation at the parsonage; an invitation, which Edward most readily accepted, and took his leave.

From this time forward, during his stay at the university, Edward never missed the slightest opportunity which offered itself to lead him to Mr. Bolton's house. To Bolton himself Edward was recommended by an accurate and extensive knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and some smattering of theology, which he had picked up at Oxford.—With Marian Edward spent much of his time, which was chiefly employed in conversation, and in reading, in walking, or in riding out with her; it was a peculiar delight to him to communicate information to her, and receive instruction from her acute and comprehensive mind. But he was not aware, that these attentions on his part were particularly dangerous to Marian, as directly tending to win all the affections of her heart; he regarded her with compassion, and with all a brother's love; probably, it would have been more than a brother's love, even in spite of his fealty to his sainted Mary, had not Marian been married, but the marriage-bond was to Edward the most sacred of all the institutions derived from God to man, and he could no more think seriously of breaking down the barriers of the hymeneal union, than of denying the existence of his Maker, or of renouncing the precepts of his Redeemer.

Edward therefore, unconscious of any ill, proceeded to devote his hours to Marian, and to playing with and fondling two little precious babes, which Marian bore, during his residence at Oxford. Not unfrequently, indeed, would Bolton interrupt their proceedings, by entering the room where they were sitting, and with great gravity, not to say austerity, remarking—I declare Edward, that you will make Marian good for nothing; she always wastes a great deal of time in reading, and painting, and music, even when she is by herself; but when you are here, she is ten times worse than ever. Pray, what has a woman to do with such foolish books as Milton, Burns, and Thompson? Or, why should she be squalling out an Italian song, or daubing over paper with a brush and paint? For my own part, all that I want, and all that I wish to see in a woman, is a good notable house-wife, that can take care of my linen, look after the servants, order me a good dinner every day, and sit at the head of my table, and carve properly.

(To be continued.)

THIRD SECTION.

AMERICAN LITERATURE REVIEWED.

DEPONS' VOYAGE TO TERRA FIRMA.

(Continued from Vol. 3, No. 6, page 378.)

IN the chapter on the commercial system of Spain, with regard to its colonies, and the trade of the eastern part of Terra-Firma, M. Depons presents to us much valuable and interesting information. He has, however, fallen into the vulgar error, that Spain was once a populous, wealthy and commercial kingdom; an error, which was first propagated by the national vanity, and the mistaken patriotism of the Spanish historians and politicians, and adopted as true, without examination, by the writers of other countries, who have amused themselves with weaving subtle theories, in order to account for so wonderful a revolution, as that of a once rich and powerful country becoming so forlorn and beggarly as Spain now is.

But the fact is, that Spain never was a *positively* great nation; she was only *relatively* powerful, because the other countries of Europe were feeble and scanty, as to opulence and population. No writer upon Spanish affairs, whether native or foreign, has ever fixed the *precise time*, *when* agriculture and manufactures flourished in Spain; and for this very satisfactory reason, that manufactures and agriculture never did flourish in Spain. They always refer us back to some former period of time, when the country was rich and great; carefully omitting to mention *when* that time was, and close the scene by a studied lamentation of the melancholy contrast, which the penury and indolence of their own days, presents to the industry and wealth of remoter years. Whoever will take the trouble to consult the historians and œconomists of Spain, will find, notwithstanding the exagge-

rated accounts of nearly all of them, as to her former grandeur, that, in those periods of her history, when she was deemed to be the most flourishing, neither her agriculture, nor her population, neither her commerce nor her manufactures, were such as to induce us to believe, that she has suffered *any positive* diminution in her national resources, and wealth.

The Spaniards, Mr. Depons justly observes, pay too much attention to their golden and silver mines, and, with a very flagrant want of political wisdom, neglect the more certain and unexhaustible sources of wealth and power, which are to be derived from properly cultivating a fertile soil.

The French colonial system, as established by Colbert, protected the colonies at the immediate expense of the French government, and required them, in return, to consume, exclusively, the productions of France; and to consecrate their produce exclusively to their commerce with the mother country; with an absolute exemption from duties on every thing imported from France, and with very slight duties imposed on colonial produce; whence, in time of peace, the French colonies became general markets for all the other European establishments, and, more particularly, for the neighbouring Spanish settlements; and France herself possessed the exclusive sale of colonial produce, in the different markets of Europe.

Spain, from her want of manufactures to supply the demand of America, is obliged to depend upon other nations for a great proportion of her commerce, which is also made to languish under the burden of injudicious monopolies, and very heavy duties; so that she derives, comparatively, but little benefit, as to national wealth and power, from her immense possessions on the American continent. For the minute detail, as to the first commercial relations of Venezuela with Spain; the interloping trade of the Dutch; the company of Guipuscoa, and its exclusive commerce; the dissolution of that company, and the attempt to open a free trade; the small profits of a Spanish merchant, rarely amounting to *three and a third per cent;* the great extent of the contraband trade; the establishment of a consulate of trade in 1793; a statement of the duties on imports and exports; and the general decline of commerce in the eastern part of Terra-Firma, we must

refer the reader to M. Depons, whose industry in collecting so many important facts and documents cannot be too highly commended.

The ninth chapter, on the administration of the revenue, and the taxes, is peculiarly interesting, because it shows how invariably despotism crushes every individual effort, counteracts all the advantages of nature, and entails a perpetuity of weakness, want, and misery, on the victims of its oppression. The reader will do well to consult M. Depons' circumstantial account of the finances of the provinces of Caraccas; the power and functions of the intendant, or comptroller in the Caraccas; the supreme chamber of finance; and of the taxes, namely, the alcavala, or a tax of five per cent. collected on *every thing which is sold*, whether movable or immovable, and rigorously exacted at every sale and resale; the impolitic, ruinous absurdity of this tax, which goes directly to destroy all commerce, is too obvious to require a comment; the almoxarifazgo, or a duty of fifteen per cent. on whatever is shipped or landed; the armada and armadilla, taxes to supply the expence of government-vessels, to protect the coasts from the incursions of pirates; the pirates have long since ceased to infest the coasts, but the taxes are still continued, and amount, on an average, to about 40,000 dollars annually; the duties of the consulate and anchorage; the aprovechamientos, or improvements; that is, the sums, which surpass the estimate made of things belonging to the King, prior to their sale or disposition, as contraband goods, when seized, stamped paper, &c; the tafias or a duty on all distilled tafia; pulperias, or a tax on all shops that contain intoxicating liquors; composition of lands, or the money arising from the sale of lands, *all* of which are sold in the first instance, for the benefit of the Spanish crown; confirmation of lands, or a duty paid to the intendant, who confirms the property, when he delivers the original title-deeds; the rents of lands belonging to the King; lances, or a fine of 10,000 hard dollars for the *purchase* of titles of nobility, as marquis, count, viscount, or baron; demiannates of office, or the moiety of the yearly product of all places, which is poured into the royal treasury; the royal ninths, or the portion which the King reserves out of the

tithes; the Indian tribute, or a capitation-tax on all civilized Indians, from eighteen to fifteen years of age; venal offices, for in America, as in Spain, the King *sells* all offices in the common council, (doubtless in order to ensure the *purer* administration of justice) excepting those of the two *alcades*, who are annually elected; stamped paper, which is sent every year from Spain, ready-stamped, with an inscription at the head, designating the two years, during which it is to be in force; upon this stamped paper must be written or printed, all agreements, public acts, and judicial proceedings; estrays; fifth of the mines; hospital money, or the reserve, which is made from the pay of soldiers, when in the hospital; the duty on all salt works; restitutions, or the payment of duties defrauded from the King, which is supposed to be an essential condition of absolution, this tax, however, is very unproductive, such is the honesty of the Spanish colonists; confiscations of contraband-goods; royal tithes, that is, the *whole* of the tithes of Guiana and Cumana; the corso, or duty on entering and clearing vessels into, and from the sea-ports; guarapos and game cocks, that is, a licence to sell guarapo, an intoxicating liquor, made from the fermentation of coarse sugar and water; and the rent arising from the royal cock-pits, in which all the maines of cocks must be fought; fines and amercements; vacant successions, or the property of those, who die intestate, which devolves to the Spanish King; ecclesiastical mesadas, or the first month's value, which the rectors pay after their nomination to a living; demi-ecclesiastical annates, or the six months' proceeds, which the canons and prebendaries pay out of the revenue of their benefices; major and minor vacancies, or the rents of vacant bishoprics and canonries, until the new dignitary is in good and lawful possession; and, above all, the BULLS from the Pope; as, the bull of the holy crusade, which sells certain dispensations for certain sums of money; the general bull for the living, which, at a given price, *absolves from all*, even concealed crimes; the bull for eating milk and eggs during lent; bulls for the dead, or a ticket of admission into paradise, one bull serving for one soul; bulls of composition, that is, a bull transferring the property of stolen goods from the lawful owner to the *thief*; the exclusive sale of to-

bacco, on the King's account, of which nefarious and impolitic tax, M. Depons minutely relates the origin and progress.

The bare perusal of the list of these taxes will show, that most of them are directly calculated to destroy the morals, cripple the industry, and annihilate the property of the Spanish colonists. The result, even in a financial point of view proves the impolicy of such an iniquitous system of taxation; for the sum total of the local duties is not adequate to the discharge of the interior expenses, and in some years a very heavy *deficit* is left.

In the tenth chapter M. Depons gives us a description of the principal towns in the eastern part of Terra-Firma; of their situation, climate, manners, customs, buildings; and a more lamentable account of the indolence, penury, superstition, ignorance, proneness to revenge and assassination, total absence of all religious principle and moral honour, which prevail among the Spanish colonists, was never offered to the abhorrence or to the compassion of humanity.

In the eleventh and last chapter we are presented with much valuable information on Spanish Guiana and the river Oronoko, together with an account of the various expeditions to discover the so much celebrated city *El Dorado*, the marvellous tales of whose wealth and grandeur M. Depons treats with pointed and merited contempt.

Having now finished the analysis of these very interesting and highly valuable volumes, it only remains for us to examine their merits as to composition. The original of M. Depons we have never seen, and must, therefore, form our judgment of the work from the translation.

Whenever a book contains a table of *errata* we always very charitably impute all the blunders, which it contains, to the carelesness of the printer, but if no table of errata appears, we fairly charge all mistakes upon the negligence of the author. In the volumes now before us no such table is inserted; the translator, therefore, is answerable for all the literary sins, both of omission and of commission, which present themselves to our notice.

The value of this work, as a book of reference, would be much increased by a copious, alphabetical index; the table of

contents, which is annexed to each volume, does not much facilitate the progress of the inquirer, who wishes to consult any particular opinion or statement of M. Depons; because that table is nothing more than the heads of each chapter, referring to the contents in the order of succession in which they are related; so that we must sit down and resolutely read on through the whole three tables of contents, until we can find our place of reference, instead of turning to it at once, without any delay, as might readily be done in a properly digested alphabetical index. This defect we would advise the translator to supply in the future editions of M. Depons' works.

With regard to the style adopted by the translator, there are some faults, which require removal. The use of the words, *grade*, to *progress*, *progressing*, *obligated*, *would* instead of *should*, and *should* instead of *would*, is not sanctioned by the example of the best English writers. There are also some expressions, which do not accord with the nice taste and the correct judgment, that are generally displayed throughout the whole style of the work; such as, page 14, introduction, —"In some respect they were indeed deserving of it, though the English would not *have had a better bargain of the Spaniards* than of the French, if they had come near enough to engage with them."—1 vol. pages 174—5, "It may be affirmed as a truth, that of all the women of colour in Terra-Firma, nineteen out of twenty *have no other shift* to depend upon, and it must be confessed, at the same time, that they have generally the talent to make the most of *it*;"—Qu.—the *shift*?—2. vol. page 186, "They *groped* on in the majestic career of the operations of nature."—And some other instances of the same kind occur throughout the work. The epithet *handsome*, is too frequently repeated, and too indiscriminately applied; we are told of handsome women, handsome hides of cattle, handsome houses, handsome bishoprics, handsome horses, handsome trees, handsome breeches, and handsome composition; &c. &c. &c.

There, is, however, a greater defect than these, which occurs, by no means sparingly, in these volumes; that is, the unpardonable liberty taken with the *grammar;* a few instan-

ces of this negligence and haste will suffice. In the introduction, page 8, we are told—"The *jurisdictions* of Coro, Carora, &c. *contains* (anglicè *contain*) tracts of high land, &c."—2 vol. page 121—"but the *riches* they contain *is* (anglicè *are*) much less than is generally imagined."—And 2 vol. page 163—"The first *essays was* (anglicè *were*) severely censured."—And 2 vol. page 224—"but the *contents is* (anglicè *are*) also pierced with a peg, &c."—And 3 vol. page 51,—"It is very rare that the *sum total* of the local duties *are* (anglicè *is*) adequate, &c."—And 3 vol. page 124,—"*Nothing* is seen in an extent of fifteen leagues, &c. *than* (anglicè *but*) colonial productions, &c."—And 3 vol. 209,—The father Gumilla, *who* (anglicè *whom*) I have just mentioned, &c.

This frequent outrage upon grammar is certainly not excusable in a gentleman of liberal education, and a scholar, such as the translator undoubtedly shows himself to be, in a vast variety of instances, in the book before us.

Yet the excellence of this work far outweighs its defects. M. Depons, notwithstanding he occasionally wanders out of his way, to abuse the English for their injustice and cowardice, which is sufficiently natural in the mouth of a patriotic Frenchman: and although he frequently introduces large panegyrics on himself, with the egotism, so characteristic of the national and individual vanity of his countrymen; and, in spite of his desperate propensity to philosophize, and to spin cobweb theories, in order to account for those appearances and events in the natural and the moral world, which must for ever remain unaccounted for, and unaccountable by the limited capacities of man; yet, he has enriched the republic of letters with much valuable and interesting information, upon a country which has been, hitherto, almost altogether unknown, excepting to the government of Spain.

To the political œconomist, the volumes, now under view, afford ample sources of knowledge and of calculation, while they display the wretched, despicable system of colonial government, which is adopted by the Spanish court; a system of government, which can never fail to stupify the mind, to enervate the body, to corrupt the heart, to proscribe the independence and the comfort of all its subjects. These vo-

lumes must interest the merchant, by opening to his view an unbounded region of commercial enterprise, which has not been heretofore explored ; to the philosopher and the man of letters, they afford a large fund of improvement and of delight, by presenting a rich variety of facts, as to the condition of human society, from which may be inducted general principles, that might lead to the extensive melioration of man in his employments and in his pleasures, domestic and social, individual and collective.

The general style of M. Depons, as it appears in the translation before us, is full, flowing, various, elegant, sufficiently nervous, and occasionally eloquent. In order to justify this assertion, we shall present the reader with a few citations, which we shall select with a view, not only to exhibit a fair specimen of the sentiments and language of the author, but also to present a picture of the *human character*, as it exists in the Spanish colonies ; a purpose so desirable, as fully to warrant more copious extracts, than could be justified, if made from a work containing less novel and less interesting information.

In the third volume, pages 32-3-4, M. Depons presents us with a striking example of the deplorable ignorance and superstition of the Spanish colonists, and of his own happy talent for raillery and humour.

" The first, that is, the general *bull* for the living, which lasts for two years, ought to be taken by every Spanish christian, or resident within the Spanish domains. The benefits of this bull are general. They extend to the particular objects of the other three kind of bulls, though in a manner less direct ; but its virtues are so pre-eminent, that I cannot excuse myself from enumerating some.—Every person who has this bull, may be absolved, by any priest whatever, of *all, even concealed crimes.* Obstinate and confirmed heresy is the only exception ; an offence, however, that cannot be even suspected, because he who should be tainted with it, would set but little value on the absolution. The possessors of this bull, their domestics and relations, have, during the time the churches are shut, a right to hear mass, receive the sacraments, and be buried in holy ground. With this bull, the priest may say mass, and the lay person hear it, one hour before day, and one after twelve. There are, however, some authors, who insist that this point cannot be granted,

but by the commissary-general of the crusade. Every confessor may release him, who has this bull, from all kinds of vows, excepting those of chastity, becoming a priest, monk, or religious, and that of making a voyage to the holy land. *Blasphemies against the deity* are no more able to resist the powers of this bull, than a spot of oil upon linen can resist soap. By means of this bull are gained, in America, the indulgencies, which visiting the churches* obtained in Rome. *N. B. The Romish faith accorded peculiar indulgencies to those persons, who performed successive devotions in certain churches; this they term *stations*, and *faire ses stations*, is to discharge this act of devotion. *Note by the Translator.* One single day of fasting, and a few prayers, are worth, to the possessor of this bull, *fifteen times fifteen forties, or nine thousand* of the penances imposed upon him. On fast days, the lay person may eat of every thing, meat excepted, provided he has the bull. It even allows of meat, if the least weakness of constitution, or any other slight indisposition should occasion any apprehension for the health. Since the 1st of January, 1804, it dispenses with fasting on Fridays, and for almost the whole of Lent. Whoever takes and pays for two bulls for the living, obtains double the advantage of one."

And again—vol. 3, pages 76-7-8—"The principal and almost exclusive devotion of the Spaniards, is to the holy virgin. They have her in all the churches, under different appellations, each of which has been established in a manner more or less miraculous; of these, there are two sufficiently remarkable for the singularity of their inauguration, to require that I should partake with tradition in the care of preserving the memory of them. The first is our lady of Copa Cobana. An Indian, says tradition, walking in the streets of Caraccas, pulled off his hat; he saw fall out of it a half-real, which is nearly of the size of our half livre. Rejoicing at this good luck, he runs as fast as he is able, to the first tavern, and lays it out in brandy. He sallies forth, and going to seat himself at the corner of a street, where he has occasion to pull off his hat again, out drops another half real.—More astonished than at first, he nevertheless spends it in brandy. A moment after, he, for the third time, takes off his hat, and another, or the same demi-real falls on the ground. He picks it up, examines it, and observes on it the figure of a virgin. He deposits this precious piece in a scapulary, which he hangs on his neck, and under his shirt. A short time after, he assassinates a man. He is arrested, imprisoned and condemned to be hanged. The executioner places the cord round his neck; it breaks. He puts on one

more strong; it breaks in the same manner. The Indian then declares that this miracle was worked by virtue of our lady of Copa Cobana. He desires them to take off his scapulary, and they find in it the half-real, which was now grown as big as a dollar, and the figure of the virgin mournful, and in a sweat. The Indian requested that they would remove her to the church of St. Paul, and that they would have recourse to her for every thing they wished to obtain from heaven.—This was granted, *and the Indian hanged.* The common council, or municipality of Caraccas, ordained that they should address to this virgin those prayers for rain, which drought might render necessary. In fact, whenever the rains do not come at the desired time, they go in procession to seek our lady of Copa Cobana, at St. Paul's, and carry her to the cathedral, where she remains two days in high festival. They carry her back with the same solemnity to St. Paul's. The archbishop, the chapter, all the vicars, priests, monks of all the convents, the captain-general, royal audience, and common-council, assist at these processions. Without attacking the foundation of this miracle, I ought to say, that the tradition is not in all points exact; for this virgin, which ought to be found on a dollar, is represented by a little wooden figure, seven or eight inches long, covered with gold and jewels, and carried in a shrine. How can that which was silver be of wood? and a medal become a statue? There is some reason for all this, which a number of old women must know, though I have been unable to explain."

The following very interesting picture of the manners and dispositions of the Spanish colonists is to be found in vol. 3, page 94.

"The Spaniards are, of all people known, those who do the least to establish a police for public tranquillity. The sobriety which is natural to them, and still more, their phlegmatic character, render quarrels and tumults very rare. Hence there is never any noise in the streets of Caraccas. Every body there is *silent*, *dull*, *grave*. Three or four thousand persons go out of church without making any more noise than a tortoise walking on sand. So many French, restrained by the silence divine offices enjoin, would endeavour, whilst quitting the church, to obtain some compensation. Then women and children—(and *men?*)—would make by their chattering a noise, that would be heard a long way. Four times as many Spaniards do not make the buzzing of a wasp. But if the magistrate has nothing to fear from boisterous offences, he would fall very short, if his vigilance was to be on that account less active. *Assassinations*, *thefts*, *frauds*, *treacheries*, demand of him steps

investigations, measures, capable of putting to the proof the most ardent zeal, and baffling the most penetrating sagacity. The Spaniard is not more exempt, perhaps he is less than any other, of that vindictive spirit, so much the more dangerous, as it seeks to strike only in the dark, and of that *rancour, which covers itself with the veil of friendship*, the better to create an opportunity to gratify itself. He, who from his rank in society, can revenge himself only by his own hands, manifests very little or no anger, when he receives an offence; but from that moment he watches an opportunity, which he scarcely ever lets escape, of plunging a dagger in the heart of his new enemy, safe in flying for refuge to some *privileged church*, in order that the ecclesiastical tribunal might undertake to present, as an unfortunate accident, the most premeditated murder, and as a pardonable action, an act the most deserving of death. They in peculiar, reproach the Spaniards of Andalusia with this criminal disposition. I have been assured at Caraccas, that these wicked transactions have taken place only since 1778, the epoch in which the liberty of trading with the provinces of Venezuela, exclusively granted to the company of Guipuscoa, was extended to almost all the ports of Spain, and drew to Caraccas a number of Spaniards from all the provinces, particularly of Andalusia.

"It is a fact, that almost all the assassinations, which take place in Caraccas, are committed by *Europeans*. Those, with which the Creoles may be accused, are as rare, as the thefts that may be imputed to the first. The whites, or pretended whites of the country, whom idleness, and all the vices it engenders, keep in sottishness, and the most abject condition, and the freed-men, who find it too irksome to live by their labour, are the only persons that can be reproached with all the thefts committed in Caraccas. False measures, false weights, adulteration of commodities and provisions, are also common offences, because they are regarded less as acts of roguery, than as proofs of an address, of which they are vain.

"This is what ought, no doubt, to occupy the most vigilant police. Many other objects ought equally to partake of its care; such as,—the supplying the city with necessaries; a duty, that so far from constituting the eulogium of the magistrates charged with it, accuses, on the contrary, their negligence. Would one believe that the city of Caraccas, the capital of provinces, that might furnish horned cattle to all the foreign possessions of America, wants herself, many days in the year, butcher's meat? That the residence of a captain-general, the seat of an arch-bishop, of a royal audience, of the principal courts of appeal, a population of more than forty thousand souls, in fine, a garrison of two thousand men, should experience scarcity in the midst of abundance?"

" If filth does not accumulate in the streets, the frequency of rain is to be thanked, not the care of the police ; for they are never cleaned, except in honour of some procession. Those through which none passes are covered with a grass known by the name of dog-grass, the *pannicum dactylum* of Linnæus.

" Mendicity is, in all the countries of the world, within the cognizance of the police, yet it seems absolutely estranged from that of Caraccas. The streets are full of poor of both sexes, who have for their whole subsistence but the produce of alms, and who prefer this mode to that of labour. Religion, very badly interpreted on this subject, forbids, among the Spaniards, all inquiry into the ability, which age and health give the mendicant to procure a livelihood, in some other manner than that of holding out the hand. They believe, or at least, they act as if they believed, that the recommendation of the Evangelist to bestow charity, is an invitation to demand it. As soon as this opinion is entertained, it is under the protection, instead of being under the guard of the police. At every hour of the day the houses are assailed by beggars. The impotent and the robust, the old and the young, the blind and those with their eyes, have all an *equal* right to charity. It is refused or given, according to the ability to bestow, not according to the degree of necessity of him who asks.

" The stranger has at first a great deal of trouble to reconcile this blind spirit of charity among the Spaniards, with the disgusting picture, which offers itself at night, of the poor lying down in the streets, along the walls of the churches, the palace of the archbishop, &c ; without any security from the dew, so very dangerous in the torrid zone, nor from any other inclemency of the weather. But when this is well examined, we perceive that this disorder arises, on the contrary, from an excess of—*(mistaken)*—piety. Those who are taken for unfortunates, are only beggars, whom inebriating liquors prevent from choosing a better asylum, and who avoid the beds of the hospitals, because the gates, closed at an early hour, deprive them of those precious moments, in which they consume in taffia the receipts of the day. The police knows of these abuses without being able, under pain of impiety, to repress them. The livery of Providence, that covers the mendicant, exempts him from all rule, frees him from every censure, and renders him inviolable."

We did intend to cite the remarks of D. Miguel Joseph Sanz, a lawyer in the province of Venezuela, on the *miserably defective system of education*, which generally prevails in the Caraccas ; but our limits do not allow of this indulgence ; we therefore beg leave to refer the reader, who can

take delight in perusing the dictates of profound and comprehensive wisdom, clothed in the garb of nervous and manly eloquence, to vol. 1, pages 113-119, of M. Depons' work.

We cannot, however, refrain from giving two short specimens of M. Depons' power of combining sound sense with fine writing. In vol. 1, page 55, speaking of the provinces of Caraccas, he says—

" All these lucky crosses have delivered the inhabitants from the evils attendant on the working of gold and silver mines, which, as long as they last, are the tomb of the greatest part of those who labour in them; which enervate, emaciate, and condemn to a languishing life those, who are not stifled in their bosom; which destroy the germ of all the social and domestic virtues; which banish all regard to order and œconomy; which support debauchery and dissipation, with all the vices that follow in their train; and which, when they are exhausted, for prodigality substitute poverty; for labour vagrancy; and disgorge into society the workmen, whom they employed, without any other resource than to choose between beggary and robbery. It is pleasing to me to have it in my power to observe, that if these provinces have not enjoyed, nor are ever probably destined to enjoy the transient lustre, which the mines confer, they are amply, very amply, indemnified by the abundant, precious, and inexhaustible productions of a soil, which, on account of its fertility and extent, will become—*(under a better form and administration of government)*—the constant abode of ease and happiness; and that, too, when those countries, which boast of their mines, will present only rubbish, ruins, and frightful excavations, the melancholy monuments of departed opulence."

And in vol. 1, p. 152, M. Depons, after having given an account of the suppression of the *conspiracy in Venezuela*, in the year 1797, by the Spanish government, adds these dissuasives from encouraging the doctrines of *revolutionary phrensy*, and from propagating the principles of *jacobinical anarchy*.

" If the criminal object of this conspiracy did not strike us with horror, we would (anglicé *should)* feel disposed to admire the talents, intelligence, and secresy, with which its measures were concerted. What would have proved fatal to Spain, was the steps which had been taken to prevent her from finding defenders in any class of the people. The fire had been skilfully applied to all the branches, and, had they

been more combustible, I repeat it, the whole tree, under whose shade the rights of the mother-country and general tranquillity reposed,would have been at once reduced to ashes. *All you Europeans*, and descendants of Europeans, who inhabit the new world, under the laws and protection of your respective mother-countries, imitate, in every case, where the spirit of *faction* would threaten your repose, imitate the wisdom, which the inhabitants of Caraccas have manifested upon this important occasion. Like them, shut your ears against the delusive, perfidious morality, in which all-destroying *anarchy* is enveloped. *She makes virtue her theme, and vice her practice;* promises a profusion of blessings, and diffuses a multiplicity of evils; in a word, she has the tongue of an angel, and the heart of a tygress. Let those perverse men, who betray principles of an *innovating* or *revolutionary* tendency, be abandoned to the rigour of the law.—Revolutions, though at considerable intervals, indipensable in great states, are always a calamity to the people who are engaged in them; and that calamity is more or less lasting, more or less terrible, in proportion as those who direct them are more or less wise and enlightened, and according as the people have an interest more or less uniform. But in the colonies, the great mass of property is in the hands of a class which is far, very far from being the most numerous. The public offices, honours, and dignities are, particularly in Spanish America, in the hands of a number of citizens still more circumscribed. Both have to dread the hatred and jealousy of those, who possess neither dignity nor riches. The security of property depends solely upon the law; and in all the Spanish possessions the law is so happily combined with religion, as to lend one another mutual assistance, to ensure order, harmony, and public tranquillity. To overthrow these two fundamental supports, is to break down those precious barriers, which government opposes to the passions of men; it is to subject the feeble to the discretion of the strong, the man of wealth to the mercy of the man in desperate circumstances; it is to deliver up the virtuous to the fury of the ambitious, the pacific to the inconsiderate enterprises of the turbulent; or, to continue the amplification, it is to kindle a civil war between the obscure man, and the man distinguished by his birth or appointments; between the poor and the rich, the slave and the free; it is to dig a frightful precipice, in which the pre-eminence, fortunes, and lives of citizens, of all classes, of men of all colours, are swallowed up and destroyed. Such an image strikes with horror, and ought to determine every citizen to shed the last drop of his blood in support of those beneficial institutions, to which he owes the peace and happiness, which he enjoys."

We take leave of M. Depons with regret; it has seldom fallen to our lot to peruse a work, so full of valuable and of interesting information, conveyed in language, at once forcible and elegant. It is but justice to declare, that the publishers have sent forth these volumes in a style of excellence and neatness, with respect to paper and type; both of which are of the very best quality, such as would do honour to the most celebrated European presses; and that they amply deserve the encouragement and gratitude of the American public, for the spirit and diligence, with which they have introduced to its notice, a work, that merits a high and a respectable station in the commonwealth of letters.

The works of the right honourable Edmund Burke. First American, from the last London edition. Boston, Published by John West, 75 Cornhill, and O. C. Greenleaf, 3 Court-street, 1806—7. 4 vol. 8vo. pp. 2050.

THE character of Edmund Burke stands so high amongst the first of the statesmen, the moral philosophers, and the scholars, that have adorned and strengthened the best interests of humanity, as not to need any praise, or to dread any censure, which it is in the power of a Reviewer to bestow. Upon Burke, considered merely as an *author*, much has been said, and many contrary opinions have been given, with regard to his *style*. But none of them all delights us so much, as that of an illustrious British statesman, now living, who thus characterizes his mode of composition in a few words:—"His vehemence and his passion, and his irony, his wild imagery, his far-sought illustrations, his rolling and lengthened periods, and the short, quick, pointed sentences, in which he often condenses as much wisdom and wit as others would expend through pages, or through volumes."

It only remains for us to say, that the publishers of the present edition have comprised in *four* volumes what the London edition has spread out into *eight;* that the present edition is printed on good paper with a clear nice type; that it does not cost more than *one third* of the price, which is paid for the London copy; and that much praise is due to the

taste and intelligence of the American public, which demands, and to the enterprising spirit of the book-sellers, which induces them to publish so excellent an edition of such a distinguished writer as is Edmund Burke.

PEACE WITHOUT DISHONOUR ; WAR WITHOUT HOPE. *Being a calm and dispassionate inquiry into the question of the Chesapeake, and the necessity and expediency of war.* By a Yankee Farmer. Boston, Printed by Greenough & Stebbins, 1807.—Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 43.

PEACE OR WAR? OR THOUGHTS ON OUR AFFAIRS WITH ENGLAND. By James Cheetham. New-York, Published by Matthias Ward, Bookseller, No. 149, Pearl-Street, 1807. Pamphlet, pp. 44.

AS these two pamphlets espouse contrary opinions upon a very important national question, we shall consider their contents together, and offer a few remarks upon the tendency of their respective positions.

The Yankee Farmer begins with requesting a patient hearing from his countrymen ; and proceeds to state, that the men, who were taken by force from the Chesapeake, were really *British seamen, who had deserted*, from their service ; that they were *known* to be such by the American naval commanders ; that they were repeatedly and decently demanded to be given up to their own officers, and as constantly refused to be restored on the part of the Americans ; and that the President, either wilfully, or through ignorance, published a *false* statement of the whole transaction, declaring that the men, on *whose account* the Chesapeake was boarded, were *American citizens, born in the United States*, whereas, in point of fact, they were *native British seamen*, who had deserted from the service of their King.

These are very heavy charges against our government, but they are substantiated by a very clear series of facts, and of cogent reasoning upon those facts.

With regard to the deserters from the *Melampus* as they were *not* demanded, and consequently, did not cause the attack of the British captain upon the Chesapeake, they, as the

author judiciously observes, make *no part* of the present question.

The writer of this pamphlet next shews, that it has always been an allowed right of belligerent nations to retake their *deserters*, wherever they may be found, and quotes, as a case in point, the letter of the French Admiral, Willaumez, to General Tureau, wherein, he, Willaumez, states, that "he had just apprehended four seamen, deserters from the Valereuse frigate, whom he found on board an American brig; and desires Tureau to demand satisfaction of the American government for this *misconduct;* not the misconduct of one of our public officers in enlisting his men, and refusing to deliver them when demanded, but for the misconduct of a private citizen, in daring to *employ* men, who had been once in the service of his *Imperial Majesty*." This letter of Willaumez is dated 25th October, 1806.

Nay, our government itself acknowledges this right of belligerent nations to reclaim deserters; and has directed its officers *not* to enlist deserters from the British ships. Yet the formal demand by the British minister to restore the seamen, who had deserted, was not complied with.

The Yankee Farmer supports the *right*, of Admiral Berkely, to resort to force, declaring, that it is altogether an affair between him and his government, that he acted at his own personal peril, and was absolutely compelled to resort to force, in order to prevent the total destruction of the British squadron on our coasts, by the general desertion of its seamen.

"The *only real* question between the two nations, is, whether or not the facts, which preceded the attack on the Chesapeake, amounted to such a provocation, as *if reported* to the government of Great Britain, that government would have been authorized to make *reprisals* or even to declare *war* against us?"

The author confidently asserts, that the conduct of the American government, with respect to the British deserters, was such as to justify Britain in declaring war against the United States; and such as America herself ought not to receive, without resentment, from any other nation.

But supposing all this reasoning to be false, and that Amer-

ica has *all the right* on her side, the question still arises, as to the *policy* of going to war with Britain? If we *succeed* in the war, we only gain the right to cover a few British deserters, and *not*, as is loudly clamoured by some, the disavowal of Britain of her right to *search* our ships of war, for she already disclaims this right of search. Our military resources are stated to be altogether inadequate, either to defend our country, or to annoy our foe; as the military cannot be very readily marched across the Atlantic on foot, and as the *gun-boats* are not reckoned very formidable, except to the seamen whom they contain; the author ridicules the notion of taking the British American possessions, and declares that if they were taken, they would be of great disservice to this country; he derides the opinions of those, who fancy that our government will be able to raise a revenue sufficient to carry on a war; either by taxation or confiscating British property; or that we can very materially injure Britain by shutting our market to her manufactured goods; or by starving her West-India colonies; he reprobates with great indignation, the absurd and iniquitous declaration of the *philosophists* of this country, that although *all the merchants and tradesmen* will be ruined by the war, yet the other classes of society will not suffer; and concludes by deprecating war with Britain as the death-warrant of our country's prosperity, and probably, as the immediate means of merging our national independence in provincial slavery to France.

This pamphlet is written with great coolness and temper; its language is forcible and perspicuous; it contains much profound and comprehensive knowledge on questions of high political importance, and appears to breathe the spirit of one who really loves his country; it evidently, however, leans too much to one side of the question only, as we shall endeavour to shew presently.

Mr. Cheetham takes the other side of the question, and opens his pamphlet with a citation from the President's message, alluding to the rejection of the British treaty, without referring it to the senate, because it contained no sufficient provision against the *principal source* of irritation between the two countries. This principal source of irritation, Mr.

Cheetham states to be the impressment of our seamen on board our merchant-ships by the British. He denies the *right* of searching neutral merchant-ships at all, because all people have a right to *expatriate* themselves. Surely, Mr. Cheetham does not seriously maintain, that a British seaman has a *right* to *desert* from his ship whenever he pleases, and set up his right of *expatriation*, as a sufficient plea in bar to his being reclaimed by his sovereign! Besides, it is well known, that the doctrine of the *right of expatriation* is in itself false; because it goes directly to destroy that first principle of every government, namely, its right to command the military service of all its people; without which, indeed, every nation must inevitably perish; and, also, because, if we admit, upon the authority of some *modern philosophers*, who would fain persuade us that they are statesmen, that man has a natural right to *expatriate* himself, it would be easy to prove, upon the same principles of reasoning, which justify the right of expatriation, that every individual has a natural right to resist the laws of his country, and, consequently, that no such thing as law or government can exist in the world; which is absurd.

Mr. Cheetham goes on to state, that a *merchant-ship* is a part of the sovereignty and territory of the nation to which she belongs. This is another *new* position in the law of nations, which is not founded on fact. For all the world knows, that although *vessels of war* are deemed a portion of the national sovereignty, yet that merchant-ships are not.—Indeed, the condition of a government would be very deplorable, if its honour were compromised in every petty fraud of a smuggler, or a *covering* trader! No government holds itself to be responsible for the conduct of a private trader, as to his commercial dealings with other nations; and, consequently, cannot insist upon the vessel of that trader being considered as part of the national territory; whence, the universal custom among *all* nations, that merchant-ships may be searched, and confiscated, or recompensed with money for any injury done to them, according to the existing circumstances.

Mr. Cheetham declares his *own conviction*, that the men

taken out of the Chesapeake were *Americans;* but adduces no ground of fact, or of proof, that can justify such a conviction. He, however, insists upon it, that if they really had been *British seamen*, the attack upon the Chesapeake was unjustifiable ; and that it was *altogether optional* in the government of the United States, whether or not she would restore the British deserters to their sovereign, although she *knew* them to belong of right to Britain ; which last assertion seems to be in the true spirit of political *philosophism*, and to go directly to destroy the very existence of all legitimate governments, by rendering of no effect its right to require the military service of its people.

The *right* being thus discussed, Mr. Cheetham proceeds to inquire into the *expediency* of going to war with Britain ; he assures us, that war is a great evil, that it produces a lamentable decay of morals, weeping widows, helpless children, and a heavy increase of debts and taxes ; that the United States are very prosperous and opulent, and, if they will but continue at peace, must monopolize the commerce of the world, owing to the necessary frequency of wars between France and Britain ; nevertheless, that to revenge such a great national outrage as that committed on the Chesapeake, we are advised to plunge into a vigorous, hearty war, for which our resources are much more than sufficient ; because, though our commerce would be injured, yet, as we have *no internal taxes*, we shall be willing to be taxed to an unlimited extent, at the good will and pleasure of the government ; that though our sea-port towns are undefended, yet the British could do us little injury, and that we could take Nova-Scotia and the Canadas, which, he quotes Mr. *Oddy's commercial dictionary* to prove, would *destroy* Britain, by depriving her of timber for the supply of her navy ; and, lastly, that the British West-Indies *were* starved during the revolutionary war.

At the close of this pamphlet, the President's message of October 27th, 1807, is reprinted ; as are also lord Howick's note to Mr. Monro, respecting Napoleon's blockading decree, and the Spanish decree, following and seconding that of France.

Mr. Cheetham's pamphlet is written in a plain, easy style, without any pretensions to ornament; it contains a number of incorrect statements as to fact, and is miserably defective as to its mode of reasoning. The question itself demands serious consideration from all those, who really wish well to the great national interests of the United States, and whose patriotism does not evaporate in mere words and unqualified assertions.

We wish, as much as possible, to avoid entering into the question of *right*, as it relates to the American and the British nation, with regard to the unfortunate affair of the Chesapeake. We cannot, however, forbear to remark, that in one point of view, both parties were wrong; the government of the United States, undoubtedly, for refusing to listen to the formal demand of the British minister, for the restoration of the deserters from the Halifax. This refusal in itself, was a sufficient cause for a declaration of war on the part of Britain against America; but it was altogether a question between the *governments* of the two countries, with whom *alone* is the power of entering into, or abstaining from war lodged; and admiral Berkeley, as a mere private subject, a servant of the British government, could have no possible right to wage war, resting on his own authority, and without direct orders from his government, upon the United States, by attacking a ship of war, a national fortress, part of the territory of the sovereignty of the country. This great and daring insult upon the national honour, was felt with indignation, and vibrated in the bosom of every American citizen, throughout all the corners of the land. It ran, like a stream of electric fire, from rank to rank, and from man to man, till the whole nation was kindled into a blaze of indignant patriotism.

Yet still the whole affair is a question between the two governments of America and Britain, both of which must calculate upon the *policy* of going to war; for as to the *right*, they neither of them possess it; since both are in the wrong, by commencing actual hostilities, before any declaration of war; the United States, by harbouring and encouraging, and refusing to deliver up, when demanded, seamen, who had

deserted from the British navy; and Britain either by suffering a private subject to wage war, at his own discretion, or by giving him secret orders to commence hostilities previous to any declaration of war.

The *policy* of going to war remains now to be examined. We shall confine our inquiry chiefly to the effects likely to result to this country in the event of a war with Britain; first, examining the injury, which we might have it in our power to inflict upon Britain, and secondly, looking forward to the inconveniences, which we shall probably entail upon ourselves.

As we have no navy, and our gun-boats are not particularly effective, it is not in our power to injure Britain on her own element, the ocean, and the *privateering* system, whatever some small, counting-house politicians might imagine to the contrary, has been proved by universal experience to be always ruinous to the people embarked in it. Not to mention, also, that Britain has learned to conduct her merchant-ships across the seas, with such accompaniments of arms and of convoys, as effectually to frustrate the marauding efforts of privateering vessels.

By shutting out the British manufactures from our markets, no doubt we can distress a considerable number of private individuals in Britain; but it is very childish to talk of *ruining* her as a nation by such a measure, because we do not consume a tenth part of her manufactured commodities; neither should we inflict a slight inconvenience upon ourselves, by refusing to receive from Britain those articles, which long habits of use have rendered necessary, at least to our comforts, though not to our mere animal subsistence.

Nor is it so very certain, that we can starve the British West Indies; for, surely, it is but justice to suppose, that *all* the political wisdom in the world is not confined to the Jacobins of this country, but that the British statesmen are now and then in the habit of balancing probabilities, and of calculating upon contingencies. And they have had sufficient time to look forward to, and to provide for the emergencies of a war, since the *avowed hatred* of our present administration of government, not only to Britain, but to *all the commercial interests* of America, have been manifested for several years past.

And, notwithstanding Mr. Cheetham's positive declaration, that the British West Indies *were actually starved* during the revolutionary war, and *therefore* must be starved now, it is not so very clear that such a fate would befal these colonies; because Jamaica is much more abundant in the production of provisions now than formerly, the high and hilly parts of the island being in a state of cultivation; and, also, because the British government can send supplies to its West India colonies, either directly from the mother country, or from her East India possessions; and, lastly, because the *Americans*, themselves, will supply them with provisions by carrying their cargoes to some neutral island in the West Indies. Whoever is acquainted with the true spirit of trade, will not be staggered at this last position; more especially, when we remember, that even now, while Britain and France are waging the fiercest war of extermination, that has ever been carried on between those two countries, Britain actually supplies France with much of the produce of the French West India colonies.

It is, also, confidently asserted, that we can conquer all British America. No one who is acquainted with the real strength and resources of the United States, can for a moment doubt that there are ample means in this country to effect the conquest of all the British possessions in North America; but no man in his senses ever dreams, that the whole force of this country can be wielded, or brought to bear directly upon any great object by the feeble and inefficient cabinet, now sleeping at Washington. For that cabinet has uniformly laboured to divide and to destroy the strength of this country, by endeavouring to create enmity between the merchants and the farmers; two orders of men, whose interests are always inseparably united; who must ever be enriched or impoverished together; because the merchant depends upon the farmer for the means of subsistence; and the farmer depends upon the merchant for the sale of his agricultural produce. But suppose all British America be taken; what then?—Our population, already too extended for the purposes of prompt and effective national exertion, will be still more widely scattered; and it remains yet to be proved, that the *navy* of Britain will be ruined by this event, for want of timber; because she does

not draw all her supplies of naval timber from Nova Scotia, or the Canadas; and because she has always a sufficient quantity of naval stores of all kinds in her dock-yards, to supply and to repair her navy for several years to come; and, as war cannot last for ever, when peace is made, she can, either insist upon the restitution of these provinces, or upon some provision in the treaty, that shall prevent the entire destruction of her navy, if such provision be necessary.

The question, however, in which we are most interested, is not, what injury we can inflict upon Britain, but what evils we ourselves are likely to suffer from a war; and what effects it will probably produce on our country, in its present rising and prosperous state.

We have little or nothing to fear from the landing of the British on our shores; such a measure could only terminate in the utter destruction of the men that were debarked. Such is the state of this country, in respect of its physical condition, and the spirit and temper of the people, that all the combined powers in Europe could not effect its conquest by military invasion; for no large army could act effectually in a country so thickly wooded, so beset with mountains and defiles, and with such bad and impassable roads; neither could they find sufficient supplies of provisions and forage; add to which, the forests would be alive with riflemen and sharp-shooters, so that the enemy would find a foe, and encounter death, from every bush and every tree. Nor would the British have any occasion to land a single man upon our coasts. The bombardment, and the laying in ashes of all our principal sea-port towns could be effected by the British with the utmost ease; because all our sea-port towns are entirely defenceless, being without fortifications and without ships; but this would be a wanton and unnecessary outrage, the mere waste of war; such as few civilized people ever commit, and for which compensation is generally demanded and received by the suffering nation at the return of peace. The British would most effectually ensure all the advantages of the war by blockading all our ports, by destroying all our foreign commerce; which would abundantly enrich them, and make us poor indeed.

For when our commerce was destroyed, and our merchants

were all ruined, there would be an end of the revenue, which the government of the United States now receives, for the purpose of carrying on the affairs of the nation. This the advocates for war allow, but they talk confidently of the *unlimited credit of government, and its power of raising taxes ad infinitum.* This subject is of very great national import, and demands examination.

The foreign commerce of this country being destroyed, government must derive its revenue from taxing the farmers. *One fourth* at least of all the rude produce of this country is now exported; but this fourth would be rotting on the hands of the farmer, when our external commerce was destroyed, and would operate, immediately, as *a tax of twenty-five per cent.* upon all his movable capital. And as our extensive commerce has sent nearly all the *specie* out of the country, and substituted paper-money in its room, all the banks would break, because they rest solely upon the credit of commerce, which being destroyed, their paper would be of no value, and not being able to pay more than twenty dollars of specie for every hundred dollars of bank-notes, there would be an immediate loss of eighty per cent. upon all the paper-money in the u..'or The ruin of numberless individuals, and the consequent pressure of evil upon the community, is too terrible to describe, but will readily come home to the bosom of every one, who loves himself, or his family.

But as we have *no internal* taxes now, we shall pay them the more readily in case of a war. This, however, is contrary to all experience, for those people pay taxes best, who have been accustomed to them; and every new tax creates murmuring and discontent, and is, also, generally unproductive, on account of the various modes of evading it, which are practised, and which cannot be prevented or remedied 'till time and experience have taught the government how to guard against the knavery of individuals. And with *what* will the farmers pay their taxes?—*Specie* there is very little in the country, and that little will be made less, by the practice of concealing it, so universally prevalent in all times of danger. Private-Bank-Paper-money will be annihilated. Will the farmers pay the tax-gatherer in the rude produce of their land,

and will the executive carry on the war, and subdue the enemy with potatoes and turnips?

But the government has unlimited credit; and will issue paper to an unlimited extent.—Indeed!—and are we yet to learn, that no government ever will be trusted beyond its accredited means of repayment? Now these means amount precisely to the power of taxation, which we have shewn not to exist in the present instance. Government may issue its paper, and it will have the satisfaction of seeing its value excessively depreciated, and of cheating its officers and soldiers by this depreciation, as was done in the revolutionary war.

Nevertheless, revenue must be had; for money constitutes the sinews of war, as much as iron does. Will our government raise a loan from foreign nations? What nation *can* lend it to her? Are they not all contriving ways and means to become borrowers themselves?—But she will confiscate British property, and so raise revenue!—This scheme is as idiotic as it is iniquitous; for, very little property will find its way into the public treasury by such a vile measure, and at the return of peace, ample compensation must be made. *Swindling* seldom prospers; it is neither sound nor liberal policy to cheat.

Neither is this all; for when the merchants, together with all the artizans, mechanics, and labourers, whose means of subsistence are involved in those of the merchants, feel all the horrors of ruin, and absolute want of even the very necessaries of life; and when the farmers and the peasantry find themselves pinched and goaded on all sides, they will turn round upon the men, whose infatuated policy has heaped all this desolation upon the country; and when we contemplate the inevitable effects that must result from a contest of this nature, the dissolution of the federal union; the breaking up of the foundations of all civil government; the scenes of carnage and confusion; the uproar of anarchy; and the termination in the fearful, the soul-subduing calm of military despotism; the imagination is lost in a mist of anguish and of despair.

To conclude; it would be much better for this country and for Britain to remain at peace; but more especially for this country, because she has more of comfort, and of prosperity to lose. America has only to fortify her harbours, to build a

navy, to extend her commerce, to encourage her agriculture, and to remain at peace for some years yet to come, and she cannot fail to hold such a high rank among the potentates of the earth, as to compel other nations to court *her* protection, and to dread *her frown.*

WAR OR NO WAR? *Introduced with a view of the causes of our national decline and present embarrassments. In two letters. By Lycurgus.* New-York, printed for E. Sargeant, no. 39 Wall-street, opposite the Branch Bank, by D. and G. Bruce, 1807. Pamphlet. 8vo. pp. 65.

THIS pamphlet refers our present national decline and embarrassment, chiefly, to two causes—namely, a delusive attachment to the notion of man's moral perfectability, and the eagerness with which we have received foreigners to a participation of our government.—The author accuses Mr. Jefferson with having imbibed all the principles of French revolutionary philosophism, and atheistic policy; and charges him as the principal source of all our national calamities.—The first letter, and indeed the whole book, contains by far too much *personal abuse* of Mr. Jefferson; yet is this first letter full of very valuable matter, both of important fact, and dextrous, comprehensive reasoning, delivered in a style of no ordinary eloquence. The retrospective view of what America *was* in her better days of executive vigour, and of legislative wisdom, contrasted with her present national degradation, and the glancing of the mind's eye over the state of France both jacobinical and imperial, will afford to the reader ample materials for contemplation and for praise.

The second letter discusses the policy of a war with Britain. The writer expresses the justest indignation at the outrage committed upon the national honour of this country by the attack of the Leopard on the Chesapeake; descants on the defenceless situation of our sea-coast; declares that the President wishes to plunge this country into a war with Britain, and to reduce the Americans to the state of *vassals* to the French emperor; discusses the question of search, as it

relates to neutral merchant-ships; and, upon the whole, concludes, that it is impolitic to go to war with Britain, if war can be avoided without the degradation of our national character.

This pamphlet is not the production of an every-day writer; the sentiments which it contains, are bold, manly and elevated; the reasoning is acute and extensive; the style is full of ardour and animation; is often lofty and eloquent; sometimes affected and stiff; but on the whole, the composition, although bearing evident marks of having been hastily written, reflects great credit upon the genius, wit, and judgment of the author.

MONTHLY LIST

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS; OF WORKS IN THE PRESS; AND NOTICES OF WORKS IN HAND.

ORIGINAL WORKS.

War or no War? Introduced with a view of the causes of our National decline and present embarrassments, In two Letters, by Lycurgus.—price 37 1-2 cents. New-York, E. Sargeant.

Serious and candid Letters to the Rev. Thos. Baldwin, D. D. on his book entitled "The Baptism of Believers only, and the particular Communion of the Baptist Churches explained and vindicated." By Samuel Worcester, A. M. Salem, Cushing & Appleton.

An Address pronounced at the visitation of Mason's Hall, Boston, on the evening of August 11, A. L. 5807, in the presence of a numerous assembly of ladies and gentlemen, and a special convention of Mount Lebanon Lodge. By Bro. Benjamin Gleason, P. G. L. Boston, printed by Oliver & Munroe.

The Christian Ministry, the qualification requisite for it, in duties, difficulties, encouragements, &c. considered in two Sermons, delivered before the Church and Society, in the east parish of Bridgewater, Nov. 9, 1806, the second Sabbath after the author's ordination. By James Flint, A. M. pastor of the church in that place. 8vo. Boston, Russell and Cutler.

REPUBLICATIONS.

The 2d vol. of Rollin's Ancient History—and 3d of Doddridge's Family Expositor. 8vo. Boston, Etheridge and Bliss.

The Beauties of Sterne; including many of his letters and sermons, all his pathetic tales, humourous descriptions, and most distinguished observations on life. Boston, Andrews and Cummings. 18mo. pp. 328.

Letters of the late Lord Lyttleton, only son of the venerable George, Lord Lyttleton, and chief justice of Eyre, &c. The first American edition, complete in one volume, 8vo. To which is now first added a memoir concerning the author, including an account of some extraordinary circumstancess attending his death. Troy, N. Y. Wright, Goodenow and Co.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Letters from England, by Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella. Translated from the Spanish. Boston, Munroe and Francis.

Select Sermons of the Rev. Samuel Stillman, D. D. late pastor of the 1st Baptist church in Boston. 8vo. Boston, Manning and Loring.

Charlotte and Werter. 12mo. Boston, Andrews and Cummings.

Mr. James Humphries, of Philadelphia, has in the press the last year of the Reign and Life of Louis 16th, by Francis Hue. Translated from the French by R. C. Dallas, Esq.

Mr. Humphries has also in the press Hill's account of the Life and Writings of Dr. Blair.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

Messrs. Thomas and Tappan, and Samuel Brag, jun. propose to publish by subscription, the Philosophy of Natural History. By William Smellie, member of the antiquarian and royal societies of Edinburgh. This work will be printed from the London quarto edition, and comprised in one octavo volume, on a superfine wove paper and new type. It will be delivered to subscribers, neatly finished in boards, at 2 dollars and 25 cents—or bound handsomely, at 2 dollars and 50 cents.

Messrs. John West, Oliver C. Greenleaf, and Edward Cotton, of Boston, propose to publish by subscription, The Works of Dr. Samuel Johnson, with an Essay by Arthur Murphy, Esq. The work will be printed on a fine wove paper, with an entire new type, in 8 octavo volumes, of about 500 pages each. Price to subscribers 2 dollars a volume in boards.

The first volume of The Divine Theory; a system of divinity, founded wholly upon Christ; which by one principle offers an explanation of all the works of God. By Joshua Spalding, minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ. The volume will contain about 500 pages, 8vo. Price 2 dollars bound.

Mr. Lemuel Blake, of Boston, has issued proposals to publish an edition of the Plays of William Shakspeare, in 21 volumes, with the corrections and illustrations of various commentators, revised and augmented by Isaac Reed, with a glossarial Index. It will be published in 42 numbers or half volumes, 250 pages each, at 87 cents a number. A portrait of the author, with other engravings, will ornament the work.

Mr. William Schultz, a Dane of liberal education, proposes to publish by subscription, a translation from the Danish of an instructive work, entitled "Philosophy for Students," in one volume, 8vo. Price two dollars.